

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 161 NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1938

THE COLLAPSE OF CONSCIENCE

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

THE word 'crisis' has become a commonplace. It confronts us in every morning's newspaper, in every other magazine article. It stares at us from the title pages of books. Every week we are told that the world trembles on the brink of war, that the capitalist system verges on collapse, that there is a crisis in democratic government. Civilization itself, cry the prophets, stands at the crossroads. We of the contemporary world are like runners in the high hurdles; one after another, steady as a drum-beat, the obstacles rise before us, and the straightaway at the end of the track is beyond the range of our vision.

Yet underneath all our crises, little and big, lies one, larger and deeper, that cuts across all the rest. And I am thinking now particularly, though by no means exclusively, in terms of the United States. It is not the kind of crisis that finds its way easily into the newspaper headlines, yet it is one that every living man and woman has had to meet. It is the crisis created by personal conscience.

I contend that personal conscience in the United States has fallen to a new low in our history as a nation. It has been largely lost to our sight in all the

din and dither that have been raised about that other moral concept, the social conscience, which, we are constantly reminded, has a nobler and more widely embracing function. And the more we hear of the one, the less we hear of the other. The personal conscience has been steadily submerged; the very foundation upon which any broader conception of individual responsibility towards society must rest is being washed away. What we were once taught to recognize as 'the still, small voice' has become indeed still and small.

There is a distinct flavor of cant about much of the talk concerning social conscience. The phrase slips readily from the tongue; it offers a large and easy generalization, and substitutes a vague beneficence for definite individual responsibility. As with that other phrase which has rapidly been gaining currency, 'men of good will,' its use identifies one as a marcher in the van of social progress. It costs nothing and sounds good. It pats your fellows on the back and leaves you duty-free. The true social conscience, it seems to me, is simply the sum of individual consciences. It creates itself, and is not called forth by incantation.

We are asked nowadays to look back with unreserved condemnation upon the men who exploited the nation's resources and ruthlessly carved out their personal empires in the decades of expansion that followed the Civil War. They lacked, it seems, a social conscience. No doubt they did, in the sense in which we now conceive the term, but they were, many of them, men who acted according to their lights, often with a serene sense — as in John D. Rockefeller's case — of ethical justification. Many of them sincerely believed their enterprise was making for the common good, and so, to a degree, it was. That their rewards should be limitless they took for granted; we now think otherwise. But if they were hogs, at least they rooted in the open, and they were what they were.

Their greed is not what is best worth remembering about them and the period in which they lived. With greed we have always to contend, and we always shall. What we are in danger of forgetting is that the American character then was positive. Its faults were positive faults, not the weaknesses that develop when character crumbles. Let your mind run over for a moment, before we turn to its graver manifestations, the little ways in which that sapping has been going forward.

Every day, in every newspaper and magazine that you pick up, it is spread before you in advertising testimonials endorsing a product never used by the endorser, a fundamentally dishonest practice which has received the cachet of the socially elect. Who is certain today that a public man speaks in his own words thoughts and convictions which he has himself arrived at? The ghost-written speech, the ghost-written article, the ghost-written book, all fundamentally dishonest practices, are accepted as a matter of course. We observe a steadily mounting dishonesty in advertising copy, claiming qualities for a product which even the chicken-brained must sometimes realize have not the

slightest basis in fact. But we laugh it off because 'nobody believes it anyway.' In our callous acceptance of these and kindred deceptions is the measure of how far the decline has progressed in the value we set upon integrity.

Very recently many Americans, I think, awoke to a shocked realization of that devaluation in the case of Mr. Justice Hugo Black. That a man named for one of the highest offices in the American system of government could sit silent in the Senate while his colleagues gave his nomination an approval which they must have withheld had he admitted facts which they were entitled to know, was behavior no subsequent conduct can condone. But the apologists for Mr. Justice Black ask us to believe that because he has shown evidence of possessing a social conscience we can afford to overlook this passing dereliction from traditional ethical standards. If ever there was sophistry, if ever there was evasion of the line between right and wrong, it lies in such a contention. The simple fact remains that an office of the highest trust was obtained under false pretenses.

We have seen a President of the United States a silent apologist for such a course of action; we have seen a State Governor — with an example, to be sure, of high precedent before him — name his wife to a vacant seat in the United States Senate. Surely these are significant straws in the wind in a department of our national life where integrity is of the gravest consequence. They denote a collapse of personal conscience which is duplicated in a variety of other fields. They are climactic instances of a disintegration which has been spreading through the national character for years. That many Americans were shocked by the Black case is, perhaps, heartening; but in at least equal measure the fact that many others were willing to let bygones be bygones when Mr. Justice Black publicly admitted that he had joined the Klan is

profoundly disturbing. In less than a month after the Justice took his seat on the Supreme Court bench we were obliged to witness the spectacle of a member of that court unable to perform a function for which he was appointed (the Scottsboro decision) because of an incident in his past which, had it been earlier admitted, would unquestionably have prevented his elevation.

The most serious indictment that can be brought against the present Administration is, to my mind, an indictment that rests squarely on ethical grounds. A people takes its moral tone from the leadership it accepts and ratifies. Whatever its objectives, and however desirable their consummation may be, that leadership which subordinates means to ends, which is repeatedly disingenuous in its appeals for continued support, must in the end defeat and destroy itself.

With many of the social objectives of the Roosevelt Administration most public-minded Americans are in sympathy. But an increasing number of these citizens are growing acutely uneasy about the means and manner employed to attain them. Some are uneasy simply because they believe that the President, out of undue haste, is seeking to effect a fundamental change in the character of American institutions — a change which they are not prepared to accept as one for the better. That is a question whose pros and cons do not fall within the scope of this article. What does concern us here is that a smaller number of citizens are uneasy because they believe the President himself, in his eagerness to accomplish his aims, has, consciously or unconsciously, waived moral considerations which ought deeply to concern him. They believe that you cannot place social conscience before personal conscience; that the one is meaningless without the other.

To be specific: take but three proposals (one of them already effected) among those closest to the heart of the Administration — the Social Security Act, the

reorganization of the courts, and the government reorganization bill. Probably a majority of citizens look with favor upon some form of old-age insurance; all reasonable citizens wish to see the courts in step with the times and abreast of the work which they are called upon to do; there are few among us who would not approve the utmost simplification and coördination in the machinery of the Federal Government.

But there are those of us who feel that these measures have been disingenuously urged, that the cards were not laid face down upon the table, that the people were not told all that they had a right to know about the true character of these proposals, that there were concealed elements which even a majority might not sanction. The Social Security Act proves not to be insurance, as the public has been taught to understand the word, but direct, concealed taxation; the bill for the reorganization of the judiciary was pot-holed with deceptions; the government reorganization bill strikes indirectly at the independence of the great Federal Commissions. These were not honest measures, honestly put forward; they may in general have been fathered by a social conscience, but personal conscience was thrown into the discard. It will be argued that the Administration has in many matters displayed an admirable integrity, and that is true; but the fact does not excuse such lapses, nor does it lessen the destructive force which is released by these defections.

I said that American character has become less positive than it once was, that the faults we have been developing are those of weakness rather than of strength. I think a further indication of this change is to be found in the nature of our reactions to conduct which we know to be wrong. Our indignation has too short a lease; our anger is too often stillborn. We are cursed with a readiness to laugh things off. We have lost the capacity to get mad and stay mad until

we have smashed the thing that angered us. The Black case had scarcely gripped the national consciousness (and conscience) when we began to read and hear the wish expressed that talk about it would cease — as if the fundamental issues involved were any less alive to-day than they were when the new Justice put on his robes! Just as anger against Samuel Insull, a few years back, burned fiercely for a moment and then guttered out, washed over by a wave of sentimentality.

We will put up with a Mayor Walker if he is funny enough, for we are like the Caliph in *Scheherazade*: we will refrain from action so long as the performance does n't pall. A truly humorous people, which we once were, can be capable of a slow and steady anger (witness the Chinese); but our humor has become a brittle wit. Humor rests upon a solid base, — a reasoned and confident attitude toward life, — but the wisecrack is sufficient to the hour thereof. All our emotions are a flash in the pan.

The factors that have united to produce the slackening in our moral fibre are twofold at least. They are factors which have been operating elsewhere in the world, and I am not, indeed, attempting to point to the United States as a horrible example. We hold no corner in ethical disintegration. We are not yet, at least, endeavoring to bring up an entire generation of miserable little spies and snoopers; we can still raise our voices in honest argument without the fear that our neighbor in the next apartment, or the guest in our own, will betray us to the secret police.

Beyond a doubt the responsibility goes back in part to an embittered man, reading and writing the long day through, decades ago in the British Museum. Charge up a share of it to Karl Marx and the completely materialistic philosophy that his followers deem sufficient to feed the soul of man. Personal conscience, where it does not conjoin with duty to the state, holds no meaning for

the Marxist, or for the Nazi whose blood brother and brother in blood he is. A figment from a discarded ethics, the personal conscience shrivels to death in the totalitarian state. Of what use is conscience to a slave?

One does not need to embrace Communism in order to fall prey to its specious moral doctrine. That doctrine has seeped through as a result of the effort to view sympathetically an experiment in which, as never before in the world's history, the subordination of means to ends has been glorified. If one may with clear conscience sacrifice an entire generation of men for the purely problematological good of those to come, one may as readily dose one's child with an unproved and potentially fatal antitoxin.

If Communist dogma has been a factor in breaking down moral concepts whose worth has been tried through untold generations of men, so too, of course, have been the decline of faith and the failure of the churches. The personal conscience is nourished and sustained by faith, and organized religion, when effective, is a further buttress and guide. '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*,' wrote Martin Luther, and lived the proof of it.

There is, it would seem, no way out of our dilemma, no means of once more stiffening our moral fibre, except by the rekindling of faith and by the ready assumption of individual moral responsibility for individual acts. That a keen spiritual hunger stirs in the world no man who reads thoughtfully in the literature of our time can for a moment question. In several countries men are accepting, whether voluntarily or not, a baser equivalent in the dictators' call to discipline and complete subservience to the state. They accept from hunger of spirit as well as from hunger of body. Some find their faith, or profess to find it, in the new ideologies; those of us to whom these are unacceptable must find and hold to our own. This we must do, or perish as free men; for where personal conscience dies, there is no freedom.

TO THE MOUNTAINS

BY PAUL HORGAN

I

JULIO lay as quietly as he could. Only his eyes kept moving, turning toward the open door that led into the other room, as if by looking there he could hear better what the women were saying. His brother Luis was asleep beside him. The same blanket of catskins covered them both. Luis could sleep no matter what happened. The firelight on the walls and the ceiling was enough to keep Julio awake, even if his mother were not weeping in the next room. It was a silent night outside; like all the other nights in this place of home.

'When the fire goes out I will go to sleep,' thought Julio; his legs ached from holding them still. Four nights ago his mother had given birth to a baby girl. Josefina Martinez came nine miles from Bernalillo to assist. The father was in Mexico on a wagon train. The trade in the summer and autumn of 1800 was promising, and the weather very fortunate. Rosa's baby came with no one there but her two sons and Josefina the midwife. They made a huge fire in the front room and left the door open so that the heat would wave silently through. The boys stayed outdoors and shuddered like horses under the November moon. From within came the wafting firelight and the nimble sounds of repeated sufferings.

Each boy felt like the deputy of his father. Luis was sixteen and Julio was thirteen. Luis was a stout boy — legs and arms like cottonwood branch, round and wieldy. Julio was slender and some-

thing like a half-grown cat in his physical ways. He was wary and respectful of life's dangers. He had grown with caution, because fear slowly told him more as he grew up. Everything Luis did easily, because he was older, Julio had to learn to do because he was younger, and thus everything was harder for him. The boys had no one but each other for companions, mostly; for they lived in the Rio Grande Valley a way out from the village of Bernalillo. They sometimes went there on horseback, when their father could spare the animals from work in the fields. Once, riding to town, Julio's horse had stamped and run wild, because a hunter in the tall saplings by the field near the river had shot his musket at a rising goose. Julio often dreamed of it, and the triumph of regaining the horse's head.

The brothers slept and the firelight faded down.

In the back room, Rosa presently slept too, and Josefina sat watching her and the new baby.

Josefina was greatly girthed, with two circles of fat at her middle. She was heavy-faced and her eyes were kind, even when her tongue was sharp and filthy. Thus her character: good heart, from instinct; wicked mind, from dealings in the hard world.

The baby lay by its mother's side.

'The face of a *piñón*,' thought Josefina, staring at the tiny brown head and the little open mouth that breathed so roundly.

The house was thick as a fortress, with adobe walls. It stood on a little green flat of land above the fields, beyond which lay the Rio Grande. Over it went two mighty cottonwoods, planted by the grandfather of this house a long time ago, who himself had left the service of the Governor of New Spain to scratch his own land and yield it to his own sons. To the east the fields faded into mesa country, rising face of gravelly sand that held dusty bushes. The mesa rolled away and lifted hills where little pine trees grew. In morning, distant under the early sun, the pine trees seemed to exhale a blue air; and from the blue air rose the mountains, whose mighty trees looked, far away, like scratches upon the face of blue rock.

The mountains were miles away from the house of the family, and sometimes they were altogether hidden by weather: cloud, or rain, or wind alive with dust. At other times the mountains were momentarily close, as if moved in golden light by the hand of God, and every cañon, every wind course and water hollow in the rock, stood clear to the eyes of the wondering brothers. Hardly a day of their lives failed to be somehow influenced by the mountains off there to the east.

Josefina came into the front room to kick some more wood on the dying fire; for cold was quick to get through her petulant flesh.

She woke Julio; but he lay with his eyes shut, identifying the noises she made, and the profane rumble of her musing. When she went back, he heard his mother speak sleepily; then the baby squeaked and began to cry, what sounded to him like a mortal utterance and farewell of that alien little life in his mother's bed.

'Yes, if you all four of you get through the winter, that will be one of God's little jokes,' said Josefina, slapping her hands on her cold belly. 'This house never gets warm; and nothing to cover with, those boys out there, freezing

on the dirt floor with a dirty old cat-skin . . .'

'My husband will bring back plenty of money and furs and clothes from Mexico,' said Rosa. But she began to cry again, and mumble little sad doubts against the baby's hot temple.

'So, I will stay as long as I can,' said Josefina. 'But you know that can't be forever. — Be quiet now. You will choke the baby. Here, I'll take her, though God knows she may freeze to death. Get back to sleep. I will warm her.'

Josefina took the baby.

Julio leaned and crouched from his bed to see what they did. There was a coldly steady candle burning by the wooden saint in the corner of the bedroom. Josefina held the baby with one arm and with her other hand pulled her tight dress away in front, and her huge bosom lay open and cavernous with shadow. There, at her warmest and most copious being, she laid the baby and folded her breasts to it, and drew her dress together and held her arms like a cradle. Her cheeks quivered at the striving touch of the baby; some pleasure deepened in her being; and for no reason that she could recognize, out of her assortment of past events, — midwife, servant, thief, and harlot, — she began to blush.

Her eyes watered and she smiled and sighed.

Julio backed into his bed again. His brother Luis flinched and jerked like a dog that is tickled when it dozes. Julio held his breath for fear he would wake Luis. Yet he wanted to talk to him. He wanted to stir his brother into a fury of doing; to save this family; to prove that it was not a world for women — that it was their own little tiny sister who so blindly threatened their mother's life and will, and who opened the disgusting bosom of a fat witch to lie there for warmth!

So his thoughts were confused and furious.

The fire was alive again in little flames like autumn leaves. He could not sleep.

He could not forget. He hated his fears. They were with him, vaguely enlivened by Josefina's talk.

It was not long before winter.

In the broken darkness of firelight, Julio lay awake and prayed until he was answered by the same thing that always answered prayers, the earliest voice he had been taught to recognize, which no one else had to hear — the voice of God Himself in his own heart. Father Antonio made him know when he was a very little boy that the stronger a man was, the more he needed the guidance of God. So when he felt afraid and feeble alongside his mild strong brother, he had only to pray, and shut his eyes, and remember Jesus, who would presently come to him and say, 'I see you, Julio Garcia; it is all right. What is it?'

'The mountains, to the mountains,' thought Julio in answer to his own prayer.

'Blessed is the fruit of thy womb: Jesus . . .'

'What is in the mountains?'

' . . . now and at the hour of our death.'

'There is much that my brother and I can do in the mountains, and as soon as he awakens I will tell him; we will take my father's musket and go hunting; we will bring home skins to keep our little sister warm, and show our mother that this is a house of men, who do what is right, no matter how hard it is to do.'

'Amen.'

II

Against the mica panes of the small deep window the early daylight showed like fog, silvery and chill. Luis jumped alive from sleep and went like a pale shadow to the dead fireplace, where he blew ashes off a few remote coals and, shivering in his bare skin, coaxed a fire alive. Then he found his clothes and got into them. He began to laugh at Julio, curled like a cat under the mountain-cat skins, waiting for warmth in the room. Then he thought with pleasure of the

work to be done outside, in the marching dawn; cold mist over the river; the horses stirring; animals to feed and release. He went out, already owner of the day.

Julio was awake all that time; and he squinted at the fire, judging nicely just when it would need more wood, lest it go out; and just when the room would be comfortable. He was soon up, listening for sounds in the other room. Presently Josefina came to make breakfast. She felt tragic in the cold morning, and her face drooped with pity for her heart which was abused.

'I am going home,' said she.

'No, you can't do that,' said the boy.

She looked at him with sad delight in his concern.

'Why can't I? What do I get around here for my pains? I was freezing all night.'

'When my father comes home he will pay you plenty. Luis and I can — we will bring you a glorious piece of fur.'

'Oh, indeed; and where from?'

'We are going to the mountains.'

'A pair of fool children like you? Another thing for your poor mama to worry about! If she lives through the winter it will be very surprising.'

'What do you mean?'

She had nothing to mean, and so she made it more impressive by quivering her great throat, a ridiculous gesture of melancholy.

Julio ran outside and found his brother. They did not greet each other, but fell into tasks together.

The sky was coming pale blue over the river, and pale gold edges of light began to show around the far mountain rims. The house looked like a lovely toy in the defining light, its edges gilded, its shadows dancing.

'Luis.'

'What?'

'I have an idea.'

'Well?'

'Did you feel cold all night?'

'No, but you would not lie still.'

'I am sorry. I heard Josefina talking to Mama.'

'The poor old cow.'

'Do you realize that we are so poor that we have n't got enough things to keep us warm, especially with the new baby here? And an extra woman in the house? — She ought to stay with us until Mama is well again.'

'What are you going to do about it?'

'You and I should take the musket and go to hunt cats in the mountains, and bring home enough furs to satisfy everybody.'

'Yes,' said Luis, without any surprise, 'I have thought of that, too.'

'Then I can go?'

'I suppose so — if you behave yourself. It's no child's errand, you know.'

'Of course not. Then will you tell Mama?'

'All right.'

Now the smoke was thick and sweet above the house.

The light spread grandly over the whole valley.

Luis went to his mother's bedside and leaned down. The baby was awake and obscurely busy against her mother's side.

'Mama.'

'My little Luis.'

'Julio and I are going to the mountains for a few days, to get some furs.'

'No, no, you are both too young! That little Julio is just a baby. Now, Luis, don't break my heart with any more troubles!'

'What troubles? We have no troubles!'

'Your father is gone, we have no money, my children shiver all night long, that Josefina is a fat crow, Father Antonio has n't been near us since the baby was born.'

She wept easily and weakly. Luis was full of guilt, and ideas of flight. He leaned and kissed her cool forehead and laughed like a big man.

'You'll see. My brother and I will come back like merchant princes.'

'Then you are going?'

'Yes, Mummie, we'll go.'

She stared at him in a religious indignation. This was her son! So even sons grew up and went away and did what they wanted to do, in spite of all the things women could think of to keep them back!

Later Julio came to say good-bye, and she shamelessly wooed him to stay, with the name of God, and her love, and his pure dearness, and various coquetties. He felt a lump in his throat, so he shrugged, like his father, and went to the other room, where he paused and said, 'Thank you, Josefina, for staying until my brother and I get back.'

'The devil takes many odd forms,' said Josefina with a pout.

They had two horses and the musket which their father had left at home upon his last departure for Mexico. They had a rawhide pouch containing things to eat, loaves and chilies and dried meat. As soon as they were free of the little fields of home, Julio began to gallop; and Luis overtook him and, saying nothing, reached out for the halter and brought him down to a walk. Julio felt very much rebuked; he sat erect on his horse and squinted his eyes at the mountain rising so far ahead of them, and thought of himself as a relentless hunter.

The boys toiled over the land all morning.

They paused and looked back several times, touched by the change in the look of their farm, which lay now like a box or two on the floor of the valley; and they thought respectively, 'When I have my farm, I shall want to be on higher ground,' and 'What if something dreadful has happened since we left home! If the baby choked to death, or a robber came, I should never forgive myself.'

The mountains looked strangely smaller as they advanced. The foothills raised the riders up, and from various slopes the mountain crowns seemed to lean back and diminish. The blue air in

cañons and on the far faces of rock slides and broken mighty shoulders was like a breath of mystery over the familiar facts of memory.

'Let me carry the musket now for a while.'

'No, we might as well decide that now. I am to have it all the time.'

'Why, that is n't right!'

'No, I have had more experience with it. It is our only arm. Now be sensible.'

'Just because I am the younger, you always do this way. I tell you, I am an excellent shot.'

'You may be. But I am nearly four years older, and — I just think it better this way.'

'I wish I'd known before we started.'

'Why don't you go back, then?'

'I will.'

But they rode on together. Easily triumphant, Luis could afford to be indulgent; later on he rode close to Julio and knocked him on the back and winked.

'You think I am not as much of a man as you are,' said Julio bitterly.

'Well, you're not.'

'You'll see! I can show you!'

The brothers' love for each other was equally warm, but derived from different wells of feeling. Sometimes they felt only the love; at other times, only the difference.

Now in afternoon, riding on the windy November plain, and knowing that before nightfall they would be in the very shadow of the nearest mountain reach, they felt their littleness on that world. The air was lighter so high up above the river valley. They looked back: an empire of sand-colored earth, and there, in the far light, the river herself, furred with trees. They looked ahead, but in doing that had to look up.

It was a crazy giant land; a rock that looked like a pebble from here was higher than a tree when they got to it.

'We must find a place to leave the horses.'

'What?'

'You idiot, we can't expect horses to

climb straight up cliffs like that over there!'

'Sure, we'll find a place to leave them.'

'It must be nearly too late to go into the mountains to-night.'

'We'll make a fire here.'

'If it is clear enough to-night, they could see our fire from home.'

'They could?'

The thought made Julio shiver. But then it was already getting chill. The sun was going down.

III

They awoke the next morning under the cold mountains, and in their rested souls there was a mood of gods. They caught their horses and rode along the last little flat before the great rise, and before the sun was up over the rocky shoulder they had found a little box cañon where there was a growth of straw-colored grass, and through which there washed a small creek. Leading the horses, they walked far into the narrow shadowy cañon and at last Luis said, 'There!'

'What?'

'Here is the place to leave the animals. We can make a little fence down here, and then be safe when we go off to hunt.'

'What will you build your fence with?'

'Some big rocks and then a lot of branches that will seem high to the horses.'

'Where does that river come from, do you suppose?'

'If you'll stop talking long enough to get to work, we'll go and find out.'

The light of builders came into their eyes, measuring, devising; after a few trials they had a system for their work; they moved harmoniously. Given need, materials, and imagination, nothing wanted. They grew warm, and threw down their coats. The sun quivered in watery brilliance high beyond the rocky crown.

When they were done, they untethered the horses and took up the food, the musket, the powder, balls, their knives, their tinder, and went up the cañon, following the creek. It led them into shadow; they had to wade; the rocks widened — sunlight ahead; then a miniature marsh with moss and creatures' tracks; then a little waterfall, which they heard, a whisper in diamond sunlight, before they saw it; and under it a black pool plumbed by the sun to its still, sandy floor.

The fall came down from a rocky ledge halfway up the face of a gray stone cliff.

The forest shadows beyond it, which they saw looking up, were hazy with sunlight and noon blue.

'We'll swim!'

The boys took off their clothes and fell into the water; for a moment they hated the cold shock, and then they were happily claimed by the animal world. They were away from everything. They were let to their senses. They dived and splashed and bellowed, awakening the silences to echo, which only tempest and beast had awakened before them. This was a bath of a superman; not the idle, slow, muddy, warm current of the Rio Grande, which suggested cows and babies paddling and hot mud dragging boys who swam in summer.

They came out into the warmer air and slapped until they were dry; then they dressed.

'Up there — we've got to get up there somehow.'

Luis pointed up to the higher world beyond the fall. There were gigantic pines standing in light-failing ranks; and behind them a great plane of rock shaggy with its own breakage.

So they retreated from the waterfall and went around it, climbing and clawing until they had gained the upper level. They stood to listen. Enormous and pressing, the quiet of the mountains surrounded them. Their eyes, so long limited to a tame river world, hunted

ahead. They were explorers, so far as they knew. What no man has ever seen before! There was a mysterious sense of awe in the first eye that owned it.

As they passed in and out of shadow they felt alternately cold and warm.

As they went, they were often forced by the huge silence to stop and let their own sounds die away.

They would laugh at each other at such moments, and then go on.

In midafternoon they thought they must plan to go back, since it took them so long to come. The horses would need company and perhaps protection against beasts.

The sun was yellower and cooler.

The way they had come no longer looked the same; coming, they had watched another face of it; now, retreating, they had to look back often to recognize their course. They lost it, or thought they had, when they came to a bench of gray stone in a spill of light through branches. They then looked aside, and saw the ledge curve and vanish in a stout hillside, and emerge a little farther on and there become the rocky shelf over which rustled their waterfall of the sunny noon.

'It is made by Heaven for our purposes!' said Luis.

'Yes, it certainly is. — How do you mean?'

'Well, the cats probably come and drink and lie here, and other animals. We could be here on this shelf, you see.'

'And fire down on them?'

'Sure. Come on.'

They started along the ledge and then shagged back and nearly fell down to the cañon floor below when a boom of air and shock arose and smote them from a few feet ahead. It was the thunder of a great bald eagle who beat his way off the rocks and straight up over them, his claws hanging down, his hot red eyes sparkling for one tiny second in the light of the sky. Then he wheeled and raised his claws and extended his head and drifted off in a long slanting line like the

descent of the mountain edge over which he vanished.

The boys were breathless.

It scared them.

It also hushed them — the grandeur of that heavy bird leaving earth for air.

‘How I should love to get a bird like that!’

‘To kill him?’

‘Or at least get some of his feathers.’

‘Maybe he dropped some.’

Julio moved forward and then crouched and called for his brother.

‘Luis, look! Hurry! Here is what he had!’

They were looking at a partially picked mountain-lion cub, off which the eagle had been feeding.

‘Julio, you see, now? Here is where the big cats will come. They will roam until they find it, and they will watch. The eagle carried off the baby cat. He’ll come back, too!’

Julio acted like a very small boy. He kicked the carcass of the cub off the ledge into the shaly slide below.

‘What did you do that for?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘It was wonderful bait! Now it’s gone!’

‘Well . . .’

‘Oh, come on!’

The godlike temper and power of the day were gone for them both — Luis exasperated, Julio tired and guilty.

As they went down to the cañon where the waterfall seemed to stand, not fall, in a mist of blue shadow now that the sun was sinking, they looked up, and saw the eagle so high that he seemed like a spiraling leaf, and Luis shrugged and said, ‘Oh, cheer up! I suppose he would have come back anyway and carried his supper off!’

But Luis, though he was again friendly, could not offset the chilling of the whole day; and the rocky clear cold cupping of night in those walled places closed over Julio and confirmed his hunger, his bitterness, his youthful rue at the turn

of happiness into misery, like the turn of day into dusk.

All right, if everybody was older than he was, let them parade and give orders. If Luis felt so superior, Julio would show him some day.

They scampered down the cañon as fast as they could, for where they had left the horses was like a station of home to them.

When it was dark enough, they looked for stars, and saw some, but clouds had come, and a damp, warmish wind, and the cañon talked in wind, trees keening, and now and then an almost silent thunder of a wind-blow when it met a distant high rock mountain-face.

By the last light of their fire, Luis examined his musket, to see that the day’s toil over hard ground had n’t damaged it any.

‘Let me see it,’ said Julio.

‘What for?’

‘Oh, can’t I just *see* it?’

Luis handed it over.

Julio sighted along the barrel.

‘She’s a lovely one,’ he murmured.

Then he gave it back, ready to go to sleep, chuckling with affection for Luis, who would be so surprised.

IV

Dawn came with a ghostly diffusion of misty light — the slow march of shapes.

Julio was ready.

He rolled with almost infinite slowness to the ground, free of the blankets, and left Luis slumbering like a mummy who knew the cold of centuries.

He crouched and slowly went around the other side of the bed, and took up the musket and ammunition from the side of his brother.

He sniffed the air and it was bitter-sweet with cold and some drifting new flavor.

He did n’t know, in his excitement and caution, that it was the presage of snow.

He went up the cañon chewing on a hank of jerked meat from his pocket.

He was abroad in his own wilderness, with his own gun; in effect, with his own destiny. He remembered yesterday's trail very well, and he toiled while the light grew; yet, there being no sun, everything had a new look, though he had seen it before. He came after a long time to the pool and the waterfall. There he stopped and looked back. Now he realized how far it was; how many hours divided him from Luis, who must have been awake and wondering hours ago.

What would Luis do?

Would he kick the hard ground in fury, and halloo for him? Or would he set out in pursuit?

But which way would Luis decide to go?

Or perhaps he was weeping at the conviction that his beautiful young brother Julio had been carried off in the night by beasts of prey.

Then the image of a devouring lion shouldering a musket was too odd, and Julio laughed; then he smartly turned to see where another's laugh came from; then he laughed again, at his echo in the rocky room with the sky roof.

The waterfall was like a wraith made of heavier air than the gray essence that filled the intimate little cañon.

'The cats will come to the ledge,' thought Julio, faithful to his brother's wisdom, even though he outraged it.

He went around the long way, slowly going across the fat roll of the rocky hillside, and found himself then in the tall forest up there. He knew that a hunter must wait; so he settled himself to do so on a tiled shelf of moss, between two big boulders, lacy with fern and dark with shadow.

His stomach was clutched by doubts and partly whetted hunger. Hardest of all was to keep the silence of the mountains, lest he startle his game.

Many times he was ready to get up, relieve the ache of his set legs, go back to Luis and pretend that he had only wandered a few feet away from camp.

But he was afraid now. He was afraid

of the way the sky looked, dark and soft, and wind very high up which pulled the clouds past the peaks as if tearing gray cloth on the sharp edges.

He was lost, really.

The musket was a heavy sin across his lap. It was loaded. Perhaps he should unload it and scamper back.

But then, if a mountain cat came to the ledge, he would be helpless.

Then he remembered for the first time that he might be in danger from the animals. It sent blood back through him, and he grew angry at such menace.

'If they think they can hurt me, they are crazy, those wildcats!'

So he spent the early day and noon in thoughts of himself and his furies, while the peace of the forest was held, and the sky now came down in darkness and again blew upward in windy lets of silvery light.

And he stayed, watching.

He was so alone and silent that the first touch on his cheek out of the air startled him, and he turned his head quickly to look; but what had touched his cheek was the snow, shortly after noon.

It came down, dandled by the odd currents of airy wind in the irregular mountains, like white dust sifting through the ancient stand of trees up the mountainside.

Julio blinked at the spotty snow falling before his eyes, and he licked the delicious flakes that starred his lips.

The rocks were beginning to look white. The air was white, and the distance was white.

The distance was reduced. When he tried to peer as far as he would, his sight seemed to go so far and then turn black.

All suddenly, a most childish wave of lonesomeness broke over him, and he knew how far away he was, and how solitary; how subject to the mountains.

He got up.

Something else moved, too, in the whitening world.

He saw it, obscurely dark against the

white stone shelf below him in line of sight. It was a mountain lion coming down the ledge with beautiful stillness and almost the touch of snow in its own paws.

Its heart-shaped nose was along the ground, smelling the fresh snow and whatever it covered.

Julio lifted the gun, which was as light as he wanted it in this moment, and watched, and licked the snow off his upper lip. Then, with his eyes wide-open and his cheeks blown up, he fired.

He could n't hear the lion cry, or the echo of the amazing blast through the cañons and the aisles. He was deaf from it. But he sat down behind his rock and watched while he reloaded, and saw the cat spilling its blood on the snow; and then gradually he could hear it moaning as his head cleared. Then it suddenly died. The snow continued on it passively, cooling the blood, and making it pale, and finally thickening over it entirely.

After a long time Julio came down from his rock and touched his game.

He glanced around to see if any more cats happened to be there. There were none. He was exalted and indifferent. He rolled the heavy lion off the ledge down to the sloping hillside below it. There the snow was thinner. There he set to work to skin the cat, as he had watched his father skin animals at home, for leather, for fur, for rawhide.

V

His knife was so wet and cold that it tried to stick to his hands.

He was late in finishing. He felt proud.

Maybe Luis would be annoyed, but not for long. To bring home the first fur? He had a loving warm tender heart for all animals, now that he had conquered one of the greatest. He felt that animals must love men in return, and serve them humbly.

Done, then, he returned to thoughts of others, and then he could have

groaned aloud when he really imagined what Luis might feel.

'Do you suppose my brother is in danger because I took away his gun? What if he has been attacked? What if I had not had the gun when the lion came? It would be the same with him, without any protection! Oh, my Jesus and my God, help me to get back in a hurry, and have him safe when I get there!'

Now, with heavying snow and night beginning to fall, the hunter could not scramble fast enough to undo what his day had done.

He shouldered his new skin, which was freezing and heavy, and his gun and his supplies, and went down off the shaly hill. In the bottom of the chasm, where the waterfall entered the stream, it was dark. The black water of the creek alone was clearly visible. He stopped and called out, then turned to listen, but the spiraling flaky darkness was vastly quiet.

He hurried on and sobbed a few times, but he said to himself that it was simply that he was cold, not that he was sorely afraid and sorry.

'Certainly I can see!'

But he paid for this lie when he struck a rock that cut his cheek and threw him down to the ground, where the soft copious snowfall went on secretly to change the mountains, to enrich stony hollows with soft concavities, to stand the bare ridges barer above snowy articulations.

He struggled to make a small fire, scratching twigs and needles and branches from the lee side of rocks, having to feel for his wants. At last he produced a flame, and his heart leaped up, the fire-light on the snow was so lovely. In the light he saw where he was, and collected more branches, building craftily to bring up his flames, until the cañon was roaring with light and heat at that spot.

He sat, then lay on his new fur, with the raw side down.

The snowflakes made a tiny, fascinating little hiss of death when they fell into the fire.

'Luis will be all right. I will get to him early in the morning; as soon as it is light I shall start out.'

He dozed and awoke, at last to see his fire gone. Then he knew he must stay awake.

What he knew next was so strange that he felt humble. In spite of trying not to, he had fallen asleep, and was then awakened afterward by wave after wave of sound, through the falling, falling snow which hushed everything but this clamor that had awakened him, the ringing of a bell. The bell clanged and stammered and changed with the wind; like the bell of the church at home, miles up the valley on a still hot summer Sunday morning.

'But this is not — there can be no church in these mountains!' he said in the blackest density of the snowfall that night. And he listened again, but now heard nothing — nothing beyond the faint sense of hushing in the air made by the falling snow.

The bell was gone; it had served to awaken him; somewhere beyond this cold separating fall, it had rung out for him — true, even if it came to him as a dream of security. He did not lie down again; but sat, marveling, and sick for home.

VI

The snow continued with daybreak.

He set out again as soon as he could see a few feet in front of him. As the light grew, so did his sense of folly. It was as if he had dreamed of the things that might happen to his brother Luis.

All his greatness of accomplishment disappeared. What good was this smelling and frozen catskin now? He threw it down by an icy rock and found that he could now run, trotting, without the awkward burden of the cat hide, which was stiff and slippery — with its frozen leggings of fur which stuck out, ragged

and indignant, the congealed ghost of the cat.

The snow died away as Julio hurried. The wind became capricious and bitter. It scratched in long sweeps down the cañon and bore out over the open plains, which Julio could begin to see as the day grew and he toiled farther down the shadowy chasm.

He kept staring ahead for sight of the spare pines which stood by their camp. He remembered seeing the pines against open sky the first night there — which meant that they were nearly out of the mountain's fold.

He thought he saw the sentinel trees once; broke into a hard run; and then stopped, panting, when he saw that the gray light on a wall of rock had looked for a moment like a misty sky out there over the plain.

The musket was heavy and cold in his grasp. He had it still loaded. Perhaps he ought to shoot it off, a signal for his brother?

But he would call first.

He cried out, and stood to listen, his whole body turned sideways to hear an answer.

There was none.

Now he knew that the bell he had heard last night, waking him up during the snowstorm, was a miracle, sent to keep him from freezing to death in his sleep.

So he began to run again, and his heart nearly burst. He thought perhaps there would be another miracle, to keep Luis safe and bring Julio back to him right away.

The boy crawled over the rocks that seemed cold enough to crack in the weather; he waded where he had to in the glazed creek. Suddenly it was lighter; the sky lay before him as well as above him; and at last he looked down on the miniature meadow of the cañon mouth where the horses were fenced. There! Yes, there were the guardian pine trees.

'Luis, Luis, I am back!' he cried, but

he choked and made only a sobbing sound. There was no fire burning at the camp, and Julio was thumped in the breast by fear again, as if Luis had gone back home with the two horses and left him as he deserved to be left, alone in the mountains.

He hurried and then saw the horses, far down the way.

Then he heard a voice, talking to him from a distance; no words; level, careful sounds; it sounded like Luis.

'Luis, where are you?'

Julio came down farther.

He squinted around, and then upward.

'I am glad to see you back. Stop where you are!'

'Luis!'

'Be careful.'

At the same moment, Julio heard how Luis spoke from the tree where he was hanging and he saw the wolf at the base of the tree, which sat staring upward, perfectly quiet and ready.

The wolf was huge and looked like a dog, except that he was gray, the color of rock — which was why Julio did n't see him for the first little while.

The wolf must have heard him, for his ears were standing up and the fur on his spine was silvery and alive. Julio stood shocking-still and was perfectly sure that the wolf's eyes were straining toward him as far as they could without the turn of the head; and the animal was ready to turn and attack him if necessary.

So there was a grotesque interval of calm and silence in the cañon.

Luis was hanging to the pine tree, which had a few tough fragments of branch about sixteen feet above the ground.

The sun tried to shine through the bitter and cloudy day.

Luis looked white and sick, half-frozen; his eyes were burning black in new hollow shadows.

'Julio,' said Luis, as lightly as possible, never taking his eyes off the wolf;

indeed, as if he were addressing the wolf.

'Yes, Luis,' whispered Julio.

'You have the gun there with you, have n't you?' asked the older brother, in an ingratiating and mollifying tone, to keep the wolf below him still intent upon his first design.

'Yes, Luis.'

'Well, Julio,' said his brother with desperate charm, velvet-voiced and easy, 'see if you can load it without making much disturbance, will you?'

'It is loaded, Luis.'

'Oh, that is fine. Then, Julio, pray Jesus you can manage to shoot the wolf. Julio, be easy and steady now . . . don't — move — fast — or — make — any — noise — Julio — for — the — love — of — God.'

To Julio it was like coming back to the reward of his folly. He held his breath, to be quiet.

He thought Luis was going to fall from the tree — his face was so white and starving, his hands so bony and desperate where they clutched.

'Why, of course I can shoot the terrible wolf,' said Julio to himself; slowly, slowly bringing the musket around to the aim.

Luis, from his tree against the gray pale sky, went on talking in tones of enchantment and courtesy to the wolf, to keep alive the concentration, until Julio fancied the wolf might answer, as animals did in the tales of early childhood.

'We shall see, my dear friend wolf, just sit there — one — more — minute — if you please — until — my — brother gets the thing ready. . . . Are — you — ready — Julio . . .'

The answer was the shot.

The wolf lashed his hindquarters around so that he faced Julio, whence the sound had come.

He roared and spat; but he could not move. His back was broken. He sat and barked and snapped his teeth.

Julio ran a little way forward, then was cautious. He stopped and began to reload.

Luis fell to the ground. He had his knife ready.

But he could not move as quickly as he would. He was cold and stiff and cramped. He hacked his knife into the animal's breast, but the stab was shy and glancing. The wolf made a crying effort and scabbled its shattered body forward and took Luis by the leg.

'Now, Julio! Your knife!'

Julio dropped the musket and came down to them.

'Where, Luis?'

'Under his left forearm!'

'Wolf!' said Julio, and drove his knife.

VII

For a moment they all stayed where they were — the brothers panting; the animal dead, and slowly relaxing thus. The brothers sweated and could n't speak, but hung their heads and spat dry spit and coughed and panted.

'Did he bite you bad?' asked Julio.

'No, he could n't bite very hard, not even like a dog — he was too hurt.'

'Let me see.'

They peeled the cloth away from the leg just above the knee. The teeth had torn the cloth and the flesh. It did not hurt. It was numb. It bled very little. The skin was blue.

There was nothing to do to the leg except cover it again. They took as long as possible at it, but they had presently to come to the story of the young brother's folly, and as soon as that was done they felt elated — the one penitent and grave, the other pardoning and aware that the terrors of the experience were more useful to his young brother than any words of rebuke.

'... And I know right where I left the lion skin; we'll get it later! We can get many more!'

Julio was ballooning with relief, now that it was all over and done with. He felt as he always felt after confession in church — airy and tall.

The physical misery in snow and wind

and rocky mountain temper — this was their outer penalty. But the boys knew an inner joy at the further range of their doing. Simply being where they were, at odds with what menaced them — this was achievement; it was man's doing done.

Late that day the sun did break through and a little while of golden light seemed to relieve the cold. It did n't snow again that night. They kept their fire high. Luis was, oddly, too lame to walk. But he was glad to lie and watch the flames, and smile at Julio's serious bearing, full of thoughtful play in his face which meant plans and intentions.

VIII

The day after the snowstorm the valley itself came back in a kind of golden resurge of autumn. The house at the little farm was soaked with melting snow; running lines of dark muddy thaw streaked from the round-worn edges of the roof to the walls and the ground.

The temper of the river was warmer than the mountain weather. The willows and cottonwoods lost their snow by noon. The mountains were visible again, after the day of the blind white blowing curtain over the plain.

Not many travelers were abroad; but Father Antonio came down the road shortly after noon, and Josefina saw him, his fat white mare, his robe tucked above his waist, his wool-colored homespun trousers, and his Mexican boots. She went to tell Rosa that the priest was coming at last, and to stop crying, if that was all she was crying for.

The priest dismounted in the yard and let his horse move.

Josefina tidied herself in honor of the visit, and he came in, catching her at wetting her eyebrows. She immediately felt like a fool, from the way he looked at her; and she bowed for his blessing, furious at his kind of power over and against women.

'I did n't get your message about the

baby until two days ago, and then I said nothing could keep me from coming as soon as I could. Is n't it fine! Where is he? Or is it a girl? I hope you have a girl. Already those bad boys of yours — where are they?

Rosa felt as if authority had walked into her house and that she need have no further fear.

Father Antonio was a tall, very spare, bony man nearly fifty, with straw-colored hair, a pale wind-pinked face, and little blue eyes that shone speculatively as he gazed. He was awkward; he could n't talk without slowly waving his great-knuckled hands in illustration of his mood; and he loved to talk, putting into words the great interest of his days. Everything suggested something else to him; he debated with himself as if he were two Jesuits, they said in Santa Fé, where he was not popular with the clergy because he preferred working in the open land among the scattered families of the river basin.

'Where are the boys?' he asked.

Rosa was at peace. Her cheeks dried and her heart seemed to grow strong. She felt a spell of calm strong breath in her breast. She was proud.

'They have gone hunting. They have been gone several days now. In the mountains.'

Josefina lingered on the outside of a kind of sanctuary which the priest and the mother made, a spiritual confine which she could not enter, a profane and resentful woman. But she could toss her opinions into it.

'They are little fools, a pair of chicken-boned infants, crazy, going to the mountains! It snowed there for two days. They will never come back.'

Rosa watched the priest's face, ready to be frightened or not, by his expression.

He glanced at Josefina, a mild blue fire.

'They are probably all right.'

Josefina mumbled.

'How will a man ever know what goes

on,' asked Father Antonio, 'unless he goes out and looks at it?'

'How long can you stay, Father?' asked Rosa.

'Till we christen the baby.'

'But —'

'I'll wait till the brothers come back, so the baby will have a godfather.'

'I — godmother,' simpered Josefina on the outskirts, making a fat and radiant gesture of coquetry.

'Why not?' said the priest mildly, taking the sting out of her scandalous contempt.

It sobered her. She blushed.

'When your husband comes back in the spring with the wagon train,' said Father Antonio, 'you can send some money to my church.'

'Gladly,' said Rosa.

'Those must be big boys by now. I have n't seen them for months. Luis? Julio? That's right. When I was a boy I had all the desires to go and look at what was over the mountains. Then when I was away, there, in Mexico, at the seminary, the world on this side of the mountains was just as inviting and mysterious. Eh? When I came back to go to work, everybody bowed to me, and behaved properly as to a priest. But I always felt a little guilty for that, and went fishing or hunting. The animals had no respect for me, which was a relief, for they knew not of God, whose weight is something to carry, I can tell you!'

This was strange talk to the women.

'Next to catching a sinner and taking away his sin, I like best to fetch a trout, or play a long game of war with a beaver in the river pools. So now I know why your two big brown babies went off to the mountains.'

'Oh,' thought the women. 'That explains it.'

IX

Father Antonio stayed over a week. The boys were missing. The priest would go and look at the mountains in

all times of day, to see if he could see anything, even in his mind, which might be played with as news for the distracted mother.

But all he saw were the momentous faces of the mountains; light or the absence of light; at dawn, a chalky black atmosphere quivering with quiet air; at noon, silvered by the sun, the great rock wrinkles shining and constant; at evening, the glow of rose, as if there were furnaces within the tumbled stone which heated the surface, until it came to glow for a few moments, then cooling to ashy black from the base upward until it joined the darkening sky like a low heavy cloud.

'I have promised to stay for them, and I will,' said the priest.

He spent the days making Rosa agree to get strong; until she finally arose from her bed and ordered her house again. He did the tasks of the outdoors. There was no need for Josefina to stay now; but stay she did, touched in her vanity by the godmotherhood which had been mentioned once.

She came in one day, still holding her arm over her eyes, as if staring into the distance, the golden chill of the open winter.

'I think I see them coming!' she cried.

They all went outdoors.

'You are crazy,' said the priest.

They looked and looked.

The plain and the slow rise into the mountain-lift were swimming with sunlight. They searched with long looks until they had to blink for vision.

'See! Like a couple of sheep, just barely moving?' insisted Josefina, pointing vaguely at the mountains.

'Where?'

'Yes, I do see! She is right! She must have Indian blood.'

The mother was the last to see and agree.

There was an infinitesimal movement far on the plain, hardly perceptible as movement; some energy of presence, a fall of light and cast of shadow, just

alive enough to be convincing. It was the hunters, coming on their horses on the second day's journey out of the mountains.

Late in the afternoon they arrived.

The marks of their toil were all over them.

To go and come back! This being the common mystery of all journeying, the mother could hardly wait for them to speak; to tell her everything.

She brought the baby and the boys kissed the tiny furred head.

The priest gave them his blessing and they bent their shaggy necks under it.

Josefina stared and then squinted at them, whispering something.

'Luis, you are hurt!'

'Not any more.'

'But you *were*!'

'I will tell you sometime.'

'Now, now!'

'How long have we been away?'

'Ten days!'

The boys talked, confirming each other with looks.

Luis and the wolf; the bite; the fever; the body as the residence of the devil, and the raving nights. Julio and his amazing skill as a marksman; his reckless courage; the two of them together after Luis's recovery; shagging up and down rocky barriers, mountain sprites, and their bag of skins.

'Look at that!'

They got and opened out their two packs of furs, and there were cats, the wolf, a little deer, and a middle-sized brown bear.

'Who got the bear?'

'Luis! It was wonderful! The bear was in a tree, watching us, and what made him nobody knows, but Luis looked up, and *whang!* and *boo!* Down fell the bear, and all it took was the one shot!'

'But you should have seen Julio the time he saved my life, when the wolf was waiting for me to fall down, I was so cold and weak! Up in my tree!'

The silence was full of worried love:

what had they not done! But safe. Yes, but — what if — !

The brothers looked at each other.

Nothing would ever be said about the other thing. Nobody ever managed to grow up without being foolish at some time or other.

The priest thought, 'The boy Julio looks taller. I suppose it is only natural; last time I was here he was —'

Luis took the baby sister to hold.

There was plenty of fur to keep her warm.

Julio sighed. It was a curiously contented and old man's comment.

Father Antonio felt like laughing; but there was some nobility of bearing in Julio's little mighty shoulders that did not deserve genial patronizing.

The priest glanced at Josefina. He knew his materials like a craftsman. He thought, 'Josefina sees — she even smells as a female — what has taken place in Julio. She stares at him and then squints and whispers to herself. How little is secret! How much makes a life!'

The mother's arms were free of her infant. She went and hugged Julio, because, though she hardly thought it so clearly, she knew that he had gone and conquered the wilderness which was his brother's by birth. She knew that — and what lay behind it — as only a child's

mother could know it; with defensive and pitying and pardoning love, so long as it might be needed.

X

'I wish I could write, now,' said Luis.

'Why?'

'Then I would write to my father about it.'

'But he could not read it.'

'No, but he could get somebody to read it to him.'

'Should I write and tell him about it for you?' asked Father Antonio.

'Oh, if you would, Father!'

'I'll be glad to — the minute I get back to my house where I have pens and paper. You have told me the whole adventure.'

But when the priest did return home, and sit down to keep his promise to the delighted brothers, what they had told him seemed to him man's story, and all he finally wrote was: —

DEAR GARCIA,

Your wife has had a dear baby girl, and both are well and happy, with God's grace. Your two sons are proud of their family, and when you return, before hearing from their lips anything of their adventures during your absence, you will see that they are already proper men, for which God be praised in the perfection of His design for our mortal life.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING AT WORK

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

IN August 1933, the manager of a plant employing about 500 men signed an agreement with a trade-union. Several times the agreement has been renewed. As a result of two wage increases, the hourly earnings of the men in this plant are now 20 per cent above 1933, and 5 per cent above 1929. The present agreement with the union expires in January 1938. Since the union on two previous occasions has won wage increases, the members expect another — indeed, many of them look upon their union as an organization which wins a 5 or 10 per cent wage advance for them about every two years. Consequently they are asking an advance of 10 per cent on expiration of the present agreement, and probably expect to receive at least half that amount.

Competition in the business is keen, and the wages paid by the company, which we may call the X Company, are well above those paid by its nonunion competitors. The employees, however, have been unusually well selected and trained, and the very existence of the union has itself contributed to efficiency in some respects, so that the management estimates that its labor costs are not more than 3 or 4 per cent above those of its principal competitors. The company is making some money, but not much. Its present handicap in labor costs does not worry the management, but another increase of 5 or 10 per cent would be out of the question.

If the union insists on pressing its demand, the company will have to re-

fuse, and that might mean a strike. You ask: 'Why not let the men strike?' From the standpoint of the X Company, however, a strike would be almost as disastrous as a wage increase. A shutdown for four or five weeks or more would probably lose the company from one sixth to one fourth of its customers. Not until there is again a sellers' market in the business would the company be able to recover these lost accounts. A strike also would be serious from the point of view of the union. The employees could not win, for the simple reason that the X Company cannot pay higher wages and meet competition, and the disappointment of a lost strike might lead most of the workers to drop out of the union. Hence, a strike might destroy the union. In any event, it would destroy for a year or more to come the jobs of many of the employees.

II

The situation of the X Company epitomizes the labor problem as it exists today in hundreds of companies in the United States — especially in those which have been organized within the last several years. When the union in the X plant first elected officers, it selected as its business agent a man who was a vigorous and persuasive speaker, but who, as it turned out, was a poor administrator and negotiator. By the end of the first year, the members realized their mistake and replaced the business agent

with a member of their executive committee who had shown himself wise and resourceful in counsel. The national officers of the union deny any part in effecting this change, but their rôle may not have been an entirely passive one. The present business agent has held office for three years. During this time he has learned much about the problems of the company and about competitive conditions in the industry. He is convinced that a strike would be disastrous for both the union and the employer, and that the union would be foolish to force one. His problem is to persuade the rank and file to accept this view.

As I write these lines no one knows whether or not the union members will vote against a strike. One reason for being optimistic, however, is that the employer has been trying to prepare for the present situation for several years. When he first signed an agreement with the union in August 1933, he had to decide whether he was making a temporary or a permanent change in his business. Influenced by the National Recovery Act, then only two months old, he concluded that an important change was occurring in American life and that collective bargaining was being accepted by the public as a national labor policy. He decided to accept the new union as permanent and to try to adjust his business to dealing with it.

The employer reached this decision only with grave misgivings, because he had never dealt with unions and knew little about them. One of the things that worried him was what would happen to his business if he found himself compelled either to refuse union demands or to insist that the union concede wage cuts for the purpose of helping him meet competition. He knew that such a time would eventually come and he decided he must get ready for it. He was somewhat at a loss what to do, but two things seemed to be particularly important. One was to build up among his employees and their leaders a good un-

derstanding of his business and its problems. The other was to convince the union of his honesty and fairness, so that when he had to refuse all concessions, or to insist on a wage reduction, the union would understand that he was not bluffing and that he had good reason for his position.

The first of these objectives has been only imperfectly achieved. The employer has taken advantage of his frequent contacts with the union business agent to discuss with him the problems of the business, and there is no doubt that the business agent has a good understanding of the employer's competitive position. In each of the six departments of the plant the union has a shop chairman who handles minor grievances. The shop chairmen occasionally act as a committee in dealing with top management. The employer instructed his foremen and his personnel manager to make a point of discussing the problems of the business in a broad way with the shop chairmen, and it is probably true that these employees are now well informed about the employer's competitive position.

But the task of giving the five hundred rank-and-file workers an insight into the problems of the business has thus far seemed an insuperable one. The employer cannot do it himself, for literature handed out by him or addresses made by him would be suspect and heavily discounted. If the job is to be done at all, it must be done by the business agent and the shop chairmen. Up to now, they have not done it. The real difficulty, of course, is that the ordinary employee is little interested in the employer's problems, because, so long as the concern holds its own, he sees no close connection between these problems and his wages and employment.

No one knows how successfully the employer has been able to convince the men that he is fair and honest in his dealings with the union. He realized that the union members would fear that

he might attempt to undermine and destroy their organization, and he has gone out of his way to destroy this fear. He knew, for example, that the foremen might be inclined to encourage employees to remain out of the union, and he warned them strongly against doing this. True, he has steadfastly refused the union's demand for the closed shop. Nevertheless, when he has needed new employees he has given the union business agent a chance to suggest men. And although he has refused to put pressure on anyone to join the union, he has taken notice of complaints from the business agent that certain employees were delinquent in their dues and has advised them to pay up. The manager knew that the union would suspect discrimination against union membership in every discharge case. He warned the foremen that the days of easy discharges were over and that they must not discharge unless the facts clearly supported the decision. The management also adopted the policy of warning the shop chairman or the union business agent of employees whose work was unsatisfactory and who would have to be dropped unless their work improved. This has helped the union to save the jobs of some members.

The manager early discovered that the greatest desire of union officials is to be consulted and, indeed, even to be given responsibility. Consequently, he has welcomed conferences with the business agent and has always made it easy for both the shop chairman and the business agent to obtain a conference with little delay. The union has made a number of demands which seemed unreasonable to the manager, but he has never dismissed these demands abruptly or refused to discuss them. On the contrary, experience has taught him that even unreasonable demands usually have a good reason behind them.

For example, the union has demanded that some piece rates which the management regarded as quite reasonable

be substantially increased. Investigation revealed that the real trouble was the irregular flow of material or other production difficulties which prevented the men from earning a fair day's pay. For some time the union has been demanding that piece workers be paid at their regular hourly earnings for time spent in waiting for work. The demand led the management to investigate how much time was lost by the piece workers waiting for work and for other reasons. Everyone was surprised at the amount. This led the management to make an effort to reduce waiting time to the minimum.

One fact revealed by the investigation was that the different sections of the working force were frequently out of balance — that some sections were busy while others had little work. In order to deal with this problem, the management has trained a skeleton force of workers who are capable of working in two or more sections and who can be transferred from section to section in order to keep the force in balance. This solution was worked out in cooperation with the union officers.

One of the things which the manager has learned by experience is the danger of 'short-circuiting' the union — that is, making concessions to the workers without first consulting the union officers and giving them an opportunity to claim some credit for the concessions. Otherwise, the union officials may feel that the employer is trying to undermine their position with the rank and file and may consider it necessary to demand more than the employer has given. The manager discovered this by accident several years ago when, on his own initiative, he undertook to raise a few scattered piece rates which were out of line and which were causing dissatisfaction. He naturally thought the announcement of these rate increases would meet with general approval, and he was surprised to find the union business agent quite critical and disposed to ask more than had been granted. After this experience

the manager has been careful to make no rate adjustments or other concessions without first conferring with the business agent.

III

As a result of his four years' experience with the union, the employer has gradually been developing a philosophy of industrial relations. He naturally wishes the union to be a responsible and conservative body, and he is acting on the assumption that the way to make it responsible is to treat it fairly and to give it such a satisfactory business relationship with him that the members will not lightly jeopardize that relationship by a strike. But the employees of the company are too inexperienced in unionism to appreciate what a good relationship they have and are disposed to take it for granted. Furthermore, the experience of most of them with strikes is limited to a short walkout of less than three weeks in the summer of 1933. Consequently, they may disregard the advice of their leaders and vote to strike.

But such a vote does not mean that a strike will occur. Indeed, despite the fears of the employer, a strike is distinctly improbable. Many national unions forbid their local unions to strike without first obtaining consent of the national officers. The national union with which the local in the X plant is affiliated exercises no such complete control over its locals, but it does possess control of the purse. Its constitution requires the national officers to refuse financial aid to strikes which the national officers have not approved. Before the national officers sanction a strike, they send a national representative to try to settle the dispute. Some employers regard national representatives as troublemaking outsiders intruding in the affairs of the employer and his men, but managers who are experienced in dealing with unions do not make this mistake. They know that national unions receive far more requests for

strike support than they can meet and that the purpose of the national representative is to make a settlement and to protect the national treasury.

In the case of the X plant it is fairly certain that a national representative, after reviewing the gains which the local has made in the last four years and considering the competitive situation of the employer and the probable outcome of a struggle, would conclude that a strike would be a waste of national funds. Almost certainly he would insist that the local make a settlement. He might fear that some disappointed members of the local would discontinue paying dues, and in his negotiations with the X Company he would seek some condition which would prevent this. He might suggest the closed shop, which the employer is not ready to accept and would refuse. Quite probably the outcome would be a gentlemen's agreement between the employer and the national union representative that the employer would help the union hold its members. You wonder whether the union would be willing to accept such a gentlemen's agreement. That, of course, would depend upon its confidence in the good faith of the employer.

IV

One of the great fears of the head of the X Company has been the possibility that the union would impair the company's competitive ability by forcing it to accept restrictive rules, particularly make-work rules or rules limiting the use of labor-saving devices. Restrictive rules usually spring from the fear of unemployment. The keen competitive situation in the industry and the two wage increases granted to the union have compelled the management to search very hard for ways of saving labor, and output per man-hour is now well above the levels of 1933. Thus far, the expansion of business has permitted the management to make labor-saving changes without dropping men. The real test of

relations with the union will come with business recession. In order to combat dropping sales, it will be necessary for the management to strive harder than ever to find ways of cutting costs, and, in a period of declining sales, labor-saving methods will mean a displacement of men. Will the union permit this? No one knows.

As a matter of economics, of course, it is the workers who in the last analysis bear most of the cost of restrictive rules. What a union can extract from an employer depends fundamentally upon (1) the employer's income and (2) the union's bargaining power. If the union elects to impose higher costs on the employer in the form of restrictive rules, it is to that extent less able to impose higher costs upon him in the form of higher wages. Consequently the workers must choose whether they wish to use their bargaining power to get restrictive rules or to get higher wages. Unfortunately, most workers do not realize this, and even if they did they might prefer to impose make-work rules in order to protect men from being displaced at times when jobs are scarce. The employer thinks that his enterprise should be prepared to pay a dismissal wage to men who are displaced in hard times by labor-saving devices, and he thinks that a reserve for this purpose should be set aside from earnings in good years. Up to the present, however, he has done nothing, and he is somewhat reluctant to act because he does not know whether the government would tax such a reserve as undistributed profits.

Despite his fears that the union may eventually handicap both the company and its employees by restrictive rules, the employer confesses that thus far the presence of the union has helped rather than hurt efficiency. True, the union has not tried to promote efficiency, but its existence has compelled the management to be more efficient and has improved the morale and the spirit of the employees. There are several ways in

which these results have come about. The manager was quick to realize that the presence of the union would limit the company's freedom to discharge workers, especially when the charge was incompetence or inefficiency. Consequently, he has insisted that the hiring practices of the company be tightened up and that greater care than ever be exercised in selecting employees.

Over three fourths of the workers are paid by the piece. The manager realized that the union would subject new piece rates to more critical scrutiny than they had ever received. He also feared that union pressure might cause new piece rates to be set too high, and that in the course of time a structure of loosely set rates would grow up that would seriously weaken the competitive power of the company. Hence, top management has insisted that new rates be set after more thorough and careful time studies than ever before. Union criticism of the rates has revealed many conditions that had been hindering production. Everyone knows that the time required to do a job, and consequently the rate which the job should pay, depend upon the conditions under which it is done. Until the workers acquired spokesmen who were willing to speak without restraint, the management itself never knew how many conditions were hindering production.

One of the matters which affect the morale of workers is their relative compensation. Almost every shop has some jobs which are overpaid and some which are underpaid, but unless the men have proper representation the management may not know which jobs fall into each class. The union has brought to the surface many inequities in rates which previously had been covered up simply because no one was quite willing to speak out. When the second wage increase was negotiated, the management and the union business agent decided to apply part of it to bringing up some of the rates which were too low.

The presence of the union has greatly

improved the relations between the foreman and the men. Never before in the history of the company has it been so necessary for the foremen to get on with their employees. The union does not dominate the foremen, but the fact that it is there means that the foremen must be able to justify disciplinary action by facts, that they get into trouble when they attempt to 'take out' their grouches on the employees or when they play favorites in awarding well-paying jobs and overtime work, and that little cliques which existed to get the favor of the foreman and lived by his favors have disintegrated. There is a more wholesome atmosphere in the shop than ever before, the foremen are better liked and command more respect, and relations between the foremen and the employees were never more satisfactory.

Finally, and possibly most important of all, there is the feeling of freedom which the union has introduced into the shop. Before the day of the union, most employees were quite careful of everything they said or did. A man with a grievance might speak out, but often he did not. No one ever really knew how much the men were suppressing. The union has cleared the atmosphere. The man with a grievance tells the shop chairman, and if the shop chairman thinks the employee has a case, he takes it up with the foreman. The manager thinks that this contribution of the union is the most important thing it has done.

V

The experience of the X Company illustrates fairly well both the advantages which collective bargaining brings to employers and employees and the problems which it creates. Up to the present moment, collective bargaining has improved materially the condition of the employees without injuring the company, but a prolonged strike would destroy the prosperity of the company for several years to come and

with it the jobs of perhaps a hundred or more union members. The cry is frequently heard these days that unions should be made responsible. A common proposal is that they be made suable at law. There is no serious objection to this, provided all unincorporated associations are made suable. It is important, however, that the public realize the unimportance of this and many other proposals for the regulation of unions. Certainly the proposal would not help the X Company. The only kind of responsibility which would help this company would spring from an understanding by the union members of the fact that their wages and employment depend upon the prosperity of the company and that a strike at the present time would jeopardize their jobs. No law can create that understanding. Incidentally, there are eighteen states (of which Michigan is one) in which unions may be sued to-day, and no one can detect by any difference in industrial relations which states permit unions to be sued and which do not.

A large part of the public looks on union leaders as agitators who are engaged in stirring up men who prefer not to be stirred up. This conception may have some application to the organizers who are attempting to unionize the unorganized workers, because, as every experienced union man knows, the unorganized are often quite indifferent to unionism. But this concept does not fit most officers of established unions, and the situation among the employees of the X Company suggests the reason. The union leaders usually find themselves pressed by the rank and file to obtain more from the employer than the union can possibly compel him to concede — often more than he can afford to pay. The seasoned leader is likely to devote more effort to persuading the rank and file to temper their demands than to stirring up his members. Some of the recently formed unions will undoubtedly be destroyed by the rank and

file's demanding the impossible of them — and then dropping out in disgust when the unions fail to make good.

The experience of the X Company also shows how the character of trade-union leadership is influenced by the employer's policies. Since the trade-union officer must be able to lead and control large groups of men, he needs to be something of a politician. And since the union is engaged in selling labor, its leader needs to be well acquainted with the business problems of the employers and a good judge of market trends and prospects. This means that the leader should be a good business man. The business type of leadership has come to the fore in the X plant union only because the company has not challenged the right of the union to exist and has been willing to deal with the union in a matter-of-fact, businesslike way. Had the employer chosen to be 'tough,' 'hardboiled,' and hostile, challenging the union at every point and losing no opportunity to undermine its influence with his employees, the men would have selected one of their toughest and most militant members to deal with him.

The management of the X Company has succeeded up to now in preventing its agreement with the union from developing into an elaborate and cumbersome set of rules. It has done this by avoiding arbitrary practices and by making it easy for the union to obtain settlement of individual cases as they have arisen on the basis of the facts in the case. Recently, I had occasion to compare some union agreements in British industry with American agreements. I was surprised to find that the British agreements contained very few rules. But the British agreements spelled out with care the process by which individual disputes are handled and provided rather elaborate machinery for settling them. If one were to contrast the policies represented by British and American trade agreements in general terms, one would say that the Americans are more

disposed to rely upon the legislative method — the method of a rule spelled out in advance — and that the British are more disposed to rely upon the administrative method — the method of settling individual cases on their merits.

The British method is more flexible and more adaptable to a rapidly changing world, and is less likely to bind both sides by rules which will turn out to be a handicap to each. The unions have accepted the administrative method in Great Britain partly because employers there have been less hostile to trade-unions than American employers and partly because the British employers have been willing to coöperate with the unions in setting up carefully planned machinery for disposing of individual disputes.¹

VI

Collective bargaining is a form of price fixing — a way of fixing the price of labor. With 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 men in trade-unions, it represents price fixing on a very large scale — a scale so large that the results will affect profoundly the general business situation. How successfully collective bargaining works will depend in the last analysis on whether employers and trade-unions do a good job at keeping the price of labor properly adjusted to other prices. If collective bargaining pushes up wages too rapidly in periods of recovery, or keeps them too high in periods of recession, or raises wages in union plants too much above those paid by nonunion competitors, it will produce a substantial amount of unemployment. In that event it is not likely to raise the standard of living of wage earners as a whole. Furthermore, if mistakes in fixing the price of labor produce a considerable amount of unemployment, the unemployed will be hired by nonunion

¹ Readers wishing to pursue this subject further are referred to 'The Responsibility of a Trade-Union,' by John Hilton, in the *Atlantic* for November 1937. — EDITOR

employers at prices which drive union employers out of business. Hence, if wages are not wisely fixed, collective bargaining is likely to destroy itself.

All of this means that the success of collective bargaining requires that the problem of fixing the price of labor be approached in a much more realistic fashion than ever before — that it be approached, not simply as a problem of ethics or social justice, but also as a business problem, a problem of selling labor. The difficulty of foreseeing business trends and of adjusting wages to them is illustrated vividly by the experience of the last year. When commodity prices were rising early in 1937, employers regarded it as good business to make liberal wage concessions in order to avoid interruptions to production. About the middle of January, however, demand deposits in the banks began to fall. This was important, because demand deposits are the principal form of money in the country. At first the decline of demand deposits was regarded as merely a temporary adjustment to changes in reserve requirements recently imposed by the Federal Reserve Board. It proved, however, to be more than this, and in ten months after the beginning of the year demand deposits had fallen by over \$1,900,000,000. In the face of this large deflationary movement, the price of labor had been raised about 10 per cent! These increases in the price of labor must be regarded as an error in business judgment of first magnitude. And yet virtually no one among economists and employers appreciated that an error was being made until it was too late.

This experience illustrates the difficulty of operating collective bargaining in a world of business cycles. Undoubtedly the next time demand deposits turn downward everyone will pay more attention to their movement and employers will be more cautious about making additional wage increases.

The history of price fixing is strewn with failures. Are there any reasons to expect that collective bargaining will work better than most price-fixing schemes? I think there are. One reason is that in collective bargaining both buyers and sellers are organized, and hence each is a check upon the other. Another reason is that in the long run trade-unions cannot escape discovering that high wages can only be the result of prosperous industry. Some people, it is true, have recently been confused on this point. They regard wage increases as a way of *creating* rather than *distributing* prosperity. I wish that they were right. Then, by the simple expedient of increasing wages tenfold or a hundredfold, we could create enough prosperity to give every family several cars and perhaps a private yacht!

Some employers are skeptical as to whether trade-unions are capable of appreciating that high wages are the result of prosperity rather than the cause of it. I do not believe that there is much cause for worry. The lesson is not an easy one to learn, but there is really no way of escaping learning it. It simply is a fact; and painful experience, if nothing else, will teach us that it is a fact. Indeed, if one surveys labor tendencies during the last fifteen years in Great Britain, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, one is impressed by the steadily growing understanding by labor leaders in those countries of labor's need for a prosperous industry. There is likewise a fairly good appreciation of this need among American labor leaders. They would appreciate the need far more keenly, however, if American unions were not kept so busy fighting for such elementary rights as the right to exist and to represent their members in collective bargaining. Naturally, as long as unions are treated as outlaw organizations by a considerable part of industry, they can scarcely be expected to have a proper sense of their interest in the employer's prosperity.

THE SOLDIER RETURNS

Spanish Letters

BY LOUISE DE DAURA

[AFTER graduating from Bryn Mawr College, Louise Heron Blair, a daughter of Richmond, Virginia, went abroad for a year of travel. While in Paris she studied with a Spanish modernist artist, Señor Don Pedro Francisco Juan Daura y García, known to the French as Pierre de Daura. She and M. de Daura were married within a year and set up their studio in the tiny village of St. Cirq-la-Popie. Their only daughter, Martha, is now in her seventh year.

Early in 1937, M. de Daura returned to Spain as a volunteer in the Loyalist ranks. The *Atlantic* is privileged to reproduce portions of Madame de Daura's letters written to the Blair family in Richmond. — THE EDITORS]

ST. CIRQ-LA-POPIE, LOT
February 13, 1937

DEAREST FAMILY: —

I have n't written for two weeks because I have n't felt cheerful enough, and nothing is worse than a gloomy letter. Of course there is only one cause for my gloom. Pierre has gone to Spain. Had he gone a month ago, I should n't have been so pessimistic, but this week has been disastrous for us 'anti-Fascists.' (I can't say 'Republicans,' because it makes me feel allied with the G. O. P.!) When Pierre last heard from his father, he told us that Ricardo was in Málaga. This week, after five days of violent and unrelenting bombardment of Málaga by air and sea, the city fell. The details

were horrible. The 16,000 Italian soldiers who had landed a few days before the offensive began entered the city singing 'Giovinezza.' They dragged the men out of the houses and herded them in groups of fifty, which they turned over to the Arab soldiers to mutilate with their knives, before the machine guns put a merciful end to their suffering. The officers were shot at once.

With coal so scarce that there is only one train a day to the frontier of France, letters taking at least eight days to come from Barcelona, and with strict censorship, Pierre won't be able to give me much information about what he is doing and what life is like there. 'And when he's killed, how shall we know it?' Martha cried. Anyway, before he left, Pierre and I both made out our wills, with the Sabates as witnesses, and that ought to make Pierre live to be a hundred. If he had only had his life insured, I know he'd live another century. And won't he appreciate home cooking after semi-starvation!

PORT BOU, SPAIN
April 13, 1937

Yesterday the postman brought me a letter — from Pierre!

Ripping it open excitedly, I read, then rushed wildly upstairs, threw myself brokenheartedly upon my bed, and sobbed into my pillow. For that letter said that Pierre's leave would begin to-morrow, and was for only eight days

instead of fifteen; so I'd not see him unless I rushed immediately to Barcelona, to have just four days with him. I felt that I *could n't* live another minute without him!

Throwing my clothes into my smallest suitcase, and adding two *quartiers d'oie*, two packages of coffee, one kilo of sugar, and apples and oranges, I gulped down an omelette and a glass of milk — and away I dashed to the station.

At Port Bou, there was trouble over my papers, and I had to produce a letter from Pierre, telling of his leave of absence, which proved him a *miliciano*. (You will all be proud to know he has already 'risen from the ranks,' and is now a lieutenant in the Loyalist Army.) My baggage was then looked at gently; the amount of money I had was written on my passport; I passed through the hands of several other bureaux, and then came out into the street, where my first act was to send a telegram to Pierre. As extra words were only ten centimes each, I added 'Love,' which I had n't done, because of the expense, in my telegram sent from St. Cirq!

With many hours to wait for the train to Barcelona, and feeling in an extravagant mood, I had my hair waved — for five cents. I took lunch in the same restaurant in which I'd had breakfast. Then I watched the pretty girls of Port Bou go switching by. I said to myself: 'They are prettier than I; but my hips are better!' Before the trip was ended, I realized why Spanish girls have well-padded hips: to enable them to ride in comfort in Spanish third-class trains! There never was anything as paralyzing as those hardwood benches. When we reached Barcelona at 9 P.M. I was so worn-out I thought I'd be too tired even to cry if I found that Pierre had already gone back to the front, or had crossed me, en route — he going to France, I to Spain!

As we stamped out of the train on to the platform — pushing, shoving, bumping with luggage — I thought: 'Even if

Pierre is here, I could never find him in this mob; but I am sure I'd feel his presence, in this semi-darkness.' — And there was Pierre! So tall, so straight, in his uniform that *fitted him!* We seemed to be suddenly in an oasis of calm; as if everyone in the world had disappeared except ourselves. All my tiredness fell away and I felt as though I had wings! Though Pierre looked different in his uniform and with his military haircut, he seemed to me the most beautiful thing in all the world.

'But what made you enlist?' I asked when we were alone. 'I thought you came only to help the Government: I never dreamed you were going to the front!' He replied: 'I, too, had thought that with my knowledge of so many languages I should be useful in the International Column, or in the International Red Cross, just behind the front-line trenches: but for either I'd have to pass a medical examination — which my disabled arm prevented.

'All the jobs my friends found for me were nice, comfortable berths with good salaries, in the bureaucracy; and I did n't leave France just to sit at a desk and sign papers! Then I got more and more disgusted with the nonchalance of everyone in Barcelona; with my fellow artists, especially, who are all unionized now and, whether or not they work at their job of making posters for the Government, draw their fifteen duros a week. So furious was I with Barcelona's profiteering, I was almost ready to go back to France; but, at a café where I went with friends for the apéritif, I met a colonel whom I liked at once.

'After conversation about the war, he exclaimed: "What a pity you are n't an artilleryman!" "But I am an artilleryman," I replied. "Then come with me," he urged; "I need a trained man for the Observation Post; I have n't one, as mine was killed a short while ago, and the man I put in his place does n't know anything." When we separated, he gave me the address of his battery, and told

me to come if I decided to accept. I made my decision and, two days after, left for the front.'

So after enlisting, and in company with another man who enlisted at the same time, Pierre set out for Cuenca. The trip took three days — part of the way on the train, many hours in a jolting truck, and finally miles and miles on foot, in pouring rain, and more miles through snow.

At Headquarters there were no uniforms, and no arms; but that same night he was conducted to his Observation Post, two miles in advance of the lines, and left without even a pocketknife with which to defend himself in case of need. However, out of the kitchen he had 'swiped' a small portion of red pepper, with the idea of blinding any possible attacker!

At his post, the other observer rapidly reviewed Pierre in the science he had almost forgotten in the years since his military service; and next day he was left alone, with nothing but the telephone for company. A few days later a comrade lent him a sub-machine gun he had bought for himself; gradually he accumulated a few books; and, after ten days' service in his tweed suit, he obtained a uniform.

'At first,' he told me, 'it was terrible sleeping on the ground; but, remembering Lelia's idea, I gathered pine tags, made a bed of them, and, rolling myself in my blanket, slept comfortably at last. I have a hole dug into the mountainside, into which I retire when it rains. It is about three feet deep; and there I have to cook, so the smoke will not betray our hideout to the enemy airplanes. I have to crouch inside, with the smoke. Ordinarily I am off duty every third day, although once I went nine days without relief.'

'Were n't you afraid?' I asked.

'Not exactly afraid. The worst moment I had was when we were firing on Teruel. We had shelled the barracks of the city twice during the week, and this

third time the Commander called over the telephone for the angle at which to fire. Just as I had calculated the angle, I looked again through the telescope and saw women going into the barracks, and, to my horror, little children running about! The Rebels had cynically transferred the children's school to the barracks.

"Give me the angle!" the Commander called impatiently. "Wait!" I answered. "There are children in the buildings!" "*Give me the angle!*" he ordered. "This is no time for sentimentality!" "But wait!" I implored. "It is n't the barracks any longer. It's a school." "Then find the barracks!" he commanded. I did. The soldiers had moved into the convent on the outskirts of the town. I gave the angle, and we shelled them effectively. Seeing those children made me think of Martha — and their narrow escape was unnerving.'

We had so much to tell each other, we hardly slept at all. As I said, all my fatigue vanished as soon as I saw Pierre, and I wanted nothing but to look at him, and hear him talk.

ST. CIRQ-LA-POPIE
August 23, 1937

I have received a long letter from Pierre this morning, and I am so happy I want to send out to you all a ripple of my happiness. Pierre's letter was six pages in length — a windfall after so many weeks of short notes and post-cards. He says: —

'We are in Barcelona — thanks to a lucky break. During the course of battle, two of our cannon were damaged. We were sent to convoy them to the park, for repairs. At the park they told us that it would require four days for the work. This explains my presence in Barcelona.'

'I have hardly written at all, except for brief cards, because the campaign in which we have been engaged since the fifth of July has not yet ceased. We have had only brief moments of respite, in-

sufficient to give us the rest that we all need so much.

'During one combat, I saw several companies of German soldiers — mercenaries of Franco's — attacking in square formation; marching in goose-step. It was incredible; so unreal that I would not have believed it without seeing it with my own eyes — there, just opposite me, and so near!

'Every day, there before us, is a formidable display of Italian and German armaments, brand-new machines, brilliant, shiny, fresh from the factories. And Moors! There are more of them every day. The more we kill, the more there are! And yet, in one single combat, in a field of wheat where they advanced *en guerrilla*, our comrades with machine guns mowed down more than five thousand.

'Yesterday we, the nine sole survivors of our battery, had a banquet, paid for by the remains of the funds of the battery. We had soup of fish, mussels, *rougets*; a small lobster apiece; fruit cup, and a dozen bottles of wine. The painful bill was 400 pesetas — the equivalent of a month and a half in the trenches to pay for it! But we bore up under the surprise, because we had planned to spend the last penny of our funds, due us as "sole survivors."

'During the meal there was an air raid over Barcelona, as there is nearly every night. Without light — except for a bit of candle — we continued our meal alone, while the other diners in the restaurant and all the waiters raced to the underground refuges. At midnight we married artillerymen went home. The unmarried ones continued their celebration, which they have no intention of stopping until the moment they take their train back to the front. It's the heedlessness of youth. They are right in calling me "Grandfather."

'While in Barcelona, I have made a demand, at the Ministry, for a leave to go to France. It may take a long time; but I believe it will be granted.'

ST. CIRQ-LA-POPIE
October 4, 1937

I am sitting in the kitchen, writing, *with Pierre beside me!* It seems so divinely natural to look up and see him sitting in the big rustic armchair, writing, that I can hardly remember that he was away for eight whole months. The kettle is singing on the fire, and in a few minutes we will stop our writing and have tea, toasting our *tartines* as we have always done, with Martha racing in, curls flying, to hug Pierre and get her *gouter*. Martha went back to curls on her birthday, giving as the reason that the weather was getting colder and she needed the extra warmth. I was glad that she did, because she looked like herself again, and I wanted Pierre to feel she had n't changed much in his absence.

Every day I had raced through the dishwashing and house cleaning to have everything in order for Pierre's arrival on the nine-o'clock train. Martha or I would go to the village gate and wait for him. When Margot Simbel would puff up the hill with the mail sack, we'd ask: 'Was Father at the station?' 'Was my husband at the station?' 'There was nobody at the station,' she'd reply, and push her bicycle on up to the post office. I felt like Penelope, minus the suitors, or like Madame Butterfly. When the train had passed, and there was no hope of his coming, the day stretched before me endlessly, like a desert that had to be crossed. Reluctantly I'd eat the cake that had been made for his home-coming.

And each morning I'd rise with the same hope. I went down to take up my vigil at the gate. 'Margot, did my husband come?' I called as I saw her coming up the hill. 'No, not to-day,' she smiled. As I turned to go, she laughed: 'I was just fooling. He's behind me. He stopped to talk to someone.' I raced down the road and into the arms of Pierre!

He looked taller, thinner and grayer; but, though he had lost twenty pounds,

he had n't lost a hair. As we went through the street, peasants ran out of every house to wring his hand. The men all hugged and kissed him, the women shook his hand vigorously. After we had breakfasted together in front of the fire, Pierre went up to the school to get Martha. Martha was deliriously happy, and poured out in an incessant, excited stream all the things she had been saving to tell him all these months. I stayed at home to prepare lunch. Pierre continued his triumphal march through the village, with Martha chattering at his side.

At the table, Martha sat so close to Pierre and talked so fast she could hardly eat. We celebrated his return with champagne, and the remains of Martha's birthday cake which we had saved for him. And there was still some of his home-coming cake left. All I wanted to do was look at Pierre, listen to him, and touch him from time to time to make sure he was real.

Late in the afternoon we went to see the Vinots. Pierre and M. Vinot swapped war stories. M. Vinot was an aviator during the Great War, and he particularly wanted to know what progress tank warfare had made since the last war. Pierre explained how they placed the zigzag fences of copper wire through which ran strong electric currents to stop the tanks, and how they had special bombs with handles to throw under the tanks as they advance. One of his comrades was marvelous at throwing these bombs. He hid in a depression in the ground, and, when the tanks advanced, unafraid he would throw the bombs with fearful accuracy. He was little, with the face and arms of a gorilla. Not a tank got past him.

As we watched the rain fall, looking out on our gardens, Pierre exclaimed: 'Even the rain in France is gentle! You can't know how terrible it is, on those parched mountains, for months without a drop of rain. Not to be able to wash your face and hands for two months! Not to have a drink of fresh water! One

by one the springs on the mountainside dried up, until we had to go down to the foot of the mountain for water. And then the enemy encamped there, and we spent five days without a drink of water. Next the enemy encircled us in the rear, and took our hut with the reserves of food and ammunition. We were trapped there at the top of the mountain, on our crag, with nothing to eat or drink. Headquarters telephoned me to shoot any man who tried to desert his post.

'I had foreseen for three weeks the manœuvres of the enemy. I saw ourselves being relentlessly encircled. It was only in the last few days that the men felt it, and it was heartbreaking to see them taking out the pictures of their families and sweethearts, rereading old letters, as we waited for reënforcements, or orders to escape. Other telephonists from other lines would call me, asking for news, hopeless and seeking cheer. As their hunger increased, the men picked up scraps they had thrown away weeks before, mouldy beans, rat-gnawed bread, parched lentils. We found one can of corned beef, which we divided among ourselves, ten of us, and on the fifth day they could n't stand it any longer, and they killed and ate our mascot, poor little Mosquita!'

Pierre loved the lamb too much to eat her, and while the others ate he smoked at his post. They were the last cigarettes he had had from me. At the last all communications were cut. Each day more soldiers, trapped, joined Pierre up at the top of the mountain, until they were 1400, with two commanders and a captain or two. They were desperate, starved, with practically no ammunition. And stealthily up the mountainside crept Arabs in a surprise attack. They beat them off, and captured two. They tried to make the two reveal where the enemy was, and one of them promised to lead them out to safety if his life were spared. Pierre asked him which path he would take. The Arab pointed, and Pierre followed his indications with the

telescope. The path led straight to the enemy headquarters. You can guess what happened to that Arab.

They waited until nightfall, and Commander Branco took command of all the 1400 soldiers, including Pierre and his ten at the observatory. Not leaving anything behind, Pierre carrying the telescope and a comrade carrying the tripod, they climbed silently down the mountain. Pierre had a gun and fifty bullets. The others had about five or six bullets apiece. He kept fifteen and divided the others among his ten men. At four in the morning they reached a narrow pass, which the enemy dominated with two lines of trenches, machine guns, and cannons. 'It's death either way, so it's better to die fighting,' the commander said.

He sent Pierre and another group up to storm the positions and in a hand-to-hand fight distract the enemy so that the rest of the forces could race past down the valley. As they climbed the hill, they were swept by the withering blasts of the machine guns and cannons. There was nothing to hide behind but little scrubby knee-high junipers. 'Pierre, I was at Brunete and Guadalajara, but I've never been through worse fire than this,' one of his comrades hissed as they advanced. Blood was streaming from Pierre's face and his legs, but they kept on and drove the enemy back from the front-line to the second-line trenches.

Looking down, they saw their other comrades racing madly down the valley, safely past the once-murderous battery of the enemy. Then Pierre and the others cut obliquely down the mountain-side, and far down the valley joined the others. They could n't stop, because the Fascist aviation roared in pursuit of them.

Though they had broken through one line of the encircling army, they were still in enemy territory, and marched on, haunted by airplanes and hidden nests of machine guns. After thirty hours of marching, they entered another narrow

valley. Suddenly from one side of the mountain a black and red anarchist flag was waved to them from the entrenched positions. As they began to climb up towards the flag, down from the other side of the mountain raced an officer in Loyalist uniform, shouting: 'Comrades, this way!' They wavered, realizing that one side or the other was a trap. Pierre shouted to the officer: 'Show us your Syndicate card!' He took out his card, and at the same time with his left arm gave the Loyalist salute. And all along the top of the mountainside behind him they saw the sentinels saluting with their left arms, and crying: 'Comrades! Hurry!'

As they turned to follow the officer, the soldiers waving the anarchist flag opposite threw it down and shouted: '*Viva il Fascio!*' and troops farther down yelled: '*Arriba España!*' and farther along, '*Heil Hitler! Viva los Falangistas!*' And down upon them rained bullets and overhead zoomed planes, dropping bombs that exploded all around them; and behind them, down the valley, lumbered tanks. The worn-out soldiers raced up the hillside, climbed over the parapets, and hung there, exhausted, shouting 'Hurry! Hurry!' to those too weary or too wounded to climb as fast as they. With horror they watched the tanks close in on those caught in the valley, five hundred of them. Commander Branco turned, and on his horse galloped down to help those pathetic five hundred. Down among them he whirled, through a hail of bullets, and as he reached them Pierre saw a bomb burst and Branco fall with his horse. He struggled, put his arms around his horse's neck, and they both lay still. The enemy aviation attacked their parapets so fiercely that Pierre and his comrades had to take to cover, and did n't see the sickening end of the others.

They were given food, but no bandages for their wounds, because there were n't any to be had, nor even a bottle of iodine. They slept on the ground, and next day

continued their march, with bleeding feet, back to where they found the rest of their brigade. Two days later Commander Branco wearily tramped in, leading the remnants of the band, four hundred and twenty-five of the five hundred. He would rather have lost his own life than that of his horse, which lay dead on the battlefield. Pierre had two leg wounds and his left hand was wounded. He was sent on with others to the hospital in Valencia, but there were n't any beds, and they sent him on to Barcelona to his family. Luckily his wounds were only superficial and did n't become infected. When he was well enough, he turned all his energies to getting a leave of absence in France, and after more than a month he finally got his passport.

Now that I have Pierre, it seems impossible to me that he can ever leave me again. When he passed his medical review, before coming here, the doctors offered to discharge him, if he wanted them to. But Pierre wants to do his duty to the end. I had thought he would

have had enough, after that last experience. I had read in the newspapers that what might be Pierre's part of the army was encircled, and, as the soldiers fled, the enemy captured them by the hundreds. Pierre laughed when I gave him the newspapers of those days to read: 'Franco thought he had us! But we crossed over their dead bodies and lost only seventy-five men!'

Pierre says that if Italy does n't send any more recruits 'we'll' win before winter. But since his return the papers are full of the news of 75,000 soldiers that Mussolini is sending, and of the aeroplanes, and even his son, that he has sent to Majorca. Six hundred German soldiers landed in Cádiz, and were sent on to Sevilla two days ago. Things don't look so promising for the Loyalists, but Pierre is n't discouraged. If only the war would end before his leave is over! If only I could keep him here! But I shan't think of his leaving, when he has just reached us!

Our love to you all,

LOUISE

BUSINESS AND RELEASE

*Boyhood and Youth*¹

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

I

MY sister and I finished our year at Harvard, and joined the rest of our family, my father and mother and younger sister, in a jaunt abroad.

My elder sister was now about to end her high prenuptial flight; the image of the Harvard professor had been dimmed by that of the English barrister, with his grandiose scheme of bringing heaven to earth under the leadership of Gladstone and Joe Chamberlain, and beneath a banner inscribed with the great watchwords of Hegelian logic, and yet bearing the authentic papal seal. She was to be married in Oxford to this son of Balliol, and the unprecedented glory was to be hers of a wedding breakfast in that college hall, over which the great Benjamin Jowett himself was to preside. I was to be present at this ceremony, and then to be allowed a year of grace in Europe, to finish my education by spending the winter at a German university, and thus acquire some tincture of that German learning which was considered by Americans in the eighties as the flower and crown of culture.

After this European 'jaunt' (there was a taste in my family, as I have said, for these jaunts abroad), I was to return to that bottle business in Philadelphia which was to be my fate.

This programme was punctually carried out: my sister was married in Oxford

to Benjamin Costelloe; there was a big wedding breakfast in the Hall at Balliol; the Master presided and made a speech, and to these festivities my parents invited their evangelical and especially their Quaker friends, who most of them had condoned, if they had not forgotten, the scandal of my father's adventures with his feminine disciples. At this gathering I became aware of one curious phenomenon which at the time I failed to understand. The English Quakers who were our guests seemed unwilling to mix together, and they separated into little clans, and it was only later that I came to realize that these 'Friends,' as they were called, were divided among themselves by not very friendly distinctions, each group keeping aloof from the class which in wealth or social position it considered inferior to itself. The same hierarchical divisions exist, I have since discovered, among the English Jews — another race, like the Quakers, who live separated from the world, and yet in whom the worldly spirit of caste is especially acute.

I went in the following autumn to Berlin, where I lodged with a German family, and attended the lectures of some of the famous professors in that university and heard many concerts and operas, for I had been caught by the fashionable craze for Wagner, and was an enthusiastic though ignorant admirer of his music. Save for the German I

¹ Earlier chapters of Mr. Smith's reminiscences appeared in the three preceding issues. — EDITOR

learned, and the German books I read, I drew no real profit from my sojourn there, and only one encounter of that winter stands out in my memory with any great distinctness. In my Wagner enthusiasm I used to go sometimes to Dresden, where the great operas were performed with especial éclat, and on one of these week-end visits I happened to find in my hotel a Russian family whose acquaintance I had previously made in traveling. I joined them in the hotel dining room, and they informed me with much amusement, for they were keen observers of characters and types, that there was staying in the hotel a genuine English 'dog,' as they called him — a 'snob,' a 'sportsman' of the true authentic breed. The door soon opened; 'There he is!' they cried, as a tall figure in a suit of large checks, and with a broad face and black whiskers, marched in with the jaunty air of an English schoolmaster who likes, in traveling abroad, to assume what he considers a man-of-the-world deportment.

My amazement (indeed horror is not too strong a word for my feelings) can be imagined when this whiskered face began to display the features of my revered poet and prophet — features which I knew well from photographs. So this was the author of the *Strayed Reveller* and *Thyrsis* and many poems I knew by heart — the exquisite apostle of that doctrine of sweetness and light which I had made my own! Matthew Arnold (for it really was Matthew Arnold) approached the table at which we sat, and, slapping down a pair of big tan gloves before those Russian ladies, began to entertain them with an account of the very favorable reception he had received at the Saxon Court from certain dear princesses who were his especial friends. I looked at this large, cheerful figure, I listened to his boastful conversation, with dismay. What I had expected Matthew Arnold to be like, what Apollonian aspect I had imagined for his face,

and what divine discourse I had hoped to hear from his lips I hardly know, but this was certainly not what I should have looked for, and my disillusion (I was only twenty) was almost overwhelming.

But at this time men of letters like Matthew Arnold, like Browning, and like the earlier Henry James, had formed the habit of wearing masks, which saved them no doubt from much impertinence and tiresome gush about their writings; and as the world, with its standards of good form and deportment, was then taken more seriously than anyone takes it now, the masks they assumed were worldly ones.

During my stay at Dresden I often heard Matthew Arnold impress the table d'hôte with his tales of the Saxon Court. 'Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee,' I murmured to myself, and I never dared to speak to him of literature, or of my passionate love for his writings. He treated me, however, with jolly kindness, and invited me to come and stay with him in England; but either because he died not long after, or because I was afraid of further disillusion, I never saw him again. Of course he did not want to talk of literature with the rather insufferable young prig he had met by chance in a Dresden hotel, and I dare say the impression of him that remains in my memory is a false one. But he certainly was very different from Walt Whitman.

I especially remember how shocked I was when, after sitting in ecstatic reverence at a splendid performance of the *Valkyrie*, I ventured to ask him, as we walked back together to the hotel, what impression the music had made upon him.

'Oh, I had to go,' he said in his offhand manner, 'but I only went because my wife and daughters would have scoffed at me if I had n't. But if you ask me what I thought of it — well, it seemed to me — like — what shall I say? — it seemed to me the sort of thing that

I should have composed myself if I happened to try my hand at composing music.'

'Oh, Matthew Arnold,' I murmured to myself, 'is this the way you strive for a many-sided perfection; is it thus that you listen with particular heed to those voices of foreign culture which are especially likely to escape us in our provincial Anglo-Saxon darkness?'

II

In the autumn of 1886, I returned with my mother and father and younger sister to America, leaving my elder sister settled in London to engage with her barrister husband in that reminting, by means of Hegelian philosophy, of the three great religious watchwords, 'God,' 'Duty,' and 'Immortality,' under whose auspices, and that of the Catholic Church, heaven was to be brought to earth and Jerusalem to be planted in England. These processes of reminting and Jerusalem-building seemed somehow to our uninitiated eyes to have been for the moment postponed to the exigencies of our new relative's career at the bar and in politics.

The Master of his college, Benjamin Jowett, the inspirer and guide of generations of able and ambitious young Balliol men, had formed the useful habit of pronouncing before each of his favorites as they departed some pregnant word or sentence suited to their character and prospects — a kind of apophthegm or maxim to be their watchword in their careers, and at his parting with my brother-in-law he had sententiously remarked, 'It is most important in this world, Costelloe, to be pushing, but,' he added, after a pregnant pause, 'it is fatal to seem so.' The earlier part of this wise saying my new brother-in-law seemed to have appropriated to himself with enthusiasm, but somewhat, it was said by those who did not like him, to the neglect of the hint implied in the second clause. However that might be, the

newly married couple were almost lost to us in a rush of political and social engagements into which my sister seemed to enter with enthusiasm and the highest hopes, while we returned from our jaunt across the Atlantic, and I prepared with some reluctance to begin my business career.

I say 'with some reluctance,' for though I did not doubt the validity of the great principle on which I was acting, or question the golden nature of the prospects, my jaunt to Europe, my wanderings about the Continent, had given me a taste for life abroad which caused a certain vague repining; and above all I remembered having been present at a service in an Oxford chapel, and feeling, as one of the white-robed scholars read the evening lesson, a pang of regret that no such pleasant college life could ever be enjoyed by me. These, however, were but vague regrets; the thought would have seemed insane and monstrous of abandoning the golden plum which hung ripe for my grasp upon the family tree.

If my dream of being an apostle of enlightenment amid the family furnaces and diffusing culture among those glass blowers had, owing to my advance in age, and perhaps to my unhappy meeting with Matthew Arnold, grown somewhat dimmer, I had replaced it by the more practicable if less exalted ideal of retiring from business early — after, say, twenty years, when I had acquired a modest sufficiency of this world's goods which would allow me to live a life of cultured leisure: not abroad, however, but in some more cultivated American corner, for I was a good patriot, and my condemnation and contempt were great for those Americans who abandoned their country to lead idle and probably corrupt lives in foreign parts.

I have already mentioned my Baltimore cousin, Carey Thomas, who had gone abroad to study and had opened for us a window on the truer, more scholar-

ly culture of European learning. Miss Thomas had now returned, and was busy in applying her ideals to the modeling of that new-founded Quaker college for women which has since become famous under the name of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Thomas had apparently not lost, amid this constructive work, her taste for smashing windows to let in new light; and, though extremely busy, she summoned me to an interview at Bryn Mawr.

I did not know my cousin well; she was nine years older than I was, at an age when nine years makes a tremendous difference, and the half-legendary tales of her academic success had produced in me an immense awe and respect for her person and opinions. I approached this interview with some trepidation, which was, however, nothing compared to what it would have been had I known the awful words she had determined to pronounce.

'So you are going into the family business?' she abruptly began.

'Why, certainly, of course,' I replied. 'How could I dream of anything else?'

'Well,' said my cousin, 'I'd rather shoot myself.'

Was it possible that I had heard her rightly, or had my distinguished relative suddenly gone mad? 'But Carey,' I protested, 'it's a most splendid chance — a chance in ten thousand, to take my father's place in a great expanding business.'

'I'd rather shoot myself,' the awful woman repeated, and this time I could not doubt the words I heard.

'But,' I protested, 'it may be a chance to make a fortune!'

'Why make a fortune?' was the answer.

'But Carey — ' I protested.

'What's the good of money?' she interrupted. 'Look at our cousins who have gone into the business; they've all become rather dull old men before their time. What good has their money done them? What on earth do they

get out of it? Are you really going to sacrifice your life to become one of them?'

In my need to argue with this mad, misguided cousin, I fell back on my old ideal — which, though it had somewhat faded, I had not completely abandoned — of entering the family business to spread among those glass blowers the ideal of a many-sided culture. 'Bosh!' was, if I remember rightly, my cousin's answer on this occasion, and to this energetic monosyllable I found I had no reply. My second ideal, of making a modest but sufficient income and retiring after, say, twenty years, seemed irrefutable, and was now put forward.

'But why waste those twenty years?' my cousin queried. 'The best, the most important, the most pleasant years of life. Wait twenty years and it'll be too late. Too late,' she ominously repeated.

'But Carey,' I almost bleated, 'I have n't any money.'

'You need very little money,' she answered. 'I lived abroad on five hundred dollars a year. Make your father give you that — he can easily give you more.'

'And abandon my country?' I asked. 'Go abroad and give up America, with its need for culture and cultivated people?'

'Bosh!' again answered my cousin.

'But what should I do abroad?' I querulously inquired.

'You might take up writing,' Miss Thomas suggested.

'But I have no talent, not the slightest gleam of talent for writing,' I protested.

'Then go and live at Monte Carlo and enjoy yourself,' was the advice of this eminent Quaker to her young Quaker cousin of twenty-one; whereupon I was dismissed, and went away indignant and amazed. What? To give up and madly throw away the prospect of a fortune, and go and live abroad on a pittance in some shabby *pension*; to desert my country, and break the heart of my

father, who, as he had often reiterated, had only been sustained in his toils and travails by the thought that I, his only son, should succeed him and reap the benefit of his sacrifices! All this seemed something dreadful, portentous, inexplicable — the result, perhaps, of a temporary aberration, or of some perversion my cousin had contracted abroad.

Putting aside, therefore, the memory of this interview, and trying to forget it, I cheerfully entered the temple of Mammon, and its iron gates clanged behind me. My parents had gone abroad again, and it had been conceded, since New York was more a centre of culture than Philadelphia, that I should be attached to the New York branch of the family business. I was to enter that office at the bottom, working like the humblest clerk, and being paid the most modest wage.

So to New York I went, and engaged a couple of rooms high up in one of its apartment buildings. These rooms I adorned with photographs of the Mona Lisa and a few other famous pictures; I had my books, my Matthew Arnold, my Balzac, my Blake reproductions; and then my business life began.

III

I cannot honestly say that I was unhappy during my year in New York. Most human beings are born for harness and are melancholy when out of it too long. Like Wordsworth, they feel the weight of chance desires; the definite routine, the daily necessary task, eliminate the need for self-imposed activity, and they are freed from that irresolution, that temptation to postponement, that degrading sophistry of laziness, which are the curse of those whose tasks are voluntary and can be performed at any time.

My hours of work were long, but absolutely regular: I was at the warehouse at eight o'clock; I departed at six or seven, healthily fatigued, and ready

to enjoy an evening of reading, music, or other pleasant relaxation. I was naturally industrious, and not, I think, devoid of business talent; my tasks, though uninteresting, were not difficult, and I enjoyed fulfilling them with efficiency.

If I had no favor owing to my family connections, I was aware of no jealousy on the part of my fellow clerks, and I suffered no kind of persecution from them. My modest wages, the dollar notes which I received every Saturday, were precious to me from the fact that I had honestly earned them. They seemed more valuable, more authentic, more like real money, than any of the bestowed currency which had ever before got into my pocket.

And I certainly tasted one joy during this year of business which I have never tasted since — the joy of Sunday, of that precious day of golden leisure, the memory of which, and the prospect of its sure recurrence, sweetened all the intervening days of work. Now all my days are Sundays; no one of them stands out among the others to bestow a special felicity, or shines with an illumination of its own.

Thus I underwent my apprenticeship, learning my task better and better, and apparently beginning, under the best auspices, a prosperous business career.

I have read somewhere of men who receive a wound which they hardly notice, and often carry on for a long time their ordinary activities, quite unaware that they have been stricken in a vital part. That was really my condition, although I did not know it, all that winter: a kind of ominous suppressed questioning, a mysterious unending argument, seemed to be going on in my unconscious self, and reverberations from it would rise every now and then into my thoughts.

'It's ridiculous,' I would catch myself asserting, 'to say that money is no good — she knows absolutely nothing of the world.' I began a determined process

of trying to idealize money, to convince myself that I did want fine houses, opulence, and good food. Above all I tried to fix my mind on the satisfaction, so much enjoyed by my father, of dashing along with the gleam and rattle of harness behind a pair of fine horses. And yet to sacrifice one's life, to toil day after day, year after year, till youth was over? How was my gold grown dim, my fine gold tarnished!

I read and reread Henry James's stories of Americans abroad; pictures of my foreign travels would shine and fade in the background of my mind, and more persistently of all, perhaps, the memory of that afternoon at Oxford when I had seen a handsome white-robed youth read the lesson in his college chapel. I began to wonder if all the wealth the world could give would compensate for the deprivation of the pleasures which Europe offered; and little by little the longing for a life of cultivated leisure, or at least of vague æsthetic experience, grew upon me. But I was still the dupe of that cleverest of the Devil's sophisms which alleges that one can comply with his behests for a limited period in order safely to defy him afterwards. Little by little, however, I began to lessen the tale of years to be spent in Mammon's service, and to antedate my happy emancipation from business and New York.

Two circumstances did much to hasten this process towards my release. Although, as I have said, I was not made unhappy by the work in our family warehouse, the atmosphere of that office itself grew more and more disagreeable to me. My mother's father, John Whitall, who had founded the family firm, was, outside of business, a genial, kindly old Quaker saint, the joy of his family, the dearest and kindest parent and grandparent, and one of the most public-spirited and philanthropic of the citizens of Philadelphia. But he had been, in his early life, the captain of an American sailing ship, and these captains were not

famous for any excess of benevolence. Although precluded by his Quaker scruples from swearing at his men, he seems to have ruled them by other methods which had rendered blasphemy entirely superfluous. When he left the sea, he brought with him his sea severity into that world of American business where harshness and cruelty and a slave-driving spirit were almost universal.

To these Christians, to these Quaker saints, — and saints they often were, — the notion seems never to have occurred of applying the principles of their religion to the treatment of their employees. Business was business; it was a world apart, without the slightest relation to the heavenly kingdom; and this merciless tradition filled the warehouse where I worked with an atmosphere which little by little I found almost stifling. Every one of the employees lived in the fear of instant dismissal, and in the hope of profiting by the disgrace of others. A heavy, blustering bully was the tyrant of the warehouse; he reigned in a glass-enclosed apartment, whither any wretch who had been caught in error was immediately summoned and subjected to a vituperation, a vilification, which reverberated loudly through the office, and was listened to by the other wretches with malignant joy and hope. 'And it's in this ogre's kingdom,' my soul would whisper, 'that you mean to go on living! And the success you hope for is to be changed into some such tyrant and ogre yourself!'

Thus the sense of malease grew, and has indeed remained with me so vividly that I never meet a rich, successful business American without some slight speculation about the bones he has crushed and the wretches he has eaten. These experiences have given me a certain dislike for the whole iron economic system upon which our civilization is founded — a dislike, however, which I must admit is by no means strong enough to make me forgo any of the pecuniary advantages which I derive from it. And

anyhow I quiet my conscience — how honestly or dishonestly it would be difficult for me to say — by the reflection that I cannot think out any other economic scheme of things that would allow the human spirit to put forth fairer blossoms. But that these blossoms are nourished by something as ugly as manure seems plain enough to me when I think (as I try not to think) of our present social system, and the unearned gold which the world keeps on putting into my pockets.

The old Quakers had in their vocabulary several terms which vividly described their spiritual experiences; and among these the word 'unbottoming' is one of the most picturesque. An unbottoming is the slipping away and removal of the firm basis on which the solid Quaker soul is seated; and now for me an experience of this kind was rapidly approaching. This unbottoming of mine — or, to change my metaphor, this drifting away of my soul from its familiar moorings — was not due so much to the evils of the capitalist system, for to those I was accustomed, but to something unrelated to socialism and almost incompatible with it. I became aware of a tiny breeze, a faint inspiration, a dappling of the surface of my mind by cat's-paws and tiny ripples, which took the form of the desire to write — an impulse inherited perhaps from my dim frustrated ancestors, or a desire caught perhaps from my talks with old Walt Whitman, to endure the delicate torture of trying to express in words what I felt and saw.

To sift the sands of life for another kind of gold than the gold I was earning at the bottle warehouse began to seem to me a delicious occupation, and after my long days of work I began to spend my evenings in writing an account of a sailing expedition which I had undertaken the previous summer in a small boat from Newport to New Bedford. This I sent to the *Evening Post*, then the most literary of the New York journals,

and to my amazement it was printed in its pages. I next began to write a story which was full of crude pathos, and did not possess, I now believe, the slightest literary merit. But I thought it a wonderful story, and these stolen secret joys, this foretaste of what has been since the delight and torture of my life, made me turn away with more persistence from the den of business to peep through that window which my cousin had smashed before my panic-stricken eyes. Outside was Europe, and golden leisure, long tranquil days of writing, while inside my business stool seemed to be slipping away beneath me, and even the partners' seat, which had been the object of my ambition, began to seem a dull and cruel throne.

IV

In the summer of 1887 my father and mother and younger sister returned from Europe, where they had spent the winter, and where at least the female members of my family had been haunted at times, I think, by a certain pity for my fate, imprisoned as I was in that New York workhouse, while they were enjoying themselves abroad. To them on their return I revealed the desire for freedom which had grown upon me; they were shocked at first, but soon joined in sympathy with my aspirations, and we began to plot together against my father, for without money from his pocket my emancipation could be nothing beyond a dream. But in every family that I have known the men are no match for the female members, who have learned how to lead these unreasonable tyrants by the nose. My mother was altogether on my side. Indeed, throughout her life she had held the conviction that what people really wanted to do was what they ought to do. When in her later life she came to be a sort of mother-confessor to the many people who used to come to her for advice in their perplexities, her advice was always, she told us, for them

to do the thing they really and seriously wanted to do.

This advice she justified by the Bible text, 'It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do,' and 'will' should be interpreted as 'want,' she contended, in this context. But 'surely, Mother,' we sometimes protested, 'this is dangerous advice to give to people!' 'Well,' she would answer, 'our Heavenly Father knows the kind of advice I give, so if He sends people to me it must be because He wants them given this advice. Besides, children,' she would add, 'people always in the end do what they want to do, and they might as well do it with a good conscience.'

I remember that once when she was full of years, and famous for her religious teachings, a party of schoolgirls from some pious school in Philadelphia visited Oxford, and the teacher who conducted the party wrote to my mother, who was then living at Iffley, to say that it would be a privilege for the little flock of maidens to have a sight of this venerable Quaker saint, and hear from her own lips a few pious words. The permission was granted; the schoolgirls assembled on the spacious lawn outside our house, and I wheeled my mother out in her Bath chair to address them. The spectacle of all these good young girls, being prepared, as my mother knew, for lives of self-sacrifice as daughters, or as wives of American business husbands — somehow this spectacle banished from the old lady's mind the admonition she had intended for them, and when she opened her lips I was considerably surprised to hear her say, 'Girls, don't be too unselfish.'

'Surely, Mother,' I remonstrated with her afterwards, 'when those girls go home their pious relations will be dreadfully shocked by what you said.'

'Yes,' she replied gayly and with a perfectly good conscience, 'yes, I dare say it will make them grind their teeth.'

My mother, therefore, believing as she

did that people should do the thing on which their hearts were really set, was completely on my side in my desire to leave the family business. My younger sister proved a useful ally, and steps therefore were taken to circumvent my father. The ground was carefully prepared. My father's grievances against his partners in the management of the family business were artfully exploited, and at last a careful trap was laid. My father was encouraged to expatiate on the hopes he had been forced to sacrifice when entering on his own business career; much sympathy was shown for the indignities to which he felt he had been subjected by his partners; his dislike of the harsh traditions of the firm was called up to his recollection; I was asked to describe my experiences in the New York warehouse, my subjection to its bullying manager was dwelt on, the years in which I must remain in that subjection dismally calculated; the sadness of spending my youth thus alone, thus enslaved, thus separated from my family, was touched on, and then, as by a sudden impulse, I was asked to read my story. My poor father was moved by its crude pathos; his vanity and pride in his children made him perceive in it a quite nonexistent literary merit; and then when he was thus moved, thus worked on, thus stirred like a puppet by familiar strings, the great project of my leaving the business and devoting myself to literature was, in all its horror and splendor, finally disclosed.

My father took on as all fathers do and should do on like occasions. What? To throw away this golden plum ready for my plucking, to abandon the opportunity of making a fortune, to go and live in poverty abroad when I might be making money in my native country, was a piece of folly, a kind of midsummer madness to which he could never, never (my mother smiled at this familiar word) give his paternal assent. Next he took up the theme of pathos: had he not toiled and travailed and indeed sacrificed

his life for my future? Had not that been the one consolation, the one hope, which had cheered him? And was it now to be brutally suggested that this was to be taken from him, and this bright star to be dimmed forever? Was he, the indefatigable toiler of the family, to be left desolate and disappointed, with no fair expectation to cheer his declining years?

My father was possessed, as I have said, of an extraordinary gift of eloquence; I myself was really moved by this outburst, and almost persuaded to abandon so cruel a project; but my mother, who had long since learned to deafen her ears to my father's periods, soon brought us back to a truer sense of things. The business, she said, was after all the business of *her* family; it was owing to his marriage to her that my father had been made a partner in it: if I wished to abandon it, it was principally her concern. Should her brother and her nephews feel that I had put an affront upon them by abandoning the family business, she, as well as my father, must bear the blame.

This was the deft pulling of a potent string, for my father had no love for my mother's family, who had ignored what he considered his immense services to the firm, and who always treated him, he thought, as an outsider. Now, when his intention was to retire from the business, to withdraw at the same time his son as if worthy of a nobler fate — this began to dawn upon his dramatic imagination as a splendid gesture. He was, moreover, to do him justice, an affectionate father, and full of kindly impulses; and so, thus caught, thus entrapped, he soon yielded, declaring that if I wanted to play the fool he would not oppose me — would indeed assist me by providing the necessary funds. He offered me a good allowance, or, if I preferred it, the meagre sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, with which I could buy an annuity that would last me all my life.

Inspired either by some premature knowledge of human nature, or more likely by a hint from my mother, I chose the capital sum. The more generous allowance offered by my father he would certainly sooner or later have felt himself forced to withdraw. Being of an impulsive and sanguine nature, he plunged into speculations in which the fortune he had acquired in business entirely disappeared. The canny Philadelphia Quakers unloaded on him a mass of shares in worthless silver mines which never paid a penny; and, when he was reduced to living upon the fortune inherited from his own father, of which, being trust money, only the life income was his, the fact that he could not lay his hands on my carefully invested income became to him the source of a very grave grievance, but to me unmitigated freedom. It carried me through Oxford, it enabled me to spend years in Paris, in Italy, and in an old house in Sussex. I lived on it, in fact, very happily, for nearly thirty years.

V

In the choice then presented for my decision between slavery in an office with the prospect of ultimate wealth, and poverty with immediate freedom, any other decision than the one I made would, it seems to me now, have been real madness, nor have I ever once, for the fraction of a minute, felt for it the least regret. For money I by no means profess a reckless disregard. But while I think it almost impossible to exaggerate the misery of pennilessness, and the degradation it involves, my experience of life has taught me to believe that, with the firm foundation of a small fixed income, money in excess of this is peculiarly subject to the law of diminishing returns. I have been both poor and comparatively rich in the course of my existence; I have associated with both poor and rich people; but, given the satisfaction of one's simple needs, I have

found that, from the point of view of human happiness, the possession or absence of wealth makes very little difference — that, in fact, my poor acquaintances have been, on the whole, happier than the rich ones.

If, however, the good things of this world which wealth can purchase have come my way I have enjoyed them, as I have enjoyed such little scraps of literary or worldly success as fate has allotted to me. But my motto has always been the wise one of Aristippus of Cyrene, *ἔχω, οὐκ ἔχομαι, habeo, non habeo*, or, to translate it into idiomatic English, 'I am taken by these things, but they do not take me in'; and to sacrifice one's life for them seems to me absurd.

But if my choice of poverty on this occasion was, I feel, a wise one, I also feel that it was something like madness for my father to offer it to me as he did. I had shown no particular love of study, no intellectual brilliance of any kind; my mental development was slow and

backward, and the one story I had written, though it moved my father, was surely a most flimsy basis on which to build any hopes for literary success.

Nevertheless I left the New York warehouse without misgivings, and after a few months in Philadelphia we all sailed for Europe and the unknown. This was for both my father and me our ultimate jaunt across the Atlantic. Our family, which, if I may put it so, had been gazing for so long across the ocean, which had made so many attempts to transplant itself to Europe, had now at last accomplished its dream and object, and we sailed, I think, with the ghostly blessings of all those other book-loving, poverty-stricken, frustrated Smiths who had preceded us — a family which had left England for religious motives, and which, when those motives died away, had no further reason for remaining in a land of commerce which was essentially alien to them, and in which they were exiles after all.

LONELINESS

BY GREGORY ZILBOORG

I

AT the risk of taxing the reader's indulgence we must start from afar; as we gather momentum the subject will be dealt with at close quarters; it shall not escape us.

For reasons which appear obvious to many but which are actually obscure, it is not considered *comme il faut* to talk about one's self. One's private life is supposed to stay private and we don't like those who 'make an exhibition of themselves.' We consider our feelings, concerns, and emotions as things which, like some of our physiological needs, ought to remain enshrouded in total privacy. The many justifications offered for this attitude do not interest us here, because man will always find a good explanation for his feelings or urges. What matters is the fact that we do cultivate a rigid code of privacy, and at the same time we never actually give up prying into the affairs of others — hence our universal and protean propensity towards gossip. A paradoxical situation ensues: we defend our sacred right of privacy, yet we are always ready and even eager to violate this right in others. If we do our prying with an air of casualness and nonchalance it is lest our curiosity become too wanton, for we are ashamed of being too curious about things that others consider their own business. How do we settle for ourselves this contradiction of feelings, how do we solve this psychic conflict?

First, we ostensibly condemn the prying attitude of man. Once we state that

we don't like prying in others, we deny it in ourselves, and this protects us in a measure against the pressure, even the recognition, of our own failing. How many of us would ever suspect ourselves of being shadily curious? We condemn so vigorously the tabloid newspapers and the gossip columns of the daily press! Further, we condemn severely those who display themselves too freely, thus defending ourselves against any too conspicuous stimulation of the curiosity of which we are ashamed.

Second, we pretend to indulge in gossip solely for the reason of 'getting at' the intimate life of others in order to condemn in our fellows the unseemly and the wrong; is not gossiping always tinged with a tone, polite or crude, of derisive superiority? And when we pry into the private lives of public servants we even give our gossiping an aspect of 'social conscience.' Our love of rumors, or so-called 'inside information,' is based on the same primitive urge.

Third, we turn to the theatre, we read novels and biographies, and in so doing we gratify our curiosity with civilized substitutive information about imaginary people, or people who have lived long ago. A word of warning: this is not the only, not even the most important reason for our reading novels or going to the theatre. I merely want to say that drama, comedy, novels, and biographies are extremely suitable outlets for man's 'peeping' urges, and into the enjoyment of these literary activities are

smuggled the impulses which otherwise would become too blatant.

Of course it is unpleasant to establish a connection, no matter how loose and indirect, between our love for the theatre and good literature and that gossiping curiosity which we are accustomed to treat with contempt. It is unpleasant to think that our sense of common decency and discretion is somehow connected with our more primitive sense of prying into other people's affairs. But let us not be shocked, for the nature of man was not created to please man, and even the most ardent teleologist would not say that nature invented man in order to satisfy him with a justifiable sense of his own nobility. Let us not be shocked; let us recall, rather, the words of Nietzsche about the English psychologists: 'I wish from my heart . . . that these analysts with their psychological microscopes should be at bottom brave, proud, and magnanimous animals who know how to bridle their hearts and smarts and have specifically trained themselves to sacrifice what is desirable to what is true — *any* truth, in fact, even the simple bitter, ugly, repulsive, unchristian, and immoral truths, for there are truths of that description.'

If we are not shocked by the dynamic force within us, this reverse side of discretion, let us look into it. What is its nature, its source, and what of its sphere of influence? That human beings since time immemorial showed a propensity to pry and to gossip, and that the most civilized society is frequently — if not always — preoccupied with it, indicates that we deal here with some fundamental and powerful urge which history, culture, religion, democracy, industrial civilization, aeroplanes, or streamline trains all have failed to eradicate. The serious psychologist of to-day does not pass over the manifestations of this urge; he becomes interested in it because it is so persistent a phenomenon; he treats it with scientific respect; 'the bitter, ugly, repulsive, unchristian, and

immoral' nature of it does not particularly preoccupy him.

Looking calmly at the phenomenon, he soon discerns in it a singular characteristic. It appears that man, whatever his profession or confession, derives definite pleasure from gossiping, not because he is so lovingly interested in others, but because he is so self-admiringly interested in himself. Man pries into his neighbor's business not because of any altruistic sense, but because he feels the need of showing others up and thereby and therewith, *sub rosa*, showing himself off. It is a form of unabated self-love, a special form of it, in which he indulges himself. It is not the self-love which in a moment of danger appears as a self-defensive emotion; it is not self-preservation; it is merely a constant play with people and things, sometimes subdued and rationalized, and not always devoid of malice, which gratifies an inherent self-admiration as elemental as it is constant. This type of sheer selfishness is called narcissism.

II

The term 'narcissism' does *not* mean mere selfishness, or egocentricity, as is assumed; it denotes specifically that state of mind, that spontaneous attitude of man, in which the individual himself happens to choose only himself instead of others as the object to love. Not that he does not love, or that he hates, others and wants everything for himself; but he is inwardly in love with himself and seeks everywhere for a mirror in which to admire and woo his own image. Narcissus had no feeling for the pool in which he saw his own image; he probably even failed to notice the water lilies or the tadpoles or the fishes; they were there, but not as objects to be observed and perhaps be interested in, but only as a part of the setting which makes self-admiration so cozily possible. If the mirror reflects the man too truthfully, in a manner not entirely acceptable to his avowed principles of beauty, good-

ness, or decency, he resorts to the trick used by La Fontaine's monkey and known in Freudian psychology as *projection*: he merely thinks that it is the image of one of his fellow men and laughs at it; in so doing he preserves intact the overvalued 'fantasied' image of himself which he loves and admires. This is the basic attitude of the narcissistic person in his relation to the world.

What would happen to Narcissus if he lost his way to the pool? What would happen to the pryingly curious if he lost his tabloid paper or any of its gregarious substitutes? What would happen to the egocentric if he could not find an audience? What would happen to the demagogue if he failed to find an applauding crowd, or to the boisterous youngster who has no one before whom he can show off? They all, from Narcissus to the urchin, would feel themselves lost, they would experience a sense of uselessness, they would become low-spirited, somewhat irritable, and feel perhaps ill-treated by fate, lonely. Even if they tried to divert themselves by 'doing something,' they would find that nothing satisfied them; a feeling of emptiness would pervade them and they would appear to cower and to succumb under the burden which is loneliness.

The skeptic might now raise his voice in protest, and quite legitimately. It is possible, he would say, that these people do feel lonely, but how about the man who feels lonely because he misses someone whom he really loves? How about the loneliness, the sense of isolation, which the scholar seeks and feels when he retires to his quiet study or laboratory? Are not nostalgia and solitude much more typical expressions of normal loneliness, and do they not spring from the very best there is in man: love for one's fellow man, or love for study and work? One is almost tempted to quote in protest from the same preface to *The Genealogy of Morals*, and say with Nietzsche that the modern psychologist seems to make up his psychology of

'a little vulgarity, a little gloominess, a little unchristianity, and a little craving for the necessary piquancy.'

The skeptic is right. Being lonesome, missing someone we love, is quite different from the loneliness of a Narcissus who loses his pool. But what is the difference exactly? He who misses his friend or sweetheart misses that person not because he loves only himself, but because he loves his friend or sweetheart — that is, someone outside himself; his feeling of love is not directed inward, but outward. Being lonesome under these circumstances is a form of reaching out for the one we are missing. We then write a letter, send a telegram, talk over the telephone with our friend; we patiently wait for his or her return, or we gradually find other friends, other interests, other preoccupations.

But even in this type of 'normal' loneliness we may on closer inspection discern at the beginning the germ of narcissism. The shock of separation makes us at first lose interest in everything else; we withdraw emotionally from the outside world. We appear to need it no more, and even to resent it, for we are preoccupied with the contemplation of our own misery. Yet this type of loneliness, better called lonesomeness, is not a chronic state, and usually it is self-limited. It does not require a doctor to be cured, for life itself, toward which the man who happens to be lonesome always turns, cures him sooner or later by what it has to offer. At first the lonely man may fall into the self-indulgence of taking a few drinks, thus 'washing off with alcohol' the pain of the narcissistic crust that separates him from the outside world. But on the whole, nostalgia, missing somebody specific, is a transient state of mind, a form of light mourning or mourning proper; and, like mourning, it has an end which comes by itself, as if 'time cured it.' As has been said, however, the cure sprouts and grows into full vigor from the individual himself.

This type of loneliness is therefore different in form, and particularly in psychological content, from that true and chronic loneliness which to the uninitiated appears at times to be almost constitutional. The normally nostalgic person seems to say, 'I have no one to love and I feel sad and lonely; I feel almost hopeless, but deep in my heart I know that mine is a temporary distress. I shall regain the one I love, or sooner or later find someone else to love.' On the other hand, the narcissistically lonely man seems to be saying, 'I love myself dearly, as I did before and always; but there is no one around to love me, and no one to talk to and to tell how much I deserve this love of myself and by others; that is why I am so desperately lonely and hopeless.'

It is quite obvious that this sense of egotistic desolation has nothing in common with the solitude that the scientist seeks in the isolation of his laboratory. To be sure, the scientist withdraws into his retreat because he, too, temporarily loses his interest in the outside world; but this is a self-imposed withdrawal, not a true loss of interest. Moreover, while he withdraws from the world, he does so because he is intensely interested in a certain piece of work — in something which is not his own little self; also, as soon as his work is done, he comes back willingly and cheerfully to the outside world. Another point to note: the solitude he seeks is not to him something unpleasant imposed on him by circumstances, — that is, the outside, — not something discouraging, impoverishing his personality and belittling his self-respect, but something welcome, comfortable, something that has in its store the enriching experience of creative work.

We can trace the whole gamut of these emotions of lonesomeness, mourning, and then solitude in the story of Robinson Crusoe; we are unable to find them in Bunin's *Gentleman from San Francisco*, or Jack London's *Martin Eden*, or in Richard Wagner, for that

matter; or in Schopenhauer, in Tchaikovsky, or in Nietzsche, Guy de Maupassant, or even in Leo Tolstoy. These were lonely people — lonely no matter how successful, no matter how much surrounded by things and people. Theirs is a loneliness *per se* despite the many things they do; as a matter of fact, once their loneliness sets in they are overwhelmed by it, regardless of circumstances.

Unlike the lonesome, nostalgic person, or the one who seeks productive solitude, they seem to be unable to find anything that would quench the appetite of the inner worm which gnaws at their hearts. Travel and art (Wagner, Tchaikovsky), contemplation (Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Dostoyevsky), drinks, drugs, or a multitude of friends (Maupassant, Baudelaire) — nothing proves of any avail. They live in a thickly populated world, and they are unable to discover a single man Friday.

These extreme cases are chosen by way of more emphatic illustration; the affliction is not limited to great men — the number affected by it is limitless, and it includes not only great artists and thinkers, but also the moderately useful and the immoderately useless, mild and severe psychopaths and many incurably, mentally ill. It is an affliction both universal and multifarious in form, and it is particularly characteristic of certain aspects of romanticism and of the paradoxical age of to-day, which we dare not yet call romantic because we are still ashamed of it. We try to drown its essential meaning in the din of revolutionary explosions, the rattle of machine guns, and the roars of infuriated crowds — masses of human beings who don't even know how lonely they are, applauding prostrate before 'leaders,' ready to let themselves be destroyed while uttering a variety of modern equivalents for *Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutamus*.

A puzzled query makes itself felt: What makes people so passively lonely? What makes them feel so lost among

people and things? The sociological aspects of the problem are unusually complex and cannot be understood without deep psychological insight. No adequate answer to the question is possible without an inquiry into the individual reactions called loneliness.

III

At least two things must have become clear thus far: (1) loneliness is intimately related to man's narcissism, and (2) narcissism carries with it more than a seed of malice, of hostility.

Let us examine both elements more clearly. The lonely individual seldom fails to display an ill-disguised or open hatred. The surliness of Schopenhauer was proverbial; the aggressive, stinging hatred which seethed in the heart of Nietzsche is obvious even to non-psychologists; the inflammable, combative spirit that was Don Quixote's is well known. Even those great lonely men who felt inspired to teach what appeared to them true Christianity found it impossible to conceal fully their underlying egocentricity, and their uncommon ability to hate — the subsoil of their personalities. Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, each in his way, illustrate the point clearly. Tolstoy was extremely domineering and selfish, and when he consciously felt justified he would release an inordinate amount of venom and contempt. Take, for instance, his abusive tirades against Wagner, Shakespeare, or Turgenev. Tolstoy preached charity, humility, and self-sacrificing kindness, yet he had difficulty in concealing his own essential megalomania. The same is true of Dostoyevsky, although his megalomania appeared under a more tragic, self-torturing guise, under the guise of a self-slapping Nietzsche.

There is nothing paradoxical about this; we will recall that true aggression, when expressed outward, will appear as hatred, combativeness, or murder, but when automatically turned inward it

will appear as self-depreciation, depression, self-torture, or suicide. In certain severe mental diseases the patient's inner megalomania also presents itself under these two seemingly self-contradictory aspects; one is the greatest and richest man in the world who demands subservience from those who surround him, while the other is the greatest sinner, the greatest criminal on earth, subservient to the world and beseeching that supreme punishment be meted out to him. Both these aspects may come to alternate expression in one and the same person.

Maupassant was a case in point. His horrors, his fears, and his attempts at suicide were but a melancholic form of that state of mind which made him say that he *heard* the tree roots grow underground and that many Guy de Maupassants would come up to the surface and bloom forth. August Strindberg offered in many respects a similar psychological picture. So did certain characters of Ibsen: Hedda Gabler, for instance, with her uniquely depressive, ill-concealed, destructive hatred, tragic self-centredness, and eternal loneliness, which even expectant motherhood could not dispel.

We must repeat, these traits, so visible in the great and the very abnormal, are characteristic also of the humble and of the so-called normal of the same psychological species. Babbitt was lost in his simple world, unloving and loveless and lonely; he was given to outbursts of bitterness which sprang from the same psychological sources as the bitterness of a Tolstoy or a Nietzsche. Why he stayed a Babbitt instead of becoming a Christian or antichristian philosopher is another question that cannot be answered here.

This, then, is established: that the self-satisfying, prying spirit of the gossip presents at least the germinal form of that essential megalomania which bursts forth so openly in a Don Quixote or a Nietzsche — and that the malice of the gossip springs from the same roots as

the tragic cruelty of a Hedda Gabler, or the bombastic venom of a Tolstoy.

We thus come upon a deeply seated psychological triad: narcissism, megalomania, and hostility. These three fundamental urges appear under a striking variety of aspects and combinations. Some are direct, unadulterated expressions of these primitive urges, while others are so modified and changed that they appear at first unrecognizable as to substance, and may even be cloaked under the guise of an opposite drive. The megalomaniac Tolstoy walks barefooted in a rough peasant shirt and preaches humility; the cruel, sadistic Dostoyevsky leads a self-defeatist, self-destructive life; the self-loving Don Quixote appears as the eternally idealistic, loyal lover; the cold, calculating, daredevilish, conceited, self-admiring Don Juan dances along the history of literature as the epitome of a great lover — which he fundamentally never was. Whatever the manifest or hidden form or combination of this essential triad, whatever its social, artistic, philosophic, or characterological performances, the inner substance of the individuals laboring under the heightened pressure of these drives is the same: some form of loneliness. They feel estranged from the real world; they feel alone, seeking something that they know not and never find.

The same question asserts itself, this time with ill-concealed annoyance, perhaps: How does this state of affairs come about? Where does it come from? Granted that modern psychology has developed a keen technique of discerning, observing, and describing all these elements which are not at first manifest; granted that these elements are what they are said to be; granted that they are operative in a Babbitt as well as in a Napoleon — what *is* their significance? What contribution does this knowledge represent to our understanding of man? What harm or what good does it do to the human being or to humanity as a whole?

IV

First of all, let us look upon loneliness as a symptom — that is, an indication that something is not fully harmonious within the individual. Take the common headache. If it is a mild, transient, infrequently recurring headache, we do little or nothing about it; we forget it during the intervals when we feel well, and make the best of it when it recurs. A headache is not a disease in itself; it serves rather as a signal that something is wrong. The severity of it, or the frequency of its recurrence, usually causes us to suspect that we may be dealing with something more serious — with anything from indigestion or an early pneumonia to typhoid fever or a brain tumor. We then take stock of what we are enduring and undertake corresponding medical measures.

The same can be said of loneliness; it is more or less a universal affliction — mild or severe. However, the knowledge of the psychological elements which compose it enables us to understand whether we are dealing with a mild headache or a psychological typhoid fever, as it were. August Strindberg, for instance, was a very ill man. His extreme narcissism, his megalomania, and his inordinate inner hostility made him totally incapable of loving anybody fully and truly; hence his staggering failure to find a beloved and loving partner in life, despite his many tragic attempts to do so. His narcissism, gnawing deeper and deeper into his relationship with the outside world, finally resulted in an almost complete severance from the life of reality; he lived in a weird nonexistent world created by his own inflamed fantasies — the real world appeared to him empty; he was tortured by abnormal jealousy, persecutory fears, and an insane awareness that his life was to be destroyed. This typical paranoia, the most severe mental illness of the so-called narcissistic neuroses, or psychoses, was a direct result of the triad described above.

Modern psychiatry, mental hygiene, preventive psychiatry, and educational psychology have all greatly benefited by the knowledge of the existence of this triad; understanding it has given us a tool with which to detect and to observe, at least in some cases and circumstances, the given morbid combination, to assess its psychological potency early enough either to prevent or, by curative methods, to avoid more serious complications. For we must remember that only the very few in this world are capable of combining paranoia or depression with great artistic and philosophic achievements; almost none can combine it with true scientific performance, and entirely too many combine it with nothing at all except useless and morbid existence, or criminality.

But still we have our query unanswered: How does all this come about? To which we may well add a reproach and another question: And are you not making a mountain out of a molehill in deriving from such an innocent — no matter how unpleasant — pastime as loneliness so many morbid, truly frightening conditions? Moreover, *how* do you prevent or cure?

The last question is easiest to answer, because it is not going to be answered. The surgeon and the internist perform their medical duty when they apply the necessary remedies; they are not, or should not be, called upon to give their patients a complete course in surgery and medicine before practising their respective specialties. The psychiatrist can, and should, do no more and no less than his medico-surgical colleagues. It is a survival of our mediæval prejudices to believe that psychiatry is different from, and outside of, the realm of medicine, and that each and every layman can master the whole subject merely because it deals with human psychology and not physiology. The many attempts to popularize psychiatric technique (what the French call *publications de vulgarisation*), so numerous of recent years, added

a great deal to the confusion of minds but very little to true practical knowledge.

As to making a mountain out of a molehill, let us remember that while not all of us develop colds, pneumonias, or other respiratory diseases from breathing the same contaminated dust, we must always take care that the dust be as little germ-laden as possible. Breathing the dust and gasoline fumes of our modern streets is a universal and seemingly innocuous, if unpleasant, thing, yet it is useful to know all our susceptibilities to disease, and not to forget that a number of afflictions come from the dust and some of the more serious impurities which it always carries. The same can be said of loneliness; it is a form of psychological dust which we breathe and rebreathe — ubiquitous, at once innocuous and dangerous, at once innocent and guilty of a multitude of human ills.

We shall now return to the first question, which we reserved to be answered last: How do loneliness and its elementary psychological triad come about?

V

The growth of man, from his inception to adulthood, is not limited to his physical and intellectual development. What is commonly called the spiritual side of man, or what in cold scientific language is known as the psychological aspect of man, — that is, the sum total of his instincts and emotions, — also undergoes considerable changes. These changes are different from physical growth and intellectual development; they are forms of adaptation. Our instincts to-day are probably as primitive as hundreds of thousands of years ago, but the way we adapt them to civilization has changed, and it is constantly, if very imperceptibly, changing to-day. We are no longer cannibals, but somewhere deep in our personality lie buried cannibalistic drives which under cer-

tain circumstances, like certain mental diseases, reappear in the form of corresponding fantasies, distorted symbolizations, or more direct expression. Under normal conditions our primitive drives in their primitive forms remain deeply buried within us, and cannot be retrieved. Thus, as long as there is life within us, we are unable to perceive certain things, regardless of intellectual effort.

Let us try an experiment. Let us imagine an absolutely empty room. With some effort we are able to conceive of an empty room — in an abstract way; we can also *visualize* a certain empty room, but if we are alert enough we shall notice that the room we visualize is not really empty: somewhere in a corner, near a window, outside a window, by a door, somewhere, we imagine ourselves present and watching the allegedly empty room. We are unable to exclude ourselves from the place; we are unable to 'abolish' ourselves, for as long as we are alive something within us refuses to disappear — even in vivid imagination. In the same way no one is truly able to imagine himself dead; even if one reaches the point of visualizing one's own dead body, one will notice that, because of the same queer inability to rid one's self of one's self, one preserves one's self, and somewhere from a corner — alive — one is watching one's own dead self.

Here we have the inherent nucleus of man's primitive inability to rid himself of his own animistic conception of himself as immortal, eternal; here we have the primitive *narcissistic* nucleus which we — regardless of our physical adulthood and intellectual maturity — carry within us, unobserved by others and unknown to ourselves. We 'know' emotionally that we are immortal; here is the germinal left-over of our primitive past, a seed of primitive megalomania that will never wilt away, and that is always capable of being reawakened and regvanized as a potent philosophic fantasy of our own immortality. We

thus seek to communicate with the dead, hear their voices coming from the beyond, and 'see' their ectoplasm. Note, in all this, man's naïve inability to divest himself of his own precious body which he intellectually knows to be dust; we call all these questionable phenomena psychic, but we endow them with physical characteristics. This overvaluation of ourselves, in naïve and childish terms of purely physical existence, is a permanent force within us. It is borne within us, and is cultivated — automatically, unknown to us — from the moment we are born. We may therefore consider it an empirical, incontestable fact that something in man conceives of himself as eternal, though his reason and intellectual knowledge may prove the contrary to be true.

Let us watch some of these manifestations in a human infant. There the child lies in the crib, quiet, self-contained, serene and satisfied despite its precarious weakness, and despite a total dependence on others. Unaware and unappreciative of the support of the outside world, it perceives the need for food, and it is fed. The child need not toil or bother about living wages — all it has to do is to whimper, or to squirm for a moment; yet if it could think or talk it would be convinced that it is omnipotent, because it always gets what it wants when it wants it. Here is the seed of that which is stored away in the invisible recesses of the adult human psyche as a paradoxical conviction of our greatness and all-importance, of our essential megalomania.

Do we mean to say by this that the child is actually aware of its power, that it actually *knows*? This question is frequently asked in a tone of critical disbelief. No, we don't mean that the child is aware of all this in the same way that adults are aware of things. Then what do we mean? The answer to this question was very aptly given by a great man on the eve of the eighteenth century — Locke — in reply to a similar skepti-

cism voiced by a great man towards the middle of the seventeenth century — Descartes. Santayana summarizes this answer as follows: 'Children were not born murmuring that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another; and an urchin knew that pain was caused by the parental slipper before he reflected philosophically that everything must have a cause.'

In other words, emotionally we know things long before we know them intellectually — long before we are able to put our reason to work and to translate our knowledge into articulate thoughts, or words. In this process of translation, reason is actually not the master we think it is, but rather the servant of our emotional knowledge. Thus when we say that infants know, we mean to say that they know emotionally and will continue to know even if reason is fully dormant, even if, when grown up, they happen to be unaware of what they keep on knowing.

Let us return to the crib where the omnipotent baby peacefully rules the world with serene mastery. It is alone mostly, if not only, when it is asleep. During its waking hours it is always observed by mother or nurse; it is played with, amused, taken care of, attended to, talked to, cuddled, and otherwise made to feel that the universe is ready to serve its pleasure. It learns the joy of being admired and loved, before it learns anything about the outside world. Deprivations, problems of various kinds, the business of getting bumped at the first efforts of walking — all this will come later. In the meantime it knows (emotionally) that everything is serene, and for a long time it will continue to know (emotionally) that it is always loved, always protected, always indulged; the baby is constantly vibrant with the delight of living. Here we have the quintessence of what later becomes a narcissistic orientation: a conviction that life is nothing else but being loved and admired — hence self-centredness,

self-admiration, which are difficult to keep in abeyance in later life when adulthood asserts its allegiance to civilization.

Let us spend a little longer at the crib; a few weeks, a few months.

Now the infant is crying; it is good for it to cry for a while; it is good exercise for the lungs. Needless to say, some day, later on in adult life, when disturbed by a severe shock or loss, the man will 'cry like a baby,' not for the exercise of his lungs, but much in the same manner. Now, while in his crib, he also shows all the external earmarks of suffering; he twitches, he struggles with his little body and limbs; he does not like the impact of the outside world. Hold off feeding him for a few more minutes, let him 'exercise' a little longer; he continues to struggle, to kick. He wants food; he does not want to wait; the omnipotent serene master of a few minutes ago becomes suddenly transformed into a small, weak thing, lost in the wilds of an enormous world that is the crib. He is restless, unhappy, anxious, angry. The tragedy resolves itself, and the battle with, and for, life comes to a standstill with the first eager, aggressive suck of milk. The world is reconquered; it paid to squirm, cry, kick, and be angry.

Here is the nucleus of hostility, hatred, impotent aggression of the lonely and abandoned. Here is the beginning of that intolerant anger which some day civilization will have to subdue, or mental illness will discharge again into the open. And if we continue on from crib to nursery, and to the kindergarten, we can observe, scene by scene, the enactment of the story entitled 'megalo-mania, narcissism, loneliness.'

It is therefore as interesting as it is impressive to note that the overprotected, overindulged, and therefore seemingly overhappy children develop not infrequently into lonely, depressed, self-centred grownups who in the depth of their personalities unwittingly, but force-

fully, crave to return to the good ever-providing and ever-protecting mothers. Also those who were not permitted to make a gradual normal transition from satisfying infancy to adolescence, those who were taken out of the stage of being reared to be pushed too abruptly into the stage of being educated, may develop into petulant, hostile, lonely persons who seek to come back (psychologically) to the crib. Wagner, Maupassant, Strindberg — these and many others, and all victims of paranoia or depression, generally show an essential inner struggle in relation to their mothers and for the nirvana of the crib. They have never grown up along the emotional scale of adulthood, whether they have become great poets, philosophers, artists, or have been numbered among the mentally ill. They are all victims of too severe an arrest of emotional development, and therefore they are lonely — longing for a past which has been a

wonderful present only for a fleeting moment.

This is the answer to the question: How does it all come about?

It is obvious that many more complex questions are aroused by this all too sketchy answer. What can education do to bring about a greater understanding of the important rôle the infantile leftovers play in the life of man? What can the psychiatrist do to prevent the hypertrophy of our childhood within our adult personality? What are the normal and abnormal quantities of these qualities in man? What is it that saves one person from disaster by making him a lyrical poet, and leads the other to disaster even through art and poetry? What are the creative and what are the disintegrating combinations of this triad: narcissism, megalomania, hostility?

These are questions, with many others, that are in the foreground of our present-day psychological studies.

when Daughters presently dropped another pass on the Yale goal line he looked almost pleased at the vindication of his own pessimism. 'Watch those damned Elis when they come back for the second half,' he muttered darkly.

But he did have the decency to look glum when the Elis promptly made his prediction come true ('That Hessberg!') he muttered. 'Slippery!') and his relief when the try for goal was blocked seemed as wholehearted as my own. I, as an old, addicted fan, continued to feel my customary prayerful, tense hysteria; uttered shrill spontaneous yelps and oaths, sprinkled with groans torn from the heart and sharp breath-hissings. Pennyfeather sat with his collar turned up and his hands in his pockets, gazing stolidly through the murky curtain of wet snow. What was my surprise then, when Foley trickled round right end in the last quarter for the winning touchdown, to find Pennyfeather on his feet beside me, roaring, one fist high above his head, the other pounding my dripping hat to a pulp. I laughed at him, the girl on the other side smiled, and he took it.

'Brrrr — those last three minutes! They ought to be ruled out,' I heard him say, relief in his voice, as we shuffled towards the exit. 'The boys seem to have something at last. Good coaching, I expect.' Then he was humming to himself, to the air of the old hymn, 'Foley, Foley, Foley, Lord God Almighty . . .' I smiled, and said nothing.

'Does n't it tire you, though, watching a game?' he continued in a drowsy voice when we'd found the car and begun the battle of fenders in the parking space. 'I'm absolutely exhausted. Too bad prohibition's over — I could use a flask.' He yawned, and set me yawning, enormously. 'Oh, but it's an irritating game — a fool game when you stop to think of it. Whistles! Penalties! Rules! Referees! I suppose it satisfies some instinct in us. Force, speed, smartness, deception — perfect expression of the

national spirit. Oh, I know, it's supposed to be a jolly, character-building sport, teaching fair play and teamwork. My eye! It's a game of trickery.'

'Of course it is,' I interrupted in surprise.

'I don't mean secret signals and hidden ball plays; I mean beating the law. How the devil can a game teach fair play when winning depends on superior cleverness in taking advantage of the rules? Like faking an injury to get an illegal breathing spell. None of that to-day, I know. Nevertheless —! Of course the decent coaches and players don't like it, but they do it just the same. It's part of the game. And putting in subs to stop the clock and gain more time; and stalling when you're ahead — deliberately going off side, for instance, to delay the game, and suchlike trickeries. Stalling has become such a matter of technique that it has a technical name: freezing, they call it — did you hear that man behind us explaining it to his son? Then next morning you read in the paper, "Head Coach Brown has made great progress in teaching his boys how to move fast and think fast. Smith's ability to fake an injury in the fourth period was one bit of quick thinking which marks him as a youngster who plays with his head as well as his feet."

'You remember the famous accident last year when Kelley kicked the loose ball and won the Navy game for Yale? Against the rules to do it on purpose. No doubt it was an accident; but did the papers admit it? Not they! They said Kelley had always shown himself to be a smart player, and that if it was an accident it was the first he'd ever been mixed up in. They assumed he'd taken deliberate advantage of the rules, and gave him full credit. If that's the sign of a character-building sport, I'm Mussolini. Don't blame the reporters. They simply reflect the spirit of the game as they find it.'

'Come off it,' I said. 'Why not take things as they are?'

'Never!' retorted Pennyfeather with passion. 'Look out for this sportsman in the yellow job here — he's got a nasty face.'

I was easing ahead on my clutch towards the narrow exit, my bumper inches behind the car in front. I slowed up to let the yellow job cut in ahead, and the sportsman driving it, instead of giving me a nod of thanks, sneered at me in a superior way as if he'd successfully bluffed me. I got mad.

'Son of a ——!' I muttered conventionally. 'He'd cut out of line at his own grandmother's funeral.'

'There, there,' Pennyfeather soothed me. 'What's the hurry? Pretend they're subhuman. You would n't be far wrong, either.'

I relaxed and drove in silence, the parking space behind us, thinking of what he'd said. 'All the same,' I observed finally, 'it's the best game in the world, with all its faults, and you know it.'

'Why?'

'Because it's the most exciting, the most dramatic, to play or to watch. You just like to grouse.'

He grinned. 'Have it your own way: best game in the world. It must have something, to pack 'em in the way it does. It can't go on forever, though, the way it's heading. Too much like war. The only things it lacks right now are poison gas and machine guns. And I expect they're on the way. Soldiers Field is well named.'

I drove on homeward. 'There's an idea in that,' he went on presently. 'War and football: why not substitute one for the other — let the nations fight it out on the gridiron? Like the Davis Cup. Why not?'

'Fine,' I agreed. 'Except for the little matter of getting rid of war first. How are you going to do that?'

'Bottle up the Hotspurs,' he answered promptly, as we drew up in front of my house. 'Hotspur, the typical halfback. And the professional patriots. Muzzle 'em! Chain 'em!'

II

My daughter Mary came in with a tall young man, at cocktail time, and after dinner I took him into the library for coffee with Pennyfeather and me. His name was Prentiss, a Junior at Harvard. He stood very straight and had very blue eyes and serious manners, in which he differed agreeably from Mary's last, who had been short and dark, and with no manners to speak of. He listened politely to Pennyfeather's account of the game, and was properly amused by his idea for replacing war by football. During the course of the ensuing conversation about the various states of peace now raging in the world, Prentiss admitted, a little hesitantly, that as for war, he was against it.

Pennyfeather pricked up his ears. 'Good for you, Prentiss,' he said. 'Why? Are you sure? Thought about it a lot? Not just one of these undergraduate Peace Day faddists, I hope?'

'I helped organize the Peace Day — yes, sir. But I'm no faddist. It simply seems to me that war is the last and stupidest error, and since governments are n't capable of preventing it, it's up to the individual. If enough private citizens refuse to go, there can't very well be any war. At least that's the way I look at it.'

'Conscientious objector?' Pennyfeather asked him. 'Pacifist?'

I thought Prentiss looked a little uncomfortable, so I played host. 'Those are just words, you know — don't be afraid of them.' I switched the current to Pennyfeather. 'How about yourself?' I asked him. 'Would you go again?'

'Me?' He looked startled. 'Good God, no!'

'How the devil can you be so sure?' I persisted. 'You don't even know whom we'll be fighting, or how the angle of hate will be drawn for us by the powers that be.' Having suffered all my life from double vision, the kind that makes me see both sides of a question, I am ever freshly appalled — and amused —

and made a little envious, to tell the truth — by Pennyfeather's magnificent single-mindedness.

'Because I've been to war,' he answered promptly. 'I know about war. One part excitement, nine parts boredom, childishness, and futility. Going to war twice would be like going up twice in an airplane: you've had the thrill — nothing left but the noise and monotony. I'm a conscientious objector, too,' he smiled at Prentiss. 'I conscientiously object to discomfort, for one thing, especially when I know that it won't do anyone any good. But then, I've been through it once. Are you sure of yourself?' he demanded of Prentiss. 'Do you understand the consequences?'

'Yes. It's really a question of principle.' Prentiss spoke with the appealing arrogance of youth, which knows best. (And does know best, and swears never to make the mistakes the old men made, and does n't; but makes a new set of its own, just as fatal to its dreams.)

'All right,' said Pennyfeather, 'and I'm all for you — as long as you keep from feeling like a martyr about it,' he added, shaking a finger. 'A pleasant sensation, but bad for the morals.' He drew a deep breath, and let it out slowly. 'There's so much bunk written about war — God knows it's bad enough without that. If I had a son your age,' he went on, looking suddenly serious, 'and he should ask my advice, — which you have n't done; this is purely gratuitous,' — he smiled apologetically, — 'I'd tell him to go ahead, in spite of my own belief in war's futility. To keep him safe would be to cheat him of something precious: the chance of proving himself in adventure, of knowing one of life's fundamental experiences, of sharing the spiritual release of self-forgetfulness in a common effort.

'But I would urge him to go with his eyes open, keeping his loyalties free. I'd say to him, Don't believe anything they tell you, either that you're engaged in a holy crusade, or that there is anything

to be won for your country or humanity. Don't go in the name of democracy, I'd say, or patriotism, or for revenge, or principle, or even for glory. "He who did well in war just earns the right to begin doing well in peace." Browning said that, of all people, in *Luria*. It ought to be carved over every war office in the world.

'In the last war I believed every blasted thing I was told. My God, but I was young! I loyally hated the Kaiser, believed every word of Allied propaganda, detested slackers, loved the generals, literally believed that in going to France I was defending my country against ultimate invasion and helping make the world safe for democracy. Yes, sir, I was the original push-over. I was not only ready to die for the cause — and I thought of it as a Cause! — I felt vaguely cheated when the war ended and I found myself still alive. The reaction was bad. It was n't shell shock: it was war shock. For years nothing mattered, nothing seemed worth doing. Disillusion! The stale taste! Death would have been trivial in comparison. Well, I'd still rather see a man die young in battle than watch him slowly decay, grow soft, covetous, timid, mean, afraid of life and its insecurity. Peace is hard on some people — especially hard, I think, on those who are temperamentally unable to see it for what it is: the chance to live quietly from day to day, without hope of fame or expectation of heaven, but simply for the sake of ordinary decency and self-respect.'

'Come, come, Pennyfeather,' I interrupted. 'Be careful: that's almost Christianity!'

He did n't even hear me. 'I'd tell him, this son, not to fool himself about war the way my generation did. I'd paint it black because black is its color: pain, sickness, dirt, fear, boredom, humiliation. *But*, I'd go on, he could n't afford to miss it, even so. For war means battle, and battle has its great moments of disciplined fury when men's souls rise

and mingle in a divine comradeship. The exaltation of battle is one of humanity's deepest experiences. It's like the exaltation of love, or of creation, but more easily attainable. Not every man is spiritually capable of exaltation in love; those who have the gift, the genius, to lose themselves in the creation of a sonnet, or a symphony, or a painting, are even rarer. But almost anyone can swing a right hook, and most of us do, at times, and the emotion at the moment of impact is good. That's why men play football, and love it. So I'd say: Go to war, go ahead! But go with your eyes open. For your own sake you can't afford to miss it. Over your tomb, instead of "Died Gloriously for His Country," I'd carve, "Died Gloriously in Search of His Soul."

III

Pennyfeather broke off, looking a little embarrassed. 'But then,' he smiled, 'I have n't got a son. Pardon the oration. Any more coffee? Thanks.'

I said, 'Very interesting, Oscar. But I don't believe you'll find many people going to war on those grounds. You always sound so sure of yourself.'

'Sure of myself?' he retorted indignantly. 'I'm sure of nothing — nothing on earth. Just ideas. I like fooling with them. Have you read the war books?' he asked Prentiss.

'Some of them. It all sounds pretty unreal to read about, though. I was only five when the war ended.'

'No, you can't learn anything from reading about it. I've read them all, and I'd say not one gives a true objective picture of war as it is — not even the best of them, *War and Peace*. They're not content to show us war; they all try to sell an idea, in terms of propaganda. The current fashion is to emphasize the horrors, and so frighten humanity away from it. And a worthy impulse too, except that man has never shown himself capable of being frightened by anything for long. The war books don't tell the

truth. War is n't divisible. The truth must show all sides. The books that make war seem a fairly agreeable kind of romantic picnic — like *The First Hundred Thousand*, for instance — are just as true in their way as the books of disillusionment and despair, such as *All Quiet*, *Three Soldiers*, *Captain Conan*, *Paths of Glory*, *Journey's End*, *The General*, to name the first that occur to me. Bairnsfather's cartoons, and Poulbot's, are just as true as Raemaekers's. War is *not* divisible.'

'How about *Seven Pillars*?' I asked.

'Yes, that one tells the truth — all of it; especially about the insane confusion of war. But it's really more a portrait of a man's soul than of a campaign. Still, it ranks well up with Tolstoy. The history books are the worst — at least the ones I read when I was young. Sheer patriotic propaganda. Look at the Civil War histories. Plenty about the Boys in Blue springing to arms, very little about the scandal and corruption that saturated the Northern effort. I've been reading Professor Shannon's *Organization and Administration of the Union Army*, a grownup history that gives the facts, and the facts are n't pretty. It's a picture of supply scandals, desertions, an army organized and officered, during the early years, by the politicians for the politicians, in the holy light of the spoils system. Northern workmen did n't want the slaves freed to compete with them — they rioted at the first suggestion. Neither did their employers, especially in the industrial Northeast, see anything in the war but a glorious chance to profit. The Northern creed was a simple Business First. Here's a passage I copied down from Shannon, a quotation from the *New York Tribune* of August 8, 1863. It seems to be the *Tribune's* best advice on the popular topic of avoiding the draft.' Pennyfeather took a slip of paper from his wallet and read aloud: —

'If you are drafted, and can possibly leave your business, go; if you cannot go, send your

substitute, the best whom money will obtain; if you cannot possibly get one, pay the commutation; but pay \$500 for a substitute rather than \$300 as commutation, if for no other reason than that, if you send a substitute, you cannot be drafted again while he continues to serve in your stead; whereas, if you commute, that suffices only for this draft, and leaves you clearly liable to the next, if next there shall be.

'People were n't slow to take such advice. Business first. In the draft of July 1863, if I remember the figures, of 292,000 men enrolled 26,000 furnished substitutes and about twice that number paid commutation. Incidentally, only about 10,000 of the whole enrollment actually served. The rest either enlisted as volunteers or were exempted for physical disability or business and political reasons, or simply never showed up at all. There were great waves of emigration to Canada and the Far West coinciding with the four drafts. Shannon quotes a contemporary cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* on the subject of draft avoidance — a picture of a husky citizen pleading before the draft board, "I'm over age, a negro, a minister, a Cripple, a British subject, and an habitual Drunkard."

'There were 268,000 desertions from the Union armies during the Civil War — did you ever read that in a history book? It's fair to add that many of the deserters were bounty jumpers — mercenary gents who enlisted for the state bounty paid to volunteers, then deserted and reënlisted for a different state bounty under an assumed name. Then there was —'

'Out for all they could get, eh?' I broke in. 'Just like the American Legion and the bonus.'

'Yes — except that the Legionnaires did n't have to do any deserting. Just like all men everywhere after every war, as a matter of fact. And during wars, too. It's a rare man who does n't holler for a bonus for merely doing his duty, in war or peace.'

IV

Pennyfeather paused to light his pipe. Prentiss cleared his throat and leaned forward earnestly. 'I think perhaps the conception of patriotic duty is changing,' he said.

'I'm sure it's changing,' Pennyfeather answered eagerly. 'There are plenty of signs — like the Veterans of Future Wars with their poppy seeds: that's my favorite. But is it changing fast enough? Some day, of course, we'll look back on patriotism as a sort of primitive tribal creed, but it has n't run its course yet. Some day we'll have its equivalent in world-wide form, real international solidarity. I suppose nothing would hurry it along so fast as an attack by a League of Planets; but we can hardly count on that. Some people think Trotzky has a strangle hold on the one idea that might save us. I don't happen to, myself, but — well, prophets are seldom prophets to their own generation.'

'In the meantime,' said Prentiss, returning to his original declaration, 'it may not be so long before there are enough people who oppose war on principle — enough of us who see it as a patriotic duty to oppose war — to swing the balance. I may be wrong, but I mean to give it a try, anyhow.'

'I'm sure you think you can swing the balance,' Pennyfeather agreed pleasantly, 'and I respect you for it. But what you can't conceive, before you're in it, is the wartime atmosphere, the hysteria, the rule of mob opinion. Will you be able to stick to your principles when the drums and bugles and flags go by? And the women start yelling — they're the noisiest of all. For a while, yes, you probably will. But remember this: never before in the world's history has government had at its disposal such powerful agencies for spreading propaganda; never before has the great public ear been so trained to listen, or so fixed in the habit of believing what it is told.'

'You'll start with high principles and

heroic determination, and some of you will stick. But most of you won't be strong enough. You'll drift off, one by one, all armed with the best excuses: "This war is different," you'll say. "It's a defensive war; I won't attack, but I've got to defend my home." "My sister was killed by a bomb — let me at 'em!" "If we don't lick 'em over there, we'll have to do it later on over here." Oh, there'll be plenty of good reasons, all old as time itself — not to mention the other strings tugging at you: the relief of joining the mob, the surrender of responsibility, the secret hope of glory; and the question that sensitive men — all conscientious objectors are sensitive men — are eternally asking, "Am I being honest with myself? Or am I really just afraid? Of course I know I'm not afraid, but will other people?" And then the conviction that every man clings to — if he did n't there would n't be any war, ever — that *he'll* get through alive anyway. Oh, it's a mess, a tangle of emotions, all pulling every which way. Don't fool yourself: pacifism is n't enough. Not yet. The world is n't ready for it.'

'Then what's the answer?' Prentiss asked a little sadly.

'I don't think there is any clear-cut answer. None that will serve present generations. Future hope, I think, lies in a league of the nations; not this league, necessarily, but the one that will grow out of the seed of this one — maybe not till another general war has made all the nations understand that they *must* unite or perish.'

'And in the meantime?'

'There are signs. I think the Mediterranean anti-submarine patrol is a hopeful one. It's just such a form of coöperative international police as Malinowski, for one, predicts, or hopes for. The only possible agency for maintaining peace until such time as the will to war has disappeared from the face of the earth. He's a pretty wise man. Yet he places no reliance on human goodwill. He

thinks the world needs an international superstate to ride herd on the gangster nations.'

'Do you really believe the human instinct for war will ever die?' I asked.

'Sure. Some day.'

'It's been with us a long time now.'

'Oh, but that's a stale argument,' Pennyfeather said disgustedly. 'As Malinowski points out, theologians used to maintain that human slavery was ordained by God — until it stopped paying. Then they discovered that it was immoral. Well, everyone knows to-day that war does n't pay — even the field marshals know it; but nobody dares act on that knowledge, yet. Give 'em time. In the meantime, an international army. Would you enlist in that, Prentiss?'

V

Prentiss did n't answer at once. Presently he looked up, grinning, and said, 'I think your idea of replacing war with football is a better bet, on the whole.'

'Maybe you're right at that,' said Pennyfeather. 'Think how easy the shift would be. Practically all you'd have to do would be to change the name of the Secretary of War to Secretary of Football. Otherwise they're about the same. Sure, I mean it: spirit, background, organization, everything. Most men play football for the same reason they enter aviation in wartime — for glory. To-day's ace flier will be to-morrow's star halfback. Look at the way intercollegiate football is organized: each college has its general staff of coaches; its secret service — scouts to-day, but out-and-out spies not so long ago; its recruiting branch, made up of old grads; its QM corps; its press department for propaganda; its treasury, selling tickets instead of Liberty Bonds, and for the same purpose; its diplomatic branch, for writing notes and breaking off relations — everything, even intercollegiate leagues and conferences to keep the game clean, just like the League of Nations.'

'How would you recruit the squad?' I queried.

'Oh, conscription, of course. Bred from infancy to die for dear old Latvia. Federal training camps for candidates, and none of this nonsense about getting an education. That's what ruins so many college teams to-day.'

'I should think the politicians might give trouble, though,' I suggested.

'Politicians always give trouble,' he replied, 'but I don't see how they could give any worse trouble than they ordinarily do. They'd go on swapping votes. A senatorial tackle appointment, say, for a vote on a favorite constitutional amendment. I can't see a flaw in the scheme. And think how pleased the colleges will be. No more hiring of merce-

naries under athletic scholarships, hence nothing but intercollegiate love, peace, fraternity. Would you enlist if your country should declare football on England, Prentiss?'

'You bet,' said Prentiss. 'I like to play football.'

'I did n't know you did play,' Pennyfeather said in surprise, as I got up, suggesting a move into the other room.

Prentiss seemed embarrassed, as if he'd been found out. 'Yes, sir,' he said hesitantly. 'I was out there this afternoon, as a matter of fact. I went in at right end.'

'I'll be damned,' Pennyfeather laughed. 'And you like to smack 'em down?'

'Well — yes, sir; to tell the truth, I do.'

'And you a pacifist!' said Pennyfeather.

TO A BAT IN DAYLIGHT

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

You tiny Mephistopheles
Of prick-up ears and leathern wings,
What make you here in hours like these?
The sun is bright, the robin sings;
The time for flittermice to fly
Is when the dusk bedims the sky.

But like a little bobtail bird
In flaming noon you dart and soar;
It is n't right, upon my word!
Did ever bat do thus before?
Back to your hole, you impish elf,
And by your heels go hang yourself!

Yet, after starlit nestling-time
Of swallow, oriole and wren,
As tree toads trill and crickets chime
Like distant sleighbells, dance again
Your diabolic rigadoon
Across a disapproving moon!

MR. HULL CALLING LONDON

BY H. B. ELLISTON

FOR the last twelve months Secretary Hull has subjected the British Government to a pressure without equal in Anglo-American annals. The pressure has been intended to persuade the British to open formal negotiations for a trade agreement. It became so relentless in October that a Washington correspondent used the phrase 'virtual ultimatum' to describe Secretary Hull's last message to London before going on his first vacation in three years.

Now the heat has begun to produce results. During October reciprocal protestations that nothing would give Cabinet Ministers greater satisfaction than a commercial treaty with the United States began to appear in House of Commons debates. Apparently the Cabinet had taken the matter out of the Board of Trade's hands. Premier Chamberlain was pictured as burning the midnight oil over a dossier on British-American trade. Finally, on Secretary Hull's return from Pinehurst, announcement came from Washington and London that formal negotiations had begun. The date may or may not be what John Morley used to call a turning point in world history. In case it is, it might as well be put down: November 18, 1937.

In London last summer I heard the reactions to Mr. Hull's pressure. On the whole they were rather petulant. Even pacific ultimatums from Mr. Hull seemed to be put in the same class as the bombshells that Britain was getting daily from continental Europe and the Far East. Both played havoc with British sum-

mering. The Prime Minister, as ardent a fisherman as Lord Grey, had constantly to interrupt his Scottish holiday, and spend much of his time on the London sleeper.

Never did I address a question about Mr. Hull to a public man or publicist that it did not provoke a frown. 'Mr. Hull!' repeated a leading editor, testily. 'Oh, Mr. Hull! He's a relic of the eighteenth century.' Another person equally renowned in the journalistic world said, 'Your people over there don't seem to realize that our immediate job is to build a storm cellar, not a world economic organization.' The idea behind this remark likewise came to the mind of the publisher of London's leading financial paper with whom I talked. 'Foreign trade with us,' he said, 'is important nowadays only if we can get it in wartime. How can we square a commercial treaty with the United States with your Neutrality Act?' This argument was such an *idée fixe* in England that I was constantly called upon to correct it. The neutrality law, even if it is invoked to the full, would still allow British cash and British ships to buy and carry away any amount of American merchandise except actual munitions. But my publisher friend did not appear convinced.

In government circles the petulance over Mr. Hull's ceaseless inquiries took the form of complaints that were voiced in the London *Times* of November 8: 'It is therefore absurd to speak, as too many of the critics of economic nation-

alists are accustomed to speak, as if the removal of trade barriers and the revival of international commerce and of international finance would of themselves usher in an era of abiding peace and goodwill.' This is directed, of course, at Secretary Hull; for he more or less believes just that. To British officialdom, economic demobilization is as quixotic a panacea as pouring rose water on a hurricane. In more specific terms, officials grumbled that the British position vis-à-vis a commercial treaty was misunderstood in America. 'What Mr. Hull wants from us,' remarked a Treasury official, formerly in close touch with the Prime Minister when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'is what only the Dominions can provide.'

He meant that Secretary Hull was asking for a share of the British market for American farmers and primary producers at the expense of the Dominions. Under the Ottawa pacts the British Commonwealth had virtually ringed itself around as a closed trading group. The effect upon the Pacific lumber business will show the effect upon America. Thanks mainly to Ottawa, the United States in 1936 supplied only 6 per cent of the British Commonwealth demand for North Pacific lumber, against 75 per cent in 1929. Secretary Hull wants to be let into this trading group — if not on the ground floor, at least somewhere out of the cold. But the Dominions, secure with their preferences, have a bigger say on that subject than the British Government.

It is often assumed in America that Mr. Chamberlain is anti-American. All kinds of myths have crowded around the assumption. One myth is that as a young man he came to the United States and lost in Wall Street a dollar-lined shirt given him by his famous father. It must be said that the Prime Minister's occasional particularities about the United States have strengthened the legend. The charge that he is anti-American also receives negative support from the

crusade for an Empire economic bloc which is associated with the name of Chamberlain. In London, however, I was assured that the Prime Minister was really the head and front of the pro-commercial treaty school. A friend of mine showed me a letter which he got from Mr. Chamberlain by way of acknowledgment of an article telling of Chamberlain's alleged anti-Americanism. 'I hope,' said the Prime Minister, 'to prove that charge abysmally wrong.' I was told that if I had been present at the Imperial Conference in May I should have heard the Prime Minister upsetting the legend himself. He wanted the Conference to go on record for a commercial treaty with the United States. 'Mr. Chamberlain is not an eloquent speaker,' said one of the delegates, 'but you would have heard real eloquence if you had heard that plea.'

Nevertheless British eloquence could not shake the Dominions. Not only did they refuse to permit such a resolution to appear in the record; they showed no disposition to relax their grip on the aces in the British market which the Ottawa agreements had given them.

Now the difficulties in the way of starting formal negotiations have been overcome. It has been said that British acquiescence is due to a more acute realization in the British Commonwealth that a commercial treaty with the United States would be another anchor to windward in this troubled world. That, I am sure, is not the whole story. For the British were living just as dangerously in the summer as in the fall.

Two reasons, I would hazard, explain Britain's decision: first, the American business reaction, which, in its repercussions all over the world, is persuading the neo-nationalists that they cannot recover alone, and people in general that the extension of the market place is a better recovery agent than its constriction; secondly, the Dominions have been promised compensations for sharing

the British market with American primary producers.

What form these compensations will take must be left for time to reveal. On the American side a hint of American compensation is given in the announcement of parallel United States-Canadian negotiations to revise the existing trade agreement. Canadians feel that they got the short end of the Hull-Mackenzie King arrangement, despite Mr. Hoover's sally that that arrangement realized the more abundant life for Canadians. Figures seem to lend color to the Canadian case. For the first nine months of 1937, United States exports to Canada increased by 38 per cent. Canadian exports to the United States show an increase of 21 per cent. Canadians feel that if Canada is buying more the United States ought to give the Dominion a better chance of paying for the increased purchases in goods. Compensations may also be forthcoming from the British for Dominion willingness to let the United States into the trading organization of the British Commonwealth on better terms.

Secretary Hull's anxiety to make a new deal with the British Commonwealth is to be explained in terms of his trade-agreement programme. Sixteen agreements are already in force. They cover 40 per cent of America's foreign trade. When Congress early in 1937 renewed the time limit of the enabling act, however, the programme had virtually been brought to a standstill. For the other 60 per cent of America's foreign trade was almost entirely confined to trade with the United Kingdom and with non-British countries in a tied relation with the United Kingdom. Secretary Hull had therefore to lay siege to the British in an effort to save his programme from collapse.

Those who know the Secretary of State are agreed that behind his suave Southern demeanor there resides a determination which has been girded by nearly half a century of political battles.

I once remarked to him that in the original form the Wages and Hours Bill appeared to be a stumblingblock to a trade agreement with England. The Bill would have given a Labor Standards Board carte blanche in changing tariffs. 'Don't forget,' he responded, with a twinkle, 'that I've been running into difficulties for forty years.' His faith in the philosophy behind the trade-agreement policy explains his firmness of purpose. It is a philosophy that partakes of religious fervor. As statesman after statesman has fallen away from Cobdenism, he himself has seemed to gather strength in his solitary beliefs. In him Richard Cobden's ideas unite with George Washington's. The Washington of the Farewell Address pleaded that 'our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand, neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences.' Cobden saw world peace ensured by freer trade. In pounding away at England Mr. Hull perhaps spared himself a few ironical chuckles that his labors were devoted to trying to reëxport Cobdenism back to the land of its birth; but the chuckles were probably few and far between in his two-year bombardment.

I have intimated that Secretary Hull's work has to do with something more than the reduction of American customs duties, which, even before the advent of Hawley-Smootism, the President called 'exorbitant.' That something more is greater in his preoccupations than dollars and cents. He looks to the end. With the Latin poet he can say, 'I seek high things, a higher life.' It is a new world organization that he is trying to build up — no less. At present there is no such thing. The world is operating on what Santayana would call a 'no-system,' with the nations

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born.

The new world at the end of Mr. Hull's rainbow would be tied together with the

unconditional most-favored-nation clause, sometimes called equality of treatment.

A new world based upon the unconditional most-favored-nation clause might seem a kind of anticlimax. It looks like a mouthful rather than a system. The phrase came out of the jargon of the economic specialist during the last presidential election. I am afraid that it did not impress many people. A politician said that the American electorate could not possibly get excited about the unconditional most-favored-nation clause. He was right. What impressed people about the trade-agreements policy was Mr. Hull's plain story of the dollars-and-cents advantages of world trading. A Southern editor once said to me, 'Governor Landon's worst mistake was to send Mr. Hull out on the stump.' The key to Mr. Hull's practical speeches, however, was to be found in the phrase 'unconditional most-favored-nation clause.' He wants to see that clause govern the world's commercial relations.

The clause means that all the tariff favors exchanged between two nations shall be passed on automatically to other nations. It is thus a kind of master rule of world economic organization. Such a rule would encourage nations to trade together as the sporting rule of a free field and no favor encourages them to play together.

At present the rule is upheld only in American trade agreements. The rival no-rule is the *exclusive* swapping of tariff favors which George Washington deprecated. Of all nations, the United Kingdom is the busiest discriminator. As compared with Mr. Hull's multilateral agreements, the British have negotiated twenty-three bilateral agreements, or exclusive deals. Thus the British have done more than abandon their traditional free trade. They have assisted the totalitarian nations in breaking down the prop of world economic organization.

In theory the British agree that this no-system is bad for world trade and

world peace. Last summer the *London Times* wrote of 'the cramping effects of bilateralism.' Why, then, pursue it? Because of the storm-cellar attitude of mind which has come over Great Britain. Slowness to change is always balanced in British policy by adaptability when conditions seem to force change. Britons work on the lesson taught by Lord Salisbury, a famous Foreign Minister, that 'the commonest error in statesmanship is to cling to the carcasses of dead policies.'

In Denmark last summer I ran into the consequences of this new British treaty making. Denmark used to provision England's breakfast table with what Chesterton called 'our glorious heritage' of bacon and eggs. In 1932 the Commonwealth decided to try to do more of the provisioning. Accordingly Danish imports were reduced by fixed quota. So hurt was Denmark that it was forced to put its own economic system under discipline. If you wish to buy a Ford car in Denmark nowadays, you have to get a special permit. Danish importers of building materials are told from what country they may buy lumber. No exchange ever seems to be available for buying American corn and American cottonseed cake. A tied and a virtually closed economy is little Denmark nowadays. Meantime, when I got back to England, I found that the more abundant life of agricultural regimentation was making bacon scarcer because it was becoming dearer.

This new policy as practised by Britain is not consistent with a rôle of world responsibility. Harold Nicolson in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*¹ quoted the axiom of Sir Eyre Crowe, one of Britain's greatest Permanent Secretaries. Crowe said that the policy of a world power like Britain must be closely identified with the primary and vital interests of a majority of other nations. Freer trade was, of course, one of those interests.

¹ *The Meaning of Prestige*, July 1937. — EDITOR

It has been left to Secretary Hull to try to realize the counsel of Sir Eyre Crowe. A world system may be dead, but Mr. Hull is not conscious of it. However, since the United States and the United Kingdom share world power, his effort to resuscitate it was stymied till the British Government agreed on negotiations.

To what extent there will be a meeting of minds on the unconditional most-favored-nation clause will be shown during the negotiations. Preferences within the Commonwealth will certainly not be given up. But preferences as such are not necessarily inconsistent with world organization based upon non-discrimination. They are admitted exceptions to the master rule when exchanged among members of groups of states bound by political ties. Preferences indeed qualify the American system. In relations with Cuba, for instance, there are tariff privileges which do not apply to outsiders. The utmost that the United States can expect in any new deal with the British Commonwealth is the *amelioration* of the Empire preferential system for the benefit of the bursting farm production of the American West.

In return the United States must agree to reduce its Chinese wall against British manufactures. The inquirer in England does not have to remain long to be reminded that the British still buy more than twice as much from the United States as Americans buy from Great Britain. It is unfair, of course, to invoke merely visible trade. Invisible trade must be taken into account, such as tourist traffic. To an undetermined extent the tourists, by buying British goods direct, make up for the deficit between American importers and British.

I offered this suggestion in conversation in London. 'But we don't want to be merely hotelkeepers and curio dealers for Americans,' responded a City man.

'And shippers, too?' I countered — and he had to agree that invisible trade ought to be put in the reckoning. Incidentally, Mr. Kennedy's shipping policy will undoubtedly figure in the negotiations.

An agreement on American tariff reductions must likewise include the unconditional most-favored-nation clause. This means that any reductions in duty on the American side would inure to the benefit of non-British manufacturers. In the north of England this argument was advanced to me as a reason against a trade agreement. But there is a long line of goods in which Britain faces little or no competition with other foreigners in the American market. Professor P. W. Bidwell has compiled a list of about sixty items of which Great Britain is America's principal external supplier. Thus a reduction in tariff rates on those items would in effect come as a benefit solely to Great Britain.

No conference in modern history has ever taken place after so much groundwork. *A posse ad esse!* It is usual to count only the commercial advantages arising from trade agreements. But an Anglo-American pact would have political advantages as well. In both countries the march toward a closed economy would suffer a setback. If America must choose, as Secretary Wallace once asserted, so Britain also must choose. The world strength of Fascism is due to much more than brass-lunged vehemence; it is due to clearcut ideas and exertion in keeping them alive. In consequence, those ideas are becoming very pervasive. I have actually heard persons speaking Fascist ideology in the course of advancing democratic arguments! By contrast political ideas in the democracies are muddled and their economic systems muddled. Moreover, in John Stuart Mill's pungent phrase, we seem to be 'unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving liberty.'

INSIDE TENNIS

BY GEORGE LOTT

I

DARKNESS filled New York's Madison Square Garden. Not a seat was vacant. A dark-haired, neatly attired young man stepped quietly to the front of the arena. A powerful spotlight flashed upon him. Over the public address system came the words, 'Presenting the world's amateur champion, Frederick J. Perry.' The organ played 'God Save the King.' Everyone rose. Meanwhile a tall, gawky youngster slipped unobserved to a place about one hundred feet away. The spotlight shifted to him. Over the microphone came 'Ellsworth Vines, professional champion of the world.' 'The Star-Spangled Banner' followed, and at its conclusion another professional tennis tour was on its way.

After taking one look around the Garden, I knew that this was going to be the most successful tour financially that had ever been made. There had been a lot of discussion previous to the match as to whether it was advisable to have a price schedule ranging from \$1.65 to \$9.90. Francis T. Hunter and his '52nd Street night club' associates had held out for this price range, arguing — as it turned out quite correctly — that this would be the match of the century and people would be turned away regardless of what prices were charged. Never before in the history of tennis, either professional or amateur, had anyone dared to think of asking \$9.90 for admission.

The total gate that night was \$51,048,

of which two thirds went to Tennis Enterprises, represented by Francis T. Hunter. Their share was approximately \$34,000, of which Perry received \$11,000 and Vines \$3400. That left approximately \$20,000 for the financial backers of the tour, which meant that they were practically 'off the nut' after one night of play. The tour went on to gross \$300,000, of which Perry received approximately \$70,000 and Vines approximately \$23,000.

It may seem rather odd that Perry, the challenger, should receive three times as much as Vines, the champion — a situation that does not exist in any other sport. The reason was that the tennis public were anxious to find out how the best amateur would fare with the best professional. A match between Vines and the second-best professional would not have drawn five hundred people. For this reason the new professional always receives the major share of the profits.

As the match progressed I became curious as to what manner of people would pay \$9.90 to see a tennis match, so I wandered over to that section of the Garden. About one out of each ten was watching the match itself. The other nine were either powdering their noses or looking around to see who was there and what they wore. To put it bluntly and frankly, professional tennis in Madison Square Garden has become *the* place to go in the winter time for the group of people who come in top hats

and evening clothes. Of course, back in the less expensive seats (\$4.00 to \$7.00) the percentage of people actually interested in the tennis was considerably higher.

That evening Perry was in his element. He knew from looking at this crowd that the tour was going to be successful, and he liked the atmosphere, what with 18,000 people looking on, the linesmen and umpires in dinner coats, and, better yet, his playing a brand of tennis that Vines was unable to cope with. Practically every newspaper in New York had picked Vines as the winner, and, all in all, one Frederick J. Perry was having the time of his life. As I watched him gaze around the gallery between games I could not help grinning to myself, because I had been on two professional tours previously and I knew that after we left the big city conditions would be considerably different. There would be times when we should play to four hundred people. The lights would be bad, the umpiring worse, and if the tennis was not good the gallery would show no hesitancy about saying so. In other words, I knew that Perry was going to be rudely awakened when we 'hit the sticks.'

At the conclusion of the singles match, Tilden and Barnes played Perry and me a doubles match. When Tilden came on to the court in a bright purple shirt the crowd stood up and roared. Despite the shirt, it was a real tribute to the grand old man of tennis. All during the doubles match Perry would try to show up Tilden, but with practically no success, as 'Big Bill' was having one of his good nights and, with the crowd cheering him on, was practically a doubles team in himself. This did not sit well with Perry, who likes the spotlight, and it was apparent that when Perry met Tilden in their first professional singles encounter there would be no quarter given on either side.

We were scheduled to go to Cleveland two days later, and again Perry beat

Vines. As we were about to start the doubles match, Perry walked over to my side of the court and asked, 'Don't you think I played as good tennis as was ever played?' This apparent ego of Perry's practically floored me. My first inclination was to tell him that I thought Vines was way off his game that night, but in order to keep harmony in the troupe I told him that I thought he had played very well. This seemed to be satisfactory, so we started the doubles match in good spirits.

II

Ever since the opening night Vines had been complaining of a bad cold and had not been at all reticent about letting the press know; as a result the various reports of the first two matches had tended to minimize Perry's victories, and when we reached Chicago the feeling between the two players was rather tense.

We drew the largest crowd ever drawn in Chicago, the gate totaling \$17,000. The Chicago match was a nightmare. It was very apparent that Vines was a sick man and Perry ran through three sets 6-1, 6-love, 6-love. At the conclusion of the match Vines was rushed to a hospital, where he stayed for four days under observation. I believe to this day that the people who witnessed that match should have had their money refunded immediately, because after two or three games it was obvious that Vines was not himself and in no condition to play top-flight tennis. However, it was entirely Vines's own fault, as he assured the late Howard Voshell, our manager, that he was in perfect physical condition and able to play a five-set match.

I have no doubt that Vines really believed himself to be fit, but the fact remains that he was in no condition to play Perry. When this became obvious, as the match progressed, Voshell should have taken the matter in his own hands,

canceled the match, and refunded the money. The Chicago papers the next day were very bitter in their criticism of both the tennis tour and the Chicago Stadium.

By this time Perry was very much upset. The Associated News Services had carried stories of Vines's collapse and gave Perry very little credit for his three victories. After Vines's recovery he won the next three matches, and it was interesting to note that Perry developed a cold and when the newspaper reporters interviewed him during that time he spoke in a whisper. Some ten days later, however, both players admitted they were in perfect physical condition and were going after each other hammer and tongs.

During the first seven or eight matches considerable ill feeling developed owing to a misunderstanding about 'throwing points.' Vines believed in accepting the decision of the linesmen regardless of how flagrant an error was made, while Perry was in favor of throwing points to equal any mistakes of the linesmen. After Perry had thrown two or three points to Vines, he would naturally expect Vines to do the same thing for him. But Vines, instead of throwing points, would go right on about his business and win the next point if possible.

During the tour the two players were never more than three matches apart, and the first question that newspaper reporters asked me would be, 'Are the matches fixed?' I suppose that newspaper reporters are naturally suspicious — especially those who have covered professional sports such as wrestling and boxing. My stock answer to this question was to offer the reporter his choice of the two players and bet him on the other. I had no more idea who was going to win than anyone else. In fact, in New York I was so certain that Vines was the better player I tried to get a fairly large wager, but could find no one who would back Perry at reasonable odds.

I am positive that no tennis match has ever been fixed on any tour I have ever had a part in. When Vines first turned professional he beat Tilden some twenty-odd consecutive matches, and the following year he defeated Stoefen in the same way. So there is no reason to believe that either Vines or Perry would attempt to carry each other. The truth is that they were so evenly matched that it was just a question of who was on top of his game on any particular night. When one or the other would have a two- or three-match lead, there would be an unconscious letdown on the part of the one ahead, and as a result the other would be more apt to play his best game. The final result was thirty-three to thirty in favor of Vines, and I am positive that the utmost desire of each was to be the winner in this series.

III

Barnstorming professional tennis tours can only be likened to one-night vaudeville stands. At one phase of last year's tour we played in Minneapolis on a Tuesday evening, caught a midnight train to Chicago, took an early train from Chicago to Cincinnati, and played there Wednesday evening, again catching a midnight train to St. Louis, getting off the train at 7 A.M., and riding another train all day to Memphis, where we played Thursday evening. It was then necessary to leave Memphis the next morning and ride all day to play in Nashville that same evening. There were certainly never four more tired young men than Vines, Perry, Barnes, and Lott at the conclusion of those four days.

A little later in the tour, Perry had one of the most strenuous itineraries I have ever known. He played Tilden in New York one Thursday evening, Vines in Chicago on Friday, Vines in Milwaukee on Saturday, and Tilden in Pittsburgh the very next night. So you can see that physical condition must play a

large part in the winning and losing of the tour matches. By the time Perry reached Pittsburgh he was completely exhausted, and Tilden had little trouble winning. The match they had played in New York three days previous was won by Perry in a very convincing manner. In fact, the New York sports writers were all writing Tilden's obituary.

In traveling around throughout the country we have a truck to carry our own tennis court. In each city that we visit, the court is put down on the floor wherever we play, so that we have a uniform surface at all times. The court is made of canvas and is stretched by pulleys at each end and on the sides. The surface is somewhat similar to grass courts.

Lighting facilities cause us our greatest worry. Of course, in places like New York, Chicago, and Boston, the big gardens all have an indirect-lighting system which provides perfect playing conditions, but in the smaller towns in the far West, when we play in small armories and high-school gymnasiums, a real problem is presented, and so far we have found no answer. After playing several matches under poor lighting conditions we become accustomed to it and accept it as part of the game.

During the first two years of my professional career, when Tilden was a member of the professional troupe, the poor lighting of the various arenas was his pet annoyance. The first thing he would do on arriving in a new city would be to go to the place of play, find the man in charge, and attempt to have proper lighting facilities installed. This usually turned out to be too expensive, and so as time went on we merely accepted the conditions as we found them.

Tilden was the most exacting of all tennis players as far as playing conditions were concerned. Two years ago we played in a large armory in Trenton, New Jersey. Our court was placed at one end of the floor, and at the far end was a hot-dog stand. All the lights in

the arena were out except the lights over our court and one little light over the hot-dog stand, which was about one hundred and fifty yards away from the court. I was playing Tilden and we were having a close battle in the first set when all of a sudden Tilden dropped his racket and went running down to the hot-dog stand. Several of the officials and I followed along and got there just in time to hear Tilden say, 'I will not continue with the tennis match until you put this light out.' The little Italian beside the hot-dog stand replied, 'What the hell do I care!' The light was not extinguished, but the match went on.

On this very same tour we played in Billings, Montana. There had never been a professional match in Billings, and the local promoter was quite sure that it would draw a good crowd. He had guaranteed us \$600. On the night of the match a blizzard, such as can only happen in Montana, came up, and the thermometer dropped to twenty below. Stofen had been ill and unable to play that night, so Vines, Tilden, and I played round-robin singles. The local promoter, knowing nothing about tennis courts, had decided that it would be nice to put some talcum powder on the court. This was unknown to us until the time of play. Tilden lost both of his matches, and at the conclusion of our match he announced to the gallery of fifty-seven people and two stray cats that he had never played worse. I replied immediately that I had never seen him play better.

After giving me the icy stare, Tilden's next move was to find the promoter and, after airing his views on Billings and the surrounding territory, attempt to collect the \$600 guarantee. The gate having been only \$87, the promoter stalled Tilden until the following day. The next day happened to be a holiday and no banks were open, so that the poor man had to go around from door to door borrowing ten or fifteen dollars from each of his friends. We finally received

the \$600. Such is a professional tennis match in the smaller towns.

Most of the time during a tour is naturally spent playing tennis and resting. There are, however, occasions when we have two or three days with no matches scheduled. Usually, with the exception of Tilden, we all play golf. I have noticed that practically all tennis players believe that with just a little practice they would become first-flight golfers. Ellsworth Vines once said to me that within ten years he would qualify for the National Open, and he really believed it. The day he does that I guaranteed to make a watch. Nevertheless, Vines recently shot a 69 to lead the qualifiers in a Pasadena Amateur Tourney.

Baseball games are another source of amusement. Last spring in Washington, D. C., Vines and I took Perry to see his first ball game. His immediate observation was that he did not see any box out where the pitcher was. I am not at all sure that Fred was n't being a little facetious.

Vines and I, having played basketball in college, always go to a basketball game if it is possible. On the train we usually play hearts or bridge. But, all in all, we have very little time for anything other than tennis and rest.

IV

For the past three years the tennis public has been asking for an open tournament. In my opinion there will never be one. First of all, the United States Lawn Tennis Association will never sanction an open tournament, because

the International Lawn Tennis Federation, of which it is a member, has refused to sanction any open tournaments whatsoever. The I.L.T.F. is composed of the tennis associations of all the different countries, and it is this association that really supervises the Davis Cup Contest each year. So if the U.S.L.T.A. were to hold a tournament without the approval of the I.L.T.F., it would be barred from Davis Cup play, which after all is the most important feature of American tennis at the present time.

Then again I do not believe that the two ranking professional players, Vines and Perry, really want an open tournament. In the first place, there is very little money to be made in an open tournament. If Vines or Perry was, for instance, to meet Budge or von Cramm in an open tournament this fall, it would mean that there would be no real live interest in a match between them on a professional tour the following winter. It is in the professional tours that the real money lies, and this is their primary interest.

At the present time neither Vines nor Perry will play in any tournament whatsoever. They reason that they are now acclaimed as the two greatest tennis players in the world and they have nothing to gain by engaging in anything except exhibition matches against each other. As long as this situation exists, there is practically no chance of professional tennis ever developing beyond what it now is — namely, a circus. So, ladies and gentlemen, next year be sure to come and see the circus when it comes to town.

GOOD THEATRE

BY GILBERT SELDES

THE most absorbing moving picture made this year is a documentary film in which the Mississippi is the only character. It is called *The River* and was made by Pare Lorentz for a unit of the Department of Agriculture. The most striking and exhilarating theatrical production is a modern-clothes version of *Julius Caesar*, conceived as a study in dictatorship and produced by a new subscription theatre. The finest commercial picture, one of the few additions to the list of 'classic' movies, is *The Life of Emile Zola*, a refutation in practice of almost all the cherished beliefs of Hollywood producers. The most important production of the Theatre Guild is one they made ten years ago, John Howard Lawson's *Processional*, now revived by the Federal Theatre Project. The best native play of the season is *Golden Boy* by Clifford Odets, a radical playwright producing through the Group Theatre. The most conspicuous success is *I'd Rather Be Right*, which is a political, far more than a theatrical, event.

I think that even the most casual theatregoer must catch the significance of the social items which I have connected with the productions mentioned above. The well-established, dependable, old-line producers have gone on repeating themselves with an almost maniacal conviction that what they have said before must be worth saying again, and the result has been that we have begun to wonder whether it was worth saying in the first place. At the same time, new men with new convic-

tions have beaten the skillful older men at their own game. The two theatrical productions are, moreover, quite successful, and in proportion to its investment *Julius Caesar* will probably show the heaviest profit of any play of the year; *The River*, being a government enterprise, is barred from profit making and its success can only be measured by its audiences. *The River* will be released, through independent exhibitors; the great chains are still reluctant to experiment. Where all the theatres in a community are controlled by the chains, only an urgent demand from the public will make the film available.

There are good reasons for theatrical producers to keep on importing insignificant English comedies and for the Hollywood studios to run their pictures in cycles; this repetition is a kind of insurance against loss. They have the tradition of high costs and they have prepared their audiences for lavishness; but in the end the result is stagnation, even when the product makes money. Inventiveness fails, and the area from which materials are drawn for plays and pictures no longer extends itself. Eventually the lesson of the experimenters has to be learned; it is a lesson in using new materials, developing new ideas, finding inexpensive methods of production, and in many cases allowing passionate convictions to be expressed.

It seems to me that the Warner Brothers learned some of these lessons more rapidly than anyone else in Hollywood. Biography was not exactly new in

the films, but biography without any trace of romance is still a novelty; and making a picture like *Zola*, which arouses more than anything else the emotion of indignation, which appeals not in any degree to the sexual passion, but powerfully to the passion for justice, certainly enlarges the area of human interests in which the motion picture can find materials. Last year the Federal Theatre likewise found new source materials in the *Living Newspaper*; *Power*, for instance, used the arguments over the Tennessee Valley Authority to make an exceptionally exciting event in the theatre.

Mr. Lorentz's movie *The River* is, almost incidentally, also concerned with the TVA. The last few minutes of the film indicate how this work may recover for us much of what we lost by the ruin of farm land and forest in the past hundred years. The rest of the film has been so logically made that the argument at the end seems to be the only possible conclusion to the picture. In about half the time it takes the usual film to develop one of its trivial intrigues, *The River* gives us a sort of biography of the Mississippi, a picture of its grandeur, a glimpse of its willfulness, a study of the country it serves and overflows, a suggestion of the intricate network of farms and cities and mines and mills in which the river is dominant. Magnificently pictorial, supplied with an impressive text, *The River* is absorbing to watch and gratifying to remember.

With no actors and no plot, *The River* is essentially more dramatic than *The Hurricane*, because in the latter picture the moral problem which gave a kind of passion and dignity to the original story has been almost entirely lost. In the book the centre of dramatic action is this: that the native victim of relentless official persecution saves the wife of his tormentor from the violence of the storm; this happens almost casually in the picture, which is directed toward harassing the nerves with twenty min-

utes of remarkably contrived sound and fury, signifying nothing. There is no denying the physical force of *The Hurricane*; but a hundred successes like it will do nothing for the movies except make money over a short period of time, whereas a dozen pictures like *The River* will in the long run add life and vitality to the screen.

The new *Julius Caesar* is no less admirable than *The River* for its technical skill and dramatic intelligence. The old text is slashed and its pieces are put together in a new design for two purposes: a rapidly moving drama and an exposition of an idea. There is no silly pressing of the similarity between Caesar and a modern dictator; the actor who plays the part does at times resemble Mussolini, but the liberator Cassius happens to look like Goering; there has been no effort to create false parallels. I am, in fact, inclined to think that a new idea of production more than a political idea dominated. Brutus is the intellectual liberal because the text makes him so, and because dramatically that is the best way to present him in contrast to the demagogue Marc Antony and the unscrupulous conspirator Cassius. It is surprising how easily the production dissolves the ancient prejudices which the play had created for us as school children, and how easily Caesar becomes a necessary victim and Marc Antony a villain. More surprising than this is the way in which the whole play, not one of Shakespeare's great ones, becomes alive and important and interesting.

It is said that the production cost two thousand dollars, and at moments you wonder on what so much was spent — although that is a fraction of the cost of the usual musical comedy. The background of the scene is the actual brick wall of the theatre; you can see the fire hose and other properties; there are no settings, and the costumes are civilian clothes and a few uniforms. Yet by skillful use of lights and a platform on several levels and especially by the massing of

the actors, the streets and the Senate Chamber and the gardens of Rome and the encampment before Philippi are quickly created. Politically and dramatically the mob is most important. Mr. Orson Welles, the director, has proceeded as if no mob had ever played on the stage before. The familiar milling about, the brandished arm, the quick raucous responses to Antony's speech which are so familiar and which now strike us as so false, are all missing. Antony speaks and there is a moment of silence charged with his own uncertainty; and, out of the darkness, a murmur or single cry answers him, and presently the excitement works and the pack is off to murder. Nothing could be more dramatic than the murder which you see when Cinna the poet (who was not Cinna the conspirator) is put to death; because it is not a mob which first pounces upon the victim: three men in uniform representing authority, representing the fixed principle of brutality and 'liquidation,' are the sinister children of the new state, and they turn over their victim to the mob with a shrug of their shoulders.

The shrill cackle of laughter which rises from the audiences of *I'd Rather Be Right* is not particularly pleasing, because it is a tribute not to the authors' wit, but to their economy. They did not waste energy to provide good jokes about the New Deal, knowing perfectly well that the stale ones would do as well. In fact, no jokes at all are needed. The audiences laugh at the mere mention of certain names. They applaud heartily when the President, eyeing Miss Perkins, says he sometimes thinks a woman's place is in the home. A few malcontents in the balcony applaud some glancing references to the humanitarian objectives of the President; but chiefly the wheel-chair and limousine trade misses the few shrewd thrusts in the production and shows obvious delight in finding that someone has said for them, brightly, the things they have said angrily at home.

A few weeks ago Mr. Phil Baker, the

excellent radio comedian, followed one of his own witticisms with the comment: 'That was n't very good; but at least it was political.' Mr. Eddie Cantor's new movie, *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, seems to be based on the same principle — and boredom is the result. As far as the audience of *I'd Rather Be Right* is concerned, the principle is sound. What the authors think of their audiences, I cannot tell. Last year a ten-minute sketch in *The Show Is On* contained more pungent, lively, intelligent satire of the New Deal (and of the old Republicans) than a whole act of this year's most successful show.

Something too much has been made of the political freedom which the existence of this satire implies. That is important. We have become self-conscious, as if we or Washington had a choice between suppressing a political satire and allowing it to live. I should have said that the choice does not exist.

The other productions of the season are neither so controversial nor, with one exception, so interesting. The exception is Clifford Odets's *Golden Boy*. It is the story of a youth who abandons his great talent for the violin in order to become a pugilist. He does it to overcome his sense of inferiority, to escape from poverty, and to be a man who can conquer women. In one fight he breaks his hand so that he can never play again; in another he kills his opponent. Beyond that point Mr. Odets did not proceed successfully, and the fable might as well end there. It might, in fact, be the Fable of the Bright Proletarian Dramatist Seduced by the Movies; but obviously Mr. Odets, while living in Hollywood, was not living with Hollywood.

The exceptional merit of all Mr. Odets's plays lies in the richness of his characters, and the vehement passion which breaks through them — neither of which is an attribute of the Hollywood movie. His people have hardly spoken ten words when you are aware of something unique in modern plays: that all of his characters have lived long before

they entered into the particular coil of circumstances which the dramatist has chosen to expose. Last year's most successful play, *You Can't Take It with You*, was full of characters of exactly the other type; every one had idiosyncrasies and each turned on a vaudeville act. They were as flat as characters in the less important comic strips. Mr. Odets's characters are as rounded as Rembrandt's.

Greta Garbo's talent, virtually unique in the movies, is to make every character she plays seem more important than the dialogue or action would indicate; Charles Boyer has some of the same brooding quality. As Napoleon and his Polish mistress, these two have only to make historical characters come alive, and the reasonable (not exceptional) success of *Conquest* at the box offices would prove that they have done so for a sufficient number of people. Both of them are more restrained than most screen players; neither is given to making a great character 'human' by making it trivial. So dignity is achieved and popularity is not lost, but compromised. History, which makes the picture real, weighs upon it, as it does upon another of Mr. Boyer's films, *Mayerling*, dealing with another royal head and heart.

The stage succumbs to traditional grandeur as easily as the screen. A French dramatization of *Madame Bovary* (reworked in English by Benn Levy) made a peculiarly realistic novel unreal, and only the remarkable talents of Miss Constance Cummings conveyed any sense of tragedy. The Theatre Guild (which produced *Madame Bovary*) was happier with S. N. Behrman's adaptation of *Amphitryon* 38, Jean Giraudoux's frothy game with a classic legend. It is a Gallic impropriety with overtones of Shaw and Molnar, and the Lunts devote their talents, for the first time in several seasons, more to the play than to themselves; the play is both wicked and tender, a rare combination, and if the humor of the situations is stale, the wit of the lines is fresh. One would have ex-

pected Gilbert Miller to produce it, but the Guild, in its first half season, has done nothing better.

For its fourth production the Guild chose Sidney Howard's *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*, on this year's favorite topic, the plight of an American liberal in a horrid world of Fascism and war — and a little Communism. So long as dramatists think of liberalism as something to talk about, and not as a principle of action (which it is), their plays on the subject will be loquacious and the plots will not carry out the theme. Mr. Howard's intelligence and emotion together could not overcome one fatal defect: the liberals, with Miss Ethel Barrymore most attractive among them, are the emotional centre of the play, yet they merely suffer, while a Fascist and even a mild radical both act. This may be a valid criticism of the liberal attitude, but it throws the play out of focus.

I have long felt that the quality of a theatrical season should be judged by its failures as well as by its successes. This year the failures have been not distinguished, but spectacular. The loud trumpeting which announced that Mr. Ben Hecht was giving up five thousand dollars a week (sin money) to be true to his first love, the theatre, was excessive publicity for *To Quito and Back*, which needed the ruthless hand of a movie director to keep it alive. The other great failure was a production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, lavish, unintelligent, and virtually hooted off the stage. It opened one day before the new *Julius Caesar*, and the contrast between the old and new theatre could not have been more happily marked.

Entirely out of the line of the theatre old or new is John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, staged with miraculous tact and judgment by George S. Kaufman. It is a tragic tale of the half-witted, the lame, the thwarted, and the dispossessed, and it is a little nerve-racking and extremely touching.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WATERPROOFS?

BY MARGARET DANA

A MAN went into a large city store not long ago and bought a raincoat. He wore it that afternoon, walking several blocks through a hard storm, and arrived at his destination soaked through to the skin, raincoat and all. He was, of course, very angry, and returned at once to the store, demanding satisfaction. The store refunded his money politely, in accordance with its policy of retaining good will at any cost, but explained just as politely that it was not actually or legally culpable — rather that the rain itself was to blame. For, the store reminded him, he had bought a *showerproof* coat, while the rain that afternoon had been close to cloudburst in degree.

This opens up interesting avenues of speculation. How wet is a raindrop, and when does a shower turn into rain, or rain into a cloudburst? Who measures each and how? Should an umbrella be showerproof or waterproof? And how many raincoats ought an active person to have?

Back in 1823, when Macintosh in England invented his godsend to the British, the raincoat named for him, waterproofing was quite simple. Either you bought a waterproof or you did n't. It kept out the rain — and that was that. But increasingly man's inventive mind has been preoccupied with the problem of developing new processes to complicate the rainy-day life of the race, and to-day a new process or a new term makes its bow nearly every week in the year.

What these terms mean or what these processes do is not very clear. As a matter of fact, if you asked even a professional buyer to list in the order of their degrees of resistance to liquid the terms 'rain resistant,' 'moisture repellent,' 'shower resistant,' 'spot proof,' and 'waterproof,' he would probably be lost halfway through.

Perhaps the simplest start in studying the problem is the recognition of two distinct classes under the general and misleading term 'waterproof.' Actually, 'waterproof' is a term under which degrees are not permissible. It is definitely an absolute. To say that a thing is less waterproof or more waterproof than another thing is incorrect, for if a fabric has been made waterproof it follows that the complete process of proofing against the invasion of liquid has been performed — that is, not only have the surface threads been made repellent to liquid, but also the many tiny openings between the threads have been closed. This is the exact difference between the first class of proofed fabrics, called 'waterproof,' and the second class, which is termed 'water repellent.' In the latter case there may be many degrees, governed by the type of fabric, the weave or texture, the number and size of the openings between threads — and of course, to an extent, by the type of compound used and the manner of processing. A fabric is made water-repellent by treating only the surface threads, not the pores of the cloth.

It will be obvious that real waterproofing, in closing the pores of a fabric to liquid, must necessarily to a large extent close them to air flow, and this is the reason the completely waterproofed garment is apt to be heavy, hot, and generally less comfortable than one whose interstices allow for circulation of air. But in developing new processing for fabrics to make them resistant to water it has been found that these fabrics can be made far more comfortable to wear, and that they are practical for many more uses than just keeping out the rain. For instance, there are processes being used to make a woman's elastic foundation garment more resistant to laundering, luxurious velvets proof against spoilage from spilled cocktails or dinner soup, a man's shirt collar resistant to wilting, furs free of the common result of wetting — matting or delustering.

All the newfound uses of these processes are of value to consumers, but to fit the particular process and fabric to the need of the individual purchaser requires a knowledge of three things: first, the degree of resistance to liquid offered by the processed cloth; second, the effect of the process upon the future performance of the fabric; finally, the length of life of the process under ordinary conditions of use.

In regard to the degree of resistance to liquid, there is considerable latitude. The use to which the consumer intends to put the product should entirely govern the degree of resistance required. A rubber boot or a tarpaulin certainly needs waterproofing. A velvet evening dress requires probably no more than resistance to spotting. It is perfectly possible to specify exactly what the degree is in each instance; but to have these degrees of any value to the consumer-buyer a simple foundation knowledge of what takes place when a fabric meets moisture, what proofing processes do, and how the laboratory tests them, is necessary.

The story behind the term 'wetting' is somewhat awe-inspiring. It leaves the average human being feeling a little less sure of the character of these things we call inanimate objects. For actually wetting is a duel between two powerful natural forces resident within the two engaging surfaces. The face of a fabric is really the boundary between two other surfaces, one a body of air and the other a body of solid threads. When a liquid is spilled on a cloth the body of air is replaced by an exactly equal body of liquid, and then the battle is on. Every surface is considered to have an inherent energy or force which is called, for convenience' sake, a tension. When the liquid surface possesses a tension or force stronger than that of the fabric surface, the liquid spreads over the fabric, with the fabric's force grimly standing at the perimeter of the spot fighting it back. How far that liquid can spread depends largely upon how much greater its tension is than that of the fabric.

Waterproofing is no more or less than a treatment which raises the natural energy of the fabric to the point at which it at least equals the tension of the invading liquid. Then the fabric in a sense calls 'Halt!' to the invasion of liquid to any degree whatever. *Water-repellent* processes, on the other hand, raise the surface tension of a fabric to *some* degree, and the amount of resistance the cloth has to wetting will depend upon the degree of tension secured.

A testing laboratory determines the degree of resistance that treated fabrics have, and an apparatus called a hydrostatic pressure machine records accurately in centimeters each fabric's individual degree. There are as yet no official standards for any of the terms commonly used, but reputable technicians consider the following table practical and accurate: —

	<i>Resistance in Centimeters</i>
Shower-resisting	17
Rain-resisting	50
Waterproof	50 (for one hour)

Most of the processes intended to guard against moisture spotting, perspiration, wilting, and so forth, are or should be of the 17-centimeter type. But you may see for yourself the wide spread there is between a fabric treated to resist showers and one to resist rain. As to how to determine what protection you require for any individual storm, that unfortunately is still a matter not determinable by any means available to the consumer — certainly not in advance.

The second thing a purchaser should know about these processed fabrics is exactly how their future performance, from the point of view of durability, has been affected by the compound. For there *are* processes which deteriorate the fabric, decrease the elasticity of knit goods, affect the colors, alter the draping qualities, and so forth. No consumer can tell about any of these factors from sight or touch; but unless a purchaser does not mind playing the part of a very damp guinea pig, it behooves him to ask about them and to insist upon a guarantee that no deteriorating effect is to be expected. Some day a label attached to approved processed fabrics may give this necessary information.

The third requirement for satisfactory buying is a knowledge of how long the process may be presumed to last. Too many of the trade-marked names of these processes suggest that they are permanent. This is, so far as I have been able to discover, not true of any existing water-repellent process. When the fabric in question is laundered or dry-cleaned, the compound is to some degree put back into solution, and each immersion plainly removes some of it from the cloth. An average of about five launderings or dry cleanings is as much as you should expect of any processed fabric, although dry cleaning is considered easier on the surface than washing. One manufacturer recognizes the impermanence of his water-repellent process, and is to be commended for making his solution available

not only to laundries and dry cleaners, but to consumers as well, so that the compound may be replenished when its action has ceased to be efficient.

This danger is well illustrated by a story I heard recently of a manufacturer who created what is known as a manipulated cloth, having a very large percentage of rayon and a small balance of wool. It was attractive in appearance and low in price, and was bought enthusiastically by the cutters. After a while, however, they began to complain because the fabric met moisture unevenly when the cloth was pressed. Rayon does not react to steam in the same manner as wool; consequently the surface was rippled and warped. It was suggested to the manufacturer of the fabric that he have all the cloth processed by a reputable water-repellent method, and this he did. It worked out splendidly. Not even the cutters knew there was rayon present, at least from the behavior of the fabric under steam and pressing.

But this procedure gives rise to a pertinent and rather serious question. If the fabric is not labeled by its manufacturer to indicate that it has been processed, and if the garments are not so labeled by the cutter, and if the sales clerk does not know and cannot inform the consumer in the store, what will be the future reaction of the purchaser when the solution finally outlives its effect and the fabric reverts to its natural character?

There will be those, of course, who will feel that if the garment was inexpensive the consumer should have no complaint, even should it become unwearable after perhaps five washings or cleanings. The ethics here may be questioned, however; and it would appear, furthermore, that the retailer's upkeep on customer good will might be considerably less if no ill will were created that must later be assuaged. Unfortunately it is too apt to be the consumers in the lower income groups, with strictly limited budgets, who are most affected. For them it is a matter of something more than fair play.

SAVE THE STEAMBOAT

BY GARDNER HARDING

I

THE time was, not so long ago, when the watcher on the hills of the Connecticut shore line could see, in the still clear light of an early summer evening, a placid and leisurely fleet of a dozen or so white steamboats proceeding at various speeds eastward along Long Island Sound. There was the *Northland* going up to Portland, Maine, the lordly *Priscilla* bound for Fall River, the *Puritan* for Providence, the doughty little *Richard Peck* for New Haven, the *New York* heading for the Cape Cod Canal and Boston. Two other boats went to Providence, one to New Bedford, and farther along the line came boats for Hartford, Stonington, Norwich, and New London. Unfailing in their nightly courses as the twilight that brought them, they were gracious symbols of the thrifty habits of New England travel. They brought a perennial reminder to New Yorkers that one of the cheapest and safest waterways in the world was at the city's gateway, and that the public was using it.

But now a strange thing has been happening. All but two of these lines of steamboats are gone, and their puffs of smoke are seen no more on the broad Sound. All but two of the little fleets, some of which have proceeded on schedules inviolate since California discovered gold, lie at their docks, or already have been dismantled or sold. The Boston line and one Providence line keep running. But no year-round passenger service by water visits any Connecticut port to-day. No ship from either New

York or Boston goes to Portland. The New Bedford line is no more; and the Fall River Line, after more than ninety years of continuous service, perished ignominiously last summer in a sit-down strike.

Now if you are watching nature's deserted free highway from the low hills of Connecticut, right at your feet you may see one of the reasons for the change. Searing its way across the countryside, four or five miles back from the coast line, is the great gash of the new Merritt Highway, which may cost close to thirty million dollars to complete through one county of the state, that of Fairfield. It is being built to relieve the almost hopeless congestion of truck, car, and motorbus traffic on land now concentrated on the Boston Post Road, route number one of the nation's traffic system.

There is more in all this than merely the disappearance of a leisurely and picturesque mode of travel. We have more than fifteen hundred miles of safe coastal inland waterways, and on all of them the same strange evolution is taking place. To-day not a single vessel carries regular traffic between the coast towns of Maine. The Iron Steamboat Company no longer plies to Coney Island; the Albany boats suspend their service from New York long before the winter season. On the Great Lakes, there is still an active service between Cleveland and Detroit; but the Great Lakes Transit Corporation, which traversed the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, Cleveland, and Duluth,

suspended operations last April because of 'unsatisfactory operating conditions' and has only restored part of its freight services since that time. In the south the one renewed activity in recent years is in the form of a barge line between New Orleans and Houston. Out on the Pacific Coast it is the same story. From Seattle to San Francisco, or from San Francisco to Los Angeles, no steamship lines are any longer able to compete with rail, motor, and air traffic on a regular and profitable basis, and only up and down the Sacramento River are steamboats in effective competition with other modes of travel.

Such is the distressing picture of our domestic shipping lines to-day. Some of them, which operate relatively long voyages between our ports on the high seas, are struggling to hold their own, as we shall see later on. But the little bay, harbor, and river steamers which ply on the sheltered waterways we have improved for so many years, and at so vast an expense, are steadily dropping off. Our costly interior waterway system must have business to justify it. If the ships are not there to carry traffic, something, indeed, is radically wrong.

Joseph B. Weaver, Director of the Bureau of Navigation and Inspection of the Department of Commerce, reveals one of the shortcomings, which clearly provides us with a clue. By and large, these smaller steamers suffer from age; all the patching up and repainting that may be done to them can only keep them within the margin of safety, and cannot make them either efficient or economical to operate.

By the last report of the Bureau in 1936, we have 944 inland waterway vessels larger than fifty tons, of which 591, or over 60 per cent, are over twenty years old. Only 5 per cent of the whole fleet, through the length and breadth of the country, are under five years old, and only a little more than half of them, or 513, are of steel construction. In other words, although appropriations for riv-

ers and harbors are accounted progressive measures of national development, — and approximately \$53,750,000 was carried in the Rivers and Harbors Bill as presented to the House this year, — the steamers that travel most frequently on these waters seem to be operated by an industry which has lost touch with modern conditions.

That is why the placid waters of Long Island Sound are deserted to-day. Here alone the little white steamboats that have disappeared accounted for close to a million travel miles a year. It is not merely that this trade has shifted to the truck, the motorbus, and the railroad. The problem goes deeper than that of a competitive shift between methods of transportation. The wealth of this country's coast line of more than five thousand miles, its lake and navigable river highways of almost as much again, offer us an abundance of cheap transportation by water which no other nation in the world possesses. At the present time that factor is being wasted, and the men who depended on it for a livelihood are being cast on the community as if from an obsolescent industry.

It is still incontestable that water transportation is the cheapest of all modern transportation. On a general working average it is about one fifth as expensive as transportation by rail. The essential common sense of the programme of interior waterways arises from this fact. Even when oil is the commodity to be transported, ships are less expensive than pipe lines where ships can be used. It still costs less than one fifth of a cent per ton mile, on the average, to move freight by water; and so long as even the debased form of gasoline used by the trucks continues to be their motive power, they cannot touch that figure.

II

In the present anarchy of our national transportation problem, the whole story of the distressing condition of our do-

mestic merchant marine cannot be understood without considering the larger ships as well. The ocean-going domestic fleet is not disappearing from the seas. The Clyde-Mallory Line, the Savannah Line, the Eastern Steamship Company, and their sister companies, have a different problem. They also compete with the railroads and the trucks, and in addition they must bear a steadily increasing cost of operation, reflecting that of our foreign merchant marine, without any subsidy as recompense or any government loans for new ships.

The 487 vessels in our ocean-going domestic fleet amount to a little over 2,100,000 tons, only about one fifth less in gross tonnage than our entire foreign-trade fleet. Yet, of all the ships this nation possesses, these are most nearly out of date by all sea standards. By 1942 as many as 91 per cent of them will be twenty years old or older. Our railroad systems have spent millions on faster, roomier, and more comfortable trains; they have developed new freight cars adapted to compartment shipping, greatly economizing space and cost. The automotive industry of this country has not yet recovered pre-depression levels in passenger-car production; but it produced more trucks last year than ever before in its history. Close to a million new trucks go out on our roads annually. Yet there is to-day not a single ship for general freight and passenger business on the ways for competitive service at sea. Since our war shipbuilding programme was completed in the early twenties, the deep-sea coastal service has added exactly five new ships.

This condition has very serious connotations for our merchant-marine problem as a whole. We have shipyards capable of building as seaworthy and economical ships as any in the world. But if these yards get no domestic building whatever save barges, harbor tugs, tankers, and government war orders, their overhead for ships for our foreign-trade programme becomes unhealthily

steep. There are actual cases on record where a bid from an American shipyard has been as much as 80 per cent above competitive costs in Great Britain. Our foreign trade in goods can function effectively because in very many cases huge production for home use cuts down the overhead. With so big a domestic market, we can sell on a mass-production basis and thus make up a very large part of the difference of cheaper living costs abroad. Not so with ships, however. If the vital support of domestic ship construction continues to fail us, it seems impossible for the Maritime Commission to resist the conclusion that the domestic shipping industry, ultimately if not now, will require its assistance to prevent the whole conception of our commerce at sea from becoming artificially lopsided. The efficient and modern foreign fleet we have been promised cannot exist side by side with a domestic fleet only 10 per cent modernized.

This does not mean that the ocean-going domestic shipping lines are, like the little bay and harbor boats, on the verge of bankruptcy. Their record in this respect is probably better than that of their much larger cousins, the railroads. Few Americans realize that one very disturbing element in our transportation setup is still the fact that almost 30 per cent of our railroads, reckoning in terms of mileage, are in the hands of receivers. This situation is a by-product of the depression, and of course does not impair the structure of our railroads to a corresponding degree. But nothing like that proportion of our domestic shipping lines in the ocean-going trade are in comparable difficulties. For one reason, the volume of their freight is, according to 1936 figures, within 14 per cent of its peak before the depression; while that of the railroads, though there has been sporadic improvement since, was more than 40 per cent short of the figures of the last period of good times ending in 1929.

In 1936 these domestic shipping lines

made an aggregate profit of about \$3,600,000 out of a gross income of some 81 millions — close to 5 per cent, or approximately twice the average rate of profit of our lines in foreign trade. These figures are the best seagoing accounting in our domestic trade since the depression. They should not, however, lead to the conclusion that they provide means for building new ships. The coastwise lines have fallen so far behind any proper and logical programme of replacements that it would take almost one whole year's gross income to give it a substantial start. This would replace with new ships only a fraction of the outworn hulks which keep operating costs on an uneconomical basis at the present time. In view of this fact, the favorable earnings of the companies at the present time are deceptive illusions leading toward a very uncertain future.

III

In essence the battles between different forms of transportation in this country are battles between masses of capital. The truck and bus industries have passed the stage when they were small and scattered operators. They have automotive capital behind them, and in their struggle with the railroads they often command influential friends. Thus, when the Chamber of Commerce of the United States launched its campaign against bus competition with the railroads a few years ago, it found a surprisingly formidable opposition to its insistence on a greater measure of regulation for the motorized carriers. The result was the secession, amid pronounced ill feeling, of the Automotive Manufacturers Association from the national Chamber, a severance of relations which still exists.

No such sponsorship seems possible for domestic shipping. Compared with the immense power wielded by railroad bondholders through the great banks and insurance companies, even through

foundations and colleges, the influence of the domestic shipping lines is small indeed. More than a few of them are admittedly, and others covertly, controlled by railroad capital. Among the smaller lines, the steamers owned by the New Haven Railroad would certainly not have disappeared in such summary fashion had they not been owned by their principal competitor. Incontestably they made money when they were independent, ran thriving services with extra freight ships acting as a second section during many seasons of the year, gave land competition a real run for its money. The Fall River Line in the old days became a byword for a vigorous, well-conducted, and prosperous service.

Now that the surviving lines are still so definitely outsiders in the general scheme of transportation, it is fair to ask what they need to bring them to life again with profit and service to the average American citizen.

For one thing, there is government help. The railroads are 'regulated.' They do not always like their regulation; but under the Interstate Commerce Commission they have acquired stability and have begun to receive that precious jewel they so long lacked, the confidence of the public. They were treated, some say, handsomely by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Their enforced reduction of passenger rates has undoubtedly broadened the stream of travel, besides arresting the drift to the public highways. By and large, regulation has protected both the public and the railroads; and the loans which have made possible the renewal of equipment have been a wise disposition of public money.

Since the domestic steamship lines will have their chance at government loans for new ships only when the foreign-trade shipping programme is fully launched, they have, not unnaturally, sought government aid in another way. Congressman Cochran of Missouri introduced a bill at the last session of

Congress which would insure mortgages on new shipping or on reconditioned shipping up to as much as \$100,000,000. The definition of such domestic shipping was so unskillful as to draw criticism from the Maritime Commission to the effect that this was no time to spend money on showboats or dredges or other 'floating property' which might have been covered by the bill. But the essential objective, to put the power of the government behind the renewal of our domestic merchant marine as a vitally necessary common carrier, was salutary and practical. In its next appearance the bill may substitute for the indirect mortgage a straightforward and frankly acknowledged government loan, for a definite case can undoubtedly be made for the public advantage. Please note again that the sum asked for is greater than the annual income of the industry to be assisted — a clear symbol of the wholly abnormal and unusual kind of distress it is sought to relieve.

Far more than government aid, however, the time-honored American industry of domestic transportation by water needs new and modern ideas, a new power of adaptation to modern conditions. It needs the kind of startling departure from old formulas that was found by a brilliant young student in one of Professor Herbert Seward's engineering classes at Yale. This young man specialized in transportation problems, and puzzled exceedingly over the fact that practically one third of the cost of railroad transportation of freight was eaten up by shifting and shunting at transfer points. There were three such transfer points between New York and New Orleans; and to the young man occurred the entirely revolutionary thought: Why not carry freight trains between New York and New Orleans by sea?

It took ten years to do it, but Graham M. Brush is now president of Seatrain Lines, Inc., and to-day these great hulking dories carry one hundred freight cars, deck-stowed on four tiers of tracks, be-

tween New York and New Orleans, with one day's turn-around to load them on and off, competing with railroad time at less than 40 per cent of railroad cost. There are no derailments and no transfer points, and cargo comes straight through, with a lucrative side route to Cuba which sets American freight on Cuban rails for transfer intact as far as eight hundred miles east of Havana to Santiago.

This has been the most brilliant sea-freighting idea of our generation. It proves that the water can more than hold its own against the land, for not only have the seatrains succeeded, but others are contemplated to other points on the Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, taking advantage, as sea transportation is meant to do, of the new system of interior waterways which has continued to grow very rapidly since the depression.

Yet, brilliant as the idea is, it has imperfections whose correction may lead to still greater use of the sea as a common carrier in the interest of the consumer. The cheapest freight rates in the world are on the Rhine, partly because the Germans have perfected the practice of container loading. From the dawn of time, in the conservative institution of the sea, stowage below decks has been done by a crew which packed in the separate freight as it came, allowing only for trimming the ship and for priority of unloading. Only a tanker can be said to be full below decks, with no spaces between. Even the seatrain is accused of wasting more than half its space between cars, above and below them, and at other necessary intervals.

If freight is packed in uniform-sized containers fitting snugly between the decks, however, each container protected against spoilage and pilferage, a far more complete cargo can be carried in each ship than at present, and at lower rates because of the economy of space and handling. The Germans have abundantly proved this, and have greatly added to loading economies by using

trucks built to container dimensions. Although this is far ahead of us, container loading is already used on several of our intercoastal lines in shipping furniture and household goods. Contemplate a miniature moving van packed as a container on board ship, and remember how tight a load a skilled moving man can achieve, and you will understand the revolution in loading ships that is now in process.

Not long ago a man appeared in Washington with a plan to transport freight trailers from Chicago to South Haven, Michigan, in a ship specially built for them. This is another modern idea which uses water transportation to coördinate rather than compete with automotive power on land. Short-haul shipping lines with their own fleets of such trucks, imitating the pick-up and delivery from door to door of the railroads, can give an all-distance trucking service, some very punishing competition. For it is at the loading and unloading end, where stevedoring operations very often absorb a third of the voyage cost, that the link between land and water transportation is most costly.

IV

We have spent uncounted billions of dollars perfecting our waterways without practical assurance that ships will use these cheap lanes of traffic and economize on the freight bill that plays so large a part in our cost of living. Planning for actual ship use has been extremely haphazard. Oregonians say that only one ship has used the Celilo Falls Canal on the Columbia River, a marvelous tributary to the Inland Empire. That project was finished in 1914. Since 1930 as many as ten more of the vital links of the Atlantic coastal interior waterways system have been constructed, yet not a single new coastwise ship has been built to encourage the traffic.

This country is spending, largely by state appropriations, roughly a billion

dollars each year on its highways, about half of which is going to new road construction. Within our 5000 miles of coast line we have 50,000 miles of improved and surfaced highways for motor use, and a quarter of a million miles of railway under current operation. We are transportation crazy, exceeding the world in all phases — except that of our ancient heritage on the water. While our Mississippi River steamers languish, the Standard Oil of Louisiana builds one of the finest river tankers afloat, the *Jack Rathbone*, and operates her constantly and profitably as the spearhead of an increasing fleet. Other industrialists are also showing the way. While shipowners complain of the high cost of ships, Henry Ford completes the arc-welded new motorship *Norfolk*, cheaper than the same-size vessel riveted, and carrying three hundred tons more cargo per voyage. This adaptable ship travels from Detroit over the Great Lakes, through the New York State barge canal, and down through the open ocean to Norfolk, one of the most economical ships afloat, and designed by the man whose life work has given sea traffic its stiffest competition.

Yes, Americans have new maritime ideas, plenty of them; the trouble is that the domestic maritime industry has not yet produced its share.

Our domestic shipping lines have an essential place in the scheme of lower living costs. A growing body of consumers insist that the logical development of cheaper transportation should not be retarded by competitors, but should be given a fair deal by the community, even to the extent of government assistance. Our haphazard attitude toward the big steamers and the little steamers on our coastal waterways cannot endure. The domestic maritime industry needs very badly to be outfitted with new and up-to-date ships, but it needs still more to be furnished with bold and adequate new ways of ensuring its own survival.

PLANT EARLY, TWO FEET APART

BY WALTER BROOKS

I

ONCE upon a time there was an old lady named Harriet Pretty who lived in a square white house on a hill. She was the last of the old Connecticut Prettys. The rising tide of commercialism or industrialism or something had submerged the once important family until nothing was now visible but this hill with Miss Pretty on it. And a terrible mortgage on it too. It makes me kind of sad to think about it.

But Miss Pretty was n't sad. She had a lot of old documents and portraits and a view of Long Island Sound that was the envy of the rich Mr. Blomberg whose estate marched with hers down to the shore on the east, and of Miss Laura Dinsmore, née Glotz, whose fashionable girls' school adjoined on the west. Both of these parties had made offers for the hill, but although Miss Pretty could now afford only one square meal a day she ignored these offers as if they were the mosquitoes that occasionally supped inadequately on her spare frame when she walked in her garden in the cool of the evening. She would not admit that there were mosquitoes on Pretty Hill any more than she would admit that there were Blombergs and Glotzes in Connecticut. For she was terribly proud. She was so proud of her family that she never mentioned it. Just the same, when two more bonds went bad Miss Pretty was on a spot. Life is often like that in the antique belt.

Well, one day Clarence Prince, the third selectman, came to see Miss

Pretty. 'Miss Hattie,' he said, 'I guess you're in trouble.' And he breathed hard and looked at her. 'Well, Clarence, out with it,' said Miss Pretty, and Mr. Prince said, 'Well, you know that bargain you made with the town about 1920?'

Of course Miss Pretty knew it. The town had agreed to let her live on Pretty Hill tax-free until her death. In exchange she had agreed to will her property to the town so that the house could be used as a museum and the place as a park and much-needed bathing beach.

'Well,' said Mr. Prince, 'there was a clause in that agreement that permits the town to cancel it and charge you all back taxes. At town meeting yesterday George brought the matter up. He said we needed back taxes now more than a beach twenty years from now. I voted against it, of course — for it ain't right, Miss Hattie. That clause was just a fool lawyer's word-slinging and never intended to be invoked. But George and Nathan outvoted me.'

'Who's back of it?' said Miss Pretty. 'That Blomberg man?' 'Right the first crack out of the box,' said Mr. Prince. 'He's got both George and Nathan in his pocket. On their notes at the bank. But my Lord, it's a dirty shame.' 'Well, thank you, Clarence, for voting for me,' said Miss Pretty, getting up. 'Now I must think what I can do.'

But of course she could n't think of anything. The mortgage interest she might manage, but seventeen years'

back taxes! So, as weeding always quieted her nerves, she went out in the garden and weeded.

Pretty soon she noticed some pale inch-high shoots coming up behind the pinks. 'Good gracious,' she said, 'those funny seeds that Sister Lucy got in Greece are coming up. My, after all these years in the attic! I'm glad I found them. It'll be interesting to see what they are. Dragon's blood — dragon's teeth — what did she call them?' And she bent and touched one and then pulled her finger back. 'Goodness,' she said, 'it cut me. Why, it's as sharp as a knife!'

It was late and she was tired from weeding, so she went in and made a cup of tea. As it was the end of the month there was nothing in the pantry but a can of tomatoes, so she had that for supper. Then she went out on the porch.

She sat and rocked the sun down and the moon up and wondered and wondered what she could do. By and by as the moon got higher something gleamed in the garden and she looked and saw that the queer spear-like shoots from the Greek seeds had grown nearly two feet, and as she got up and went to look more closely the dirt between them stirred and rustled and something that glittered like brass pushed up beside each spear. Miss Pretty squeaked faintly for the first time in her life and retreated to the front parlor. There she looked out of the window.

Heads had appeared between the spears now, men's heads in brass helmets, and, as she stared with clenched hands, shoulders and arms carrying shields broke through the soil and the men climbed out and stood there in a row — fifteen of them — brushing the dirt from their tunics and sword belts.

Miss Pretty squeaked again and covered her eyes. Then she stuck out her chin and walked straight out on to the porch.

When the men saw her they gave a shout and clattered their spears against

their shields. 'Stop that noise!' said Miss Pretty severely. 'Good gracious, who are you?' The men dropped their arms and stood stiffly at attention and one of them said something respectfully. 'I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about,' said Miss Pretty and then she said suddenly, 'Merciful heavens! Greeks! Dragon's teeth!' and ran into the house.

But Miss Pretty was not running away. Her father had been a great classical scholar and one of the useless things he had taught her was Greek. She came out presently with her Greek lexicon and called the head man over and went to work. To her surprise she found she could understand him fairly well. He told her that he was the captain and his name was Argon and he and his men were there to serve her to the death.

Miss Pretty thumbed the lexicon and said that she was grateful, but she could n't possibly feed fifteen men and they'd better go back where they came from. 'We can't go back,' said Argon. 'And never mind about food, for my men understand living off the country. If you can just give us a place to sleep.' 'You can sleep in the barn,' said Miss Pretty, 'but in the morning —' Then she stopped. 'We will talk further in the morning,' she said. For she suddenly thought, 'Maybe I can use them after all.'

II

So Miss Pretty went to bed and slept peacefully all night. When she came down into the kitchen next morning she said, 'Good gracious, where did these come from?' For on the table were two loaves of homemade bread and a basket of eggs and a dressed chicken. 'Well, we must put a stop to that,' she said as she broke an egg into the skillet.

But she did n't say anything about it to Argon when she went down to the barn a little later. She just told him to keep his men out of sight in the barn until she decided what to do. 'In the

meantime,' she said, 'I think they should learn some English.' So she got up in an old buggy and the soldiers grouped themselves around her and she gave them a lesson. Probably because they could n't read they learned very quickly.

At noon Mr. Prince came up again to tell her some more bad news. Mr. Blomberg had bought the mortgage from the bank, which was glad enough under the circumstances to get rid of it. And he brought her some legal-looking papers from the town, but she did n't look at them. Before he left he told her a tale of henhouses robbed and ice boxes raided — a crime wave that was put down to tramps, though Seth Hammond claimed to have been chased by a naked man with a spear on his way home from the tavern. But when pinned down Seth admitted the last five beers might have had something to do with it. Miss Pretty said nothing.

Well, things went on like this for a while. The soldiers stayed in the barn all day and had their English lessons and dined and slept — and what they did at night nobody inquired. They never raided near home. Local chickens snored the night away in security and local ice boxes were as full in the morning as the night before. If Miss Pretty saw any connection between fresh hams and cutlets on the kitchen table and advertisements for lost pigs and calves from farther north she said nothing about it. She took things as they came.

Then one evening Miss Pretty heard someone sobbing in the barn and she went out and found the soldiers sitting around a box with a candle on it throwing dice for a girl who lay bound hand and foot beside them. 'You can't do this sort of thing, Argon,' said Miss Pretty. 'You'll get us into terrible trouble.' 'So?' said Argon, reaching for a spear. 'Then I will kill her and bury her under the barn and nobody will know.' 'No, no!' said the horrified Miss Pretty. 'We must let her go. That is — good gracious, we can't do that, either!'

Well, the girl had heard Miss Pretty's voice and she began to struggle and moan, 'Help! Where am I?' and Miss Pretty bent over her and said, 'Don't you know where you are?' 'No,' said the girl. 'I was hit on the head and that is all I remember.' 'Aha!' said Miss Pretty, and then she had Argon blindfold the girl and two of the soldiers picked her up and carried her back to where she had been captured and let her go.

'Well,' said Miss Pretty, 'I guess these boys have n't enough to occupy their minds.' So next time Mr. Prince came up with some bad news she had a talk with him and later he brought up some baseballs and bats, though he thought she had gone crazy. But nobody ever questioned Miss Pretty. And she read up baseball in an old book she had and explained it to the soldiers and they played out in the back pasture behind the woods where nobody could see them. They thought it was a swell game.

Well, at last, after due process of law which Miss Pretty did n't understand and I don't either, Pretty Hill was put up for sale and Mr. Blomberg, who held the mortgage anyway, bought it in for the unpaid taxes. And even Miss Dinsmore, who had ten more girls coming next fall and would have liked to add it to her place, did n't dare bid against him, for he was the richest man in the town of Weedham. So Mr. Blomberg came to see Miss Pretty.

Well, he talked standing at the foot of the steps, for she did n't invite him in, and he said, 'I do not wish to be hard on you and I will give you three months to find another place.' 'I shall not find another place,' said Miss Pretty. 'I'm afraid you'll have to, ma'am,' said Mr. Blomberg, 'for I plan to tear down this old shack and build me a new house here where I can entertain my friends. And perhaps you will drop in sometime. You will always be welcome.' 'I shall always be here,' said Miss Pretty, 'and now

will you kindly remove yourself from my property?' 'I guess you don't understand, ma'am,' said Mr. Blomberg. 'It is my property now.' But Miss Pretty looked at him as if he were something that ought to be buried, and called Argon. And the captain came running.

'Put this man outside the gate,' said Miss Pretty. So Argon grabbed Mr. Blomberg by the seat of the pants and frog-walked him to the gate and threw him out. Mr. Blomberg got up and waved his short arms and gobbled threats, but a spear zipped past his ear and went *tunk!* into a tree and so he did n't say any more. His chauffeur, who was a prudent man, drove quite a distance after him before he caught up with him.

III

Well, Miss Pretty had started something. But Mr. Blomberg was no fool and he had no intention of swearing out a warrant against an ancient Greek. Two days later he came up with the sheriff and some deputies and a truck to dispossess Miss Pretty. And things went about as before. The deputies got bumped heads and the sheriff had his pants torn and four cigars in his breast pocket broken and Mr. Blomberg was captured and dragged into the barn, where the soldiers stood around him and laughed and booted him a little. Then Miss Pretty came in and Mr. Blomberg fell on his knees and wept and promised everything she wanted. 'All right,' said Miss Pretty, 'I expect I'll have to let you go, although the boys were going to torture you a little and it seems a pity to deprive them of their fun.'

Well, maybe she should have let them torture him, for he did n't keep his promise. He went up and appealed to the Governor in Hartford, but the Governor, whose grandfather had been a law partner of Miss Pretty's father, just did n't believe his story. 'No, no, Mr. Blomberg,' he said. 'Harriet Pretty is n't the head of any band of pirates.

You'll just have to take care of this yourself.'

So Mr. Blomberg went home again. He realized now the difference between himself and Miss Pretty. For if she told people she was maintaining a small army of spearmen they would believe her. But if he told it they would n't believe him. So they both had the same reason for concealing the truth. So he went to New York and hired a dozen tough strikebreakers to raid the Greek camp. All Miss Pretty knew of it was some shouting and thumping down by the barn late one night. The thugs never came back to report to Mr. Blomberg.

Well, after that there was a sort of truce. Mr. Blomberg did n't dare to dispossess Miss Pretty by force of arms, for sentiment had swung around to her side since the defeat of the sheriff. People liked the spirit of an old lady who would go out and do battle in a brass helmet for what she thought was right — for that was the way the story went around. The office of Mr. Blomberg's lawyers foamed with writs and subpoenas and attachments, but no local man could be found to serve papers on Miss Pretty and when once or twice outside process servers were hired they vanished. Argon had got the hang of things by this time and did n't bother Miss Pretty with unimportant matters. He buried his own dead. And Mr. Blomberg knew that a charge of murder against Miss Pretty would only be laughed at.

But as fall came on and the girls came back to the Laura Dinsmore school and their chatter could be heard over the wall Miss Pretty began to feel that she could n't hold out much longer. Her bank account was tied up and Mr. Blomberg's spies were watching her constantly. So one night a soldier named Atta flitted into the town with a note for Mr. Prince and the next morning Mr. Prince's car chugged up Pretty Hill.

'Clarence,' said Miss Pretty, 'if the first and second selectmen were George Wilks and Philo Powel instead of George

Wilks and Nathan Dodge, could we get the old arrangement about my property put back in force?' 'Sure,' said Mr. Prince. 'You was n't aiming to do some electioneering, was you, Miss Hattie?' 'No,' said Miss Pretty, 'but I remember your saying Nathan ran behind his ticket last election and only had eighteen votes more than you did.' 'He had thirty more than Philo,' said Mr. Prince. 'You see, Miss Hattie, you vote for two selectmen and the one that has next highest — that was me last time — is third selectman.' 'Yes, I know,' said Miss Pretty, 'both you and Philo would have to run ahead of Nathan. But suppose we could find fifteen new votes?'

Mr. Prince hitched up his chair and said, 'Miss Hattie, there's been a lot of talk in town about how you're maintaining a small army up here. Most of us don't take much stock in it because — well, excuse me, Miss Hattie, but you ain't got the means to support even one hired hand. But —' 'Just a minute,' said Miss Pretty. 'I'm going to trust you, Clarence.' And she blew on a little whistle and the soldiers came tumbling out of the barn and lined up before the porch and shook their spears in salute.

'Good God of Israel!' exclaimed Mr. Prince. 'What you got here — a circus?' 'These are the men you have heard about,' said Miss Pretty. 'Furriners?' asked Mr. Prince and Miss Pretty said, 'No, they were born right here in Connecticut.' 'Well, well,' said Mr. Prince.

So then Mr. Prince and Miss Pretty went into a huddle, with the result that three days later a CCC truck containing fifteen pairs of overalls came grumbling up Pretty Hill and when it grumbled down again the overalls contained fifteen Greeks. Nobody paid any attention to a truckful of CCC boys that drew up in front of the town clerk's office, and nobody paid any attention to Mr. Prince's old car either when it stopped and Mr. Prince and a little old lady dashed into the building. The business was over quickly, for the town clerk was Mr.

Prince's brother, who said that Miss Pretty's word was good enough for him if she said these boys had been born in Connecticut. 'Though it's funny,' he said, looking over the application papers, 'that none of 'em knows their exact age.' 'Well, you only have to look at 'em,' said Mr. Prince. 'Oh, sure,' said the clerk. 'Daggone it, where's my copy of the Constitution? We got to give 'em their reading lesson. Well, here's an almanac. I guess that'll do.' 'No, no,' said Miss Pretty, 'we must n't have anything irregular about this. You always do give them the Constitution to read, don't you?' 'Well, yes,' said the clerk, 'but — oh, here it is. Here, you — George Smith — read this paragraph.' And he pointed to the one he always did point to.

So the first soldier gabbled off the paragraph, which he had learned by heart, and all the others followed him. 'All in order,' said the clerk. 'All regular,' said Mr. Prince, 'except for George and Nathan not being here.' 'It ain't strickly necessary,' said the clerk, 'and I sent 'em notice.' 'Funny they're both sick this morning,' said Mr. Prince. 'I had 'em both up to supper last night and they felt all right then. Well, let's get going.'

IV

Well, of course after that there was no use trying to conceal the soldiers any more. But even when they were all driven down to register Mr. Blomberg did n't move against them. It was better to starve Miss Pretty out quietly than to have any fuss. The soldiers played baseball all day long in the back pasture with some of the local boys who came out to make up two full teams. Argon was a little worried about their passion for this new game, feeling that it might become for them a substitute for war. But Miss Pretty said that would n't do any harm. She always came out to watch them and had indeed learned most of the finer points of the game. For the Greeks,

trained for quickness and accuracy as slingers and spear throwers and hand-to-hand fighters, were fine athletes and the best of baseball material.

But at last, when Mr. Blomberg learned from George Wilks that the growing pro-Pretty feeling in town was going to make her fifteen votes dangerous, he took Mr. Wilks's advice and came out to see her. He came under a flag of truce tied to the radiator and she met him at the gate. 'I want to ask you just one question, ma'am,' he said respectfully. 'You're known as a truthful woman and I'm told you would n't lie to get an advantage even if you were in the right. Are these boys of yours really eligible to vote?' Miss Pretty looked at him hard for a long time. Then she said, 'No.' 'Aha!' said Mr. Blomberg. 'So they *are* aliens!' 'No,' said Miss Pretty, 'they are not.' 'Ha?' said Mr. Blomberg, startled. But he was too good a business man to inquire too closely when he had gained his point. 'Well,' he said, 'you say they're ineligible and yet you're going to bring 'em down to the polls Monday?' 'You're taking advantage of my honesty,' said Miss Pretty. 'I admit it,' said Mr. Blomberg, 'but that is not the point.' 'No,' said Miss Pretty, 'it's not. Though I don't know how you know it.' Then she said, 'I will not bring them down to vote,' and turned and walked into the house.

So a little later Mr. Prince came and he was pretty upset. 'They're saying downtown,' he said, 'that you're not going to let your boys vote because they're not eligible.' 'They're not,' said Miss Pretty. 'But you give us your word they were born in Connecticut,' said Mr. Prince, 'and now Blomberg's going around saying —' 'I'm not interested in Mr. Blomberg,' said Miss Pretty. 'Well!' said Mr. Prince, staring, and then he said, 'Well, well!' thoughtfully and started to make conversation. 'Everybody's pretty blue to-day,' he said, 'account of the ball game Sunday.

Weedham plays Northbrook — but excuse me, Miss Hattie, you ain't interested in baseball.' 'But I am,' said Miss Pretty. 'Go on.'

So Mr. Prince did. And he told of the teeth-gnashing of the Weedhamites, who through excess of civic pride had placed their bets on a home team that had not won a single game during the season. 'Some folks think it's a disgrace to the town,' he said. 'I don't go as far as that, but I guess Weedham'll have to drop out of our league next year. If we only had a real team — Ouch!' said Mr. Prince suddenly, for Miss Pretty had seized his arm. 'Come down to the back pasture,' she said.

Well, what Mr. Prince saw in the back pasture sent him back to town with a plume of white steam flying from his radiator. And on Sunday, when, with Miss Pretty beside him and the plume again flying, he drove into the baseball field followed by three cars full of Greek soldiers with 'Weedham' lettered on their tunics, — for they had refused to play in baseball suits, — they were received with what no one failed to recognize as an ovation.

Feeling had run high, for this was the final game of the season. Northbrook was triumphant and offering five to one. Weedham was sore and taking considerably more than it could handle if the Greeks let the town down. But the Greeks did n't. They refused to warm up. They disdained masks, gloves, and the ordinary protective paraphernalia of the game. In the first inning they were a little overenthusiastic and the visitors marked three runs. In the second they held Northbrook, in the third they got two runs, and in the fourth they hit their stride. They pounded two Northbrook pitchers out of the box, broke two bats, and Argon knocked the cover off a new ball. One soldier named Mystax cracked off three home runs. At the end of the seventh, with the score at 38-3, Northbrook conceded defeat.

But the Northbrook fans, who had

come in force, conceded nothing. They rose and milled about and, after yelling for a while to get up their courage, ran out into the field. But Miss Pretty, who was sitting on the home bench with her team finishing her fifth bottle of pop, nodded to Argon. The soldiers had refused to leave their arms at home and had concealed them in the cars. They ran for them and in a few seconds the small phalanx of brass-helmeted Greeks, with locked shields and spears lowered, charged the rioters.

Northbrook shrieked, broke, and ran. And Weedham ran after them, for there were bets to collect. All over the field you could see creditors sitting on debtors and collecting. With spears to back them, the loss to Weedham on collections was later estimated at less than one per cent. And then the satisfied creditors crowded about Miss Pretty with congratulations and promises of electoral support.

That evening Mr. Prince and Miss Pretty were sitting in the garden on Pretty Hill. From beyond the wall which separated them from the Dinsmore School came the subdued laughter and talk of the girls. 'Well, your house is safe, Miss Hattie,' said Mr. Prince. 'After to-day people in this town'll vote as you tell 'em to vote. Not that you need to worry anyway, with fifteen ball

players like these boys under your management.' 'Yes,' said Miss Pretty, 'I thought I'd send a telegram to-morrow to that — Colonel Ruppert, is n't it? I'd like to do something for them. And do you know, Clarence, I'm very glad that we did n't win the election with their votes. For of course they were really not eligible.' 'Why, they were born here, were n't they?' said Mr. Prince. 'Free, white, and twenty-one, ain't they?' 'No,' said Miss Pretty, 'they're not twenty-one.'

Well, of course then Miss Pretty had to explain and she told Mr. Prince the whole story. And then they sat on for a long time talking about Miss Pretty's plans, and the lights in the Laura Dinsmore School went out one by one. And at last Mr. Prince got up to go.

And then he stopped suddenly and whispered, 'Good land, Miss Hattie, do you see what I see?' For through the darkness a long line of men came silently up to the wall and climbed it and disappeared into the grounds of the Laura Dinsmore School.

'Oh, yes,' said Miss Pretty, 'I have seen it before. After all, Clarence, Miss Dinsmore only has girls from the very nicest families. I just hope they won't teach the boys to smoke those nasty cigarettes.'

BOY READING

THE house I lived in was a place
Of warm and lighted blocks of space,
And when my life outdoors was done,
Roof made them all by night seem one.
I sprawled upon the floor and read,
But more than book was in my head.
My mood was not then cloud, but cave
At the bottom of night. A rolling wave
That floated stars and one white moon
Might flood the house, although not soon.
'Not yet, not yet,' between the lines
I read in urgent shifting signs.
I could not, must not, go to bed
Until I knew what the whole book said.
'Here is a hundred-year-old day
In words forever wearing away,
Tall with ships and loud with men,
And over the page the guns again,
And over the page again the words
Locked in the onward flight of birds.'
Troy was falling in blood and dust;
Confederate swords were dark with rust;
An English ship at noon went down;
A great shell burst in a country town.
I was a child who turned the page
With a reader's right and hungry rage
To take the meaning and make it his.
There in the book it was, and is.
For always reading I looked away
At things a book could never say.
I felt then how the house must feel
To be a thing built right and real.
I knew above this floor another,
And walls that kept the rooms together.
I thought some pride in being there,
As they were built, and sheer, and square,
Was what they knew. I know I trusted
The beams unsplit and nails unruined,
And rock in the old foundation tight
Under the house in the hollow night.
And here on the lighted floors of home
Were Gettysburg and fallen Rome,
And a shell-hole deep in a village square.
The green lamp shone in evening air,
And bedtime came, and the end of the book,
And out to the dark of sleep I took
The dreams that fade but never cease,
The words of war in the house of peace.

JOHN HOLMES

WINTER PIECE

Now at this hour of five
This winter afternoon,
This hour when dusk descends
Behind the brightening moon

To etch the trees with black
But leave their branches clear
Against the snow-lit sky,
Where misted stars appear,

Into the arms of the night
The soft gray shadows crawl,
And twilight turns to dark
During one snowflake's fall.

All things that make this world
Familiar now are lost
To sight. Between the twigs
Made musical with frost,

A few small soundless birds
Still flicker restless wings,
And a rabbit nibbles a bush
Where one dry berry clings.

Over the ghostly snow
Which lies as still as death
Little wild creatures move
And pause and hold their breath

In listening suspense,
As if this silent dearth
Of light and life and warmth
That binds the trees and earth

Were but a waiting for
The morning which will tell
What is the spirit here
That weaves this wintry spell,

What is the loveliness
That white and whiter grows,
And what the silent voice
That speaks beneath the snows.

MILDRED BOIE

A MYSTERY OF MIGRATION

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

AN old mystery begins to take on a new interest; and one of its more recent illustrations particularly concerns inquirers on the two sides of the Atlantic.

There appeared a year or two ago on the coast of Wales and South Britain an unheard-of number of broad-winged visitors from America, though none was seen in France or Spain. They were monarch or milkweed butterflies, whose gorgeous wings have a power of flight that may compare with the birds'. Some of the greatest authorities believe that they flew the Atlantic on their own wings, aided only by the wings of the wind.

Since this surprising event, what is virtually a new branch of natural history has come into being, and the would-be solvers of the mystery are already very far-flung. They are found in Asia and Africa as well as Europe and North and South America. Communication has so greatly improved of late that it has become easy for men of science to pool their knowledge without delay and to let one another know what sort of coöperation they desire. Hence the quick success of the new inquiry.

Before describing the curiosities of this research into the migrations of insects, which mimic the migrations of birds, I may quote an example of the help that quick transport gives to the research worker. A famous German doctor believes that he is on his way to discover a great secret in medicine. It is connected

with electrical manifestations in the bodies of animals. The first inspiration came from the firefly. One capacity is common to the various insects — mostly in the tropics, but some in temperate climes — which show a bright light at night. They can produce light without heat — a feat still denied to our electricians — and in this regard have achieved almost a hundred per cent efficiency. The study of the technique of this marvelous power was necessary to the medical professor, and thanks in part to the aeroplane, in part to easy communication of his needs, he was enabled to acquire specimens with little delay from many distant parts of the world.

So in this other inquiry into an insect secret, information and specimens pour into the head office of the inquirers with such rapidity that one person is needed for the sole purpose of tabulating and collating the news, and is often unable to keep pace with the material. A great deal of information comes from Egypt, and there is some evidence that a regular migration route of a beautiful and rather small blue butterfly lies across the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, following the Mosaic route.

In the course of the inquiry I have myself received from Kenya, in East Africa, a vivid account of a flight of white butterflies which lasted for fourteen days. The butterflies were so numerous that they suggested a snow-storm. At the place of observation, butterflies seldom stopped, and the few

that rested on tree or bush flew on again after a short rest. This vast company, which must have numbered many tens of thousands, flew consistently in the same direction — almost directly south. Some east and west migrations have been observed, and in Europe there is one regular route which starts in a southerly direction from mid-Scandinavia but turns southwest; and its followers cross both the North Sea and the Straits of Dover into Britain.

Nevertheless, though such routes are known, the movement in the great bulk of examples is in a northerly and southerly line. The greatest and most regular voyager of them all, the monarch or milkweed butterfly of both North and South America, flies habitually north and south. Its eccentric appearance in Britain seems to be an accident due perhaps to the disturbance of a gale. When carried out to sea by a strong westerly wind, it must needs fly on.

Birds too, for the most part, move in a north and south direction. This is true of birds in Europe, Africa, and America. The wild geese which Mr. Jack Miner has marked with conspicuous success in his sanctuary in Ontario fly very much in the same direction as the swallows which nest in May and spend the winter in South Africa. Perhaps the most surprising record that has been duly authenticated concerns a pair of swallows which over a period of six years nested on the same building in Aberdeen and were traced to Griqualand in South Africa. These birds must have flown each year a distance of some twelve thousand miles.

Such an immense effort for a purpose that seems altogether inadequate must continue to stir our wonder and to stimulate our curiosity. As the directional regularity (so it may be called) becomes more and more apparent and certain, the theory of a sixth sense in birds — and perhaps in insects — has become more insistent. It is now suggested that birds have a power of responding to terrestrial

magnetism, and fly their great distances with perfect truth of aim under the guidance of magnetic and electric currents. They feel the motions of the sphere if they do not hear the music of the spheres.

Be this as it may, an irresistible compulsion is put upon the bird, whether young or old, to fly off at a more or less definite date in a very definite direction.

The compulsion is felt whatever the conditions. I will give two examples from my own knowledge. A man of wealth in England brought over from the United States a few pairs of the species known as the robin in America and as the American thrush or American robin in Britain. The eggs from these birds were placed in wild birds' nests and hatched well. The young flourished, and their relations with their cousins, the English blackbirds and thrushes who were also their foster parents, proved ideal. The parents are for the most part stay-at-homes, but the robins are notable migrants. They flew about happily in an English park till the beginning of October. Then they flew off, not leaving a single straggler, in a southerly direction and were no more seen. None ever returned and none was ever traced. The experiment was carried on for a number of years successively, always with precisely the same result. Only the few pairs kept behind in large aviaries remained or were seen again.

These particular caged birds did not seem unhappy, but in some species and individuals the instinct is almost as strong when they are caged as when they are free. One example has become almost classical since it was first made public. That expert in evolution, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, kept a young cuckoo in his study and gave me at the time an account of its ways. One autumn evening this bird went into a sort of coma and stood with his wings moving an inch or two up and down for hour after hour. He was deaf to such calls from his master as were usually

answered promptly and eagerly. Some mysterious force drove the bird into this strange and persisting trance, in which he imagined himself, we may guess, flying on and on over sea and land to the beckoning warmth of his southern home.

It would seem that this compulsion to fly south and later to fly north is a force independent of the more obvious causes of migration, such as the need of warmth and particular sorts of food. Virtually all birds nest at the most northerly point of their springtime journey. 'True and tender is the North' in a peculiar and particular sense.

II

The question arises: Do insects feel an influence of the same sort? There are sound economic and social reasons for the journeys of birds, though other reasons remain mysterious. For the long journeys of the butterflies only the mysterious reasons can be involved. Some of them seem, if one may say so, to be aggressively purposeless. For example, there is a glorious butterfly common in England called the red admiral. It is regarded by most people who have not studied its ways as a properly British resident. It appears in good quantity each year, both early and late in the year, but especially in the autumn. Its wings have a depth of black that would make even Velasquez, that artist in luminous blackness, envious; and the black is set off with brilliant patches of scarlet. Thanks to its salience and size, every gardener is familiar with it. Nevertheless, in spite of the number of observers, this butterfly has never been known to winter in England.

Some butterflies and moths lay eggs which live through the winter and hatch out in the next spring. Some cover themselves with tough silk cases and, so protected, slumber throughout the winter to emerge in a new form in the spring. Some hibernate in the proper sense —

that is to say, the perfect winged insect hides itself in some snug crevice and sleeps through the cold months, coming forth to propagate its species early in the next spring. Some butterflies adopt all these three methods. A certain so-called tortoise-shell butterfly, which is the nearest rival to the red admiral in popular regard, is one of these. You see it often on the same flower head as the red admiral, and the two have a certain likeness; but how different their habit!

The red admiral would vanish totally from Britain if it were not for a regular annual immigration from overseas. This journey, so it seems, has nothing whatever to do with that strangest of all motives in all types of living things, the continuation of the race. None of these immigrants or their children are able to bridge the winter interval between one year and the next. The family of every immigrant is doomed to extinction after one generation in the new place of abode. The continuity of the race is actually handicapped by the migrating instinct. Nor can the strange habit be hereditary.

Birds have perhaps slowly developed this tendency to migrate. It is at least curious that they migrate either over land or over *shallow* seas. They pour over the North Sea, for example, which is shallow, because not so long ago it was land — or so the geologists say, and they deal in millions of years with as light a thought as the rest of us talk of months. To-day's birds, they say, carry on a habit gradually acquired when the sea was land. If this is not so, how do we account for the fact that birds in myriads cross the comparatively wide North Sea, but very seldom venture over the very deep but narrow strait that separates Madagascar from Africa? The young birds inherit a desire to follow a habit established by their ancestors over æons of time when this sea was dry land. This cannot be said of the immigrant butterflies, for their offspring are never given

the chance of such a journey; the return journey is never made: so it was argued only a few months ago, but, thanks to the new campaign, evidence begins to appear that some of the species, at any rate, go as well as come — that the insect migrants are more like the bird migrants than was thought.

In and about Britain the most suggestive of the evidence has been supplied by observers on the sea. All round the coast the men in the lightships and lighthouses have been mobilized as observers and asked to forward to the research centres their exact observations. They have seen many curiosities that had previously escaped notice.

Butterflies were regarded as playthings of the wind. Larger in the sail and lighter in ballast than the tenderest of racing yachts, they could do nothing but fly in the direction that the wind commanded. So large and susceptible are their wings that their habitual flight even on the calmest day is a *chassé*, a wavering course up and down and sideways, as though the sail were too strong for the rudder. How could such light, ethereal fliers set forth on a direct and purposeful flight in defiance of the currents of the air? Their flight is now known to be much more under control than seemed likely. Flocks of butterflies have been seen tacking their way against strong winds over the sea as both immigrants and emigrants. The island of Britain sends out emissaries as well as receives them, and the journeys in both directions are not the result of a blind obedience to external force.

In some respects the flight of butterflies is better than the flight of birds. They have a marvelous power of rising almost vertically. The huge light-blue butterflies of the Brazilian forests — or, for that matter, the purple emperor butterflies of France and Britain — rise and disappear over tall trees with an ease and at a speed that are scarcely credible. Many of the larger and more splendid butterflies collected in tropical or sub-

tropical forests in South America can only be secured by the agency of a gun. They are shot down as a bird is shot, but the pellets are, of course, smaller, and are usually described as dust shot, though the description is not very accurate. Many a collector goes out into the forest with a two-barreled gun containing cartridges of heavy shot in one barrel for the destruction of any dangerous snake that may appear on the way, the other loaded with this dust shot for bringing down these towering butterflies.

Nor do butterflies suffer in like measure one disability of the bird. Most birds weaken if they do not feed frequently. In some zoölogical gardens of the North, many birds in the past have died of starvation because they could only feed in the light and could not endure the fourteen hours' fast necessitated by the long nights. It was not till artificial daylight was supplied, and their feeding time thus extended, that their health was ensured. Some butterflies feed grossly, on rotten fruit or even on animal matter, though most of them sip daintily the very essence of the flower only at such hours as the sun is shining; but all of them, whether they feed grossly or daintily, seem to be able to live for an indefinite time with little or no food. This power of abstinence would doubtless be a great aid to migration.

Birds tire, some of them quite soon, for their weight of body is very great; and such birds as ducks and pigeons are able to maintain flight only by the development of extremely powerful muscle, used almost to the full at all stages of the flight. They often reach a pitch of utter exhaustion, and after the passage, even of so short a distance as the English Channel, can be picked up by hand, too weary to attempt to use either legs or wings.

It is difficult to imagine either a hungry or a weary butterfly. The species differ immensely, even more than birds, in their power of flight. Indeed, the

females of some moths are wingless, and their migrations, of a few yards at most, are dependent on their legs alone; others have a wing area, in relation to both the bulk and the weight of the rest of them, that far exceeds what Vergil calls 'the oarage of the wings' of any other creature, whether bat or beetle or fly. The speed is not high, but it is very much greater than is generally supposed. It used to be thought that migrating birds traveled at a speed comparable to the aeroplane's. We now know that the majority go less fast than an express train. Thirty miles an hour is a good speed for some of them, and a strong-winged butterfly such as the monarch would not be left far in the rear.

III

Recent discoveries in details of bird migration have been made largely through the agency of aluminum rings, each lettered and numbered, that are attached to the legs. Some of the birds so ringed are caught in traps of the size of large aviaries. The first was built in Heligoland, which may be called the headquarters of the study of migration; and in spite of its date Gädke's marvelous book on migrating birds remains a classic. There are few other places in the world where quite so many species in such fantastic numbers rest for a while on their way across the sea. Another cage built on a similar model on the island of Skokholm on the west coast of Britain is producing a succession of minor discoveries. Such cages are rare, but in most countries nestlings are ringed; and as the study of birds grows more and more popular, more and more recoveries of these ringed birds are reported all over Europe and North America, and even in Asia and Africa.

To ring an insect would indeed be to 'break a butterfly upon a wheel.' The achievement is next door to the impossible. Nevertheless butterflies can be

marked. A hint has been taken from modern students of bees. A number of queer little discoveries in the economy of the hive and its social organization have been made of late by marking each bee as it emerged from the cell. The mark is made by dropping a speck of colored cellulose on the right spot (just above the thorax); and this both lasts a long time, as the time of insects is reckoned, and is singularly conspicuous. In an observation hive you can quite clearly follow the activities of a chosen individual or a particular hatch. You can see how the young bee is trained progressively to a succession of tasks, beginning as housemaid, proceeding to nursemaid and then to general caterer, and perhaps finally to the feeder of a queen. Butterflies and moths are being similarly marked, and out of doors in the garden you can see these marks at a fair distance.

It is not expected that a moth 'cellulosed' in Detroit or Aberdeen will be discovered in Labrador or Griqualand, to give two examples from the recent history of a wild goose and a swallow; but some rather unexpected results have been observed, though the experiment has had only one season's trial. One discovery is that the butterflies we see to-day in our garden, perhaps on the same Michaelmas daisy or Buddleia flower, are not for the most part the butterflies we saw yesterday. They are successors. The butterflies pass on.

What these movements mean we do not know. How are they prompted? What is their purpose? These are questions not yet answered, but we know a great many more facts than we did; and perhaps the most notable is this: that in some cases, at any rate, the migration is a two-way migration, a to-and-fro movement.

It used to be held, for example, that butterflies and moths (such as the red admiral, the painted lady, the larger hawk moths, and the silver Y-moth) flew over the seas into Britain but never

returned to the Continent. Lately flights over the seas in a southerly and easterly direction, as well as in a northerly and a westerly, have been fully authenticated, and the likeness between the bird and the butterfly brought a step further.

A number of animals have a certain prompting to trek. One of the most startling examples is in quadrupeds. Those ratlike creatures, the Scandinavian lemmings, will gather in huge companies and march forward in a given direction with such blind determination that nothing will stop them. They have gone straight on without flinching into river, lake, or even sea, and drowned themselves in thousands. Swarms of mice have been seen going forward in much the same way in Australia; and it has been presumed that the cause was hunger, due to an excessive multiplication of the species.

Hunger is a potent compeller. It doubtless affects both bird and quad-

ruped; but it is not a full explanation. It does not explain the massing in great companies and congregations; and it does not apply to all sorts of migrations. It quite certainly is not the stimulating cause of these long flights of butterflies.

'All things go out into mystery' (*omnia exeunt in mysterium*), not least the winged being that sets forth over sea and land to a bourne as yet unknown. Do not the young birds of some species precede their parents and fly straight and quite undirected by night as well as by day to the home district from which their parents came? The mystery is made yet more mysterious, for it seems less rational, by the new knowledge on the way of a butterfly in the air; but we are all mystics enough to feel that a happy compulsion is put on us to plumb the depths and heights, however remote the chance of approaching either the nadir or the zenith of the mystery that defers us.

THE SELECTION OF PROFESSORS

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

IN 1781 one Immanuel Kant published a work entitled *The Critique of Pure Reason*, which shook the foundations of learning and has remained the most important philosophical work to this day. The author, a teacher of philosophy in a small provincial university, was then fifty-seven years old. Up to that time he had published nothing of exceptional quality. According to the standards of many of our university administrations in the United States to-day, he would have been fired twenty years before the completion of his immortal work. Whether Kant, fragile in body and modest in spirit, would have survived the shock might well be doubted. Poor all his life, he needed the protection and security of a fixed position in an established institution to mature. How often is such a crime committed in America to-day? No one can tell.

It may be objected that Kant was a philosopher and therefore his case was peculiar. But David Hume, Kant's illustrious predecessor, wrote his most important work at the age of twenty-seven and spent the rest of his long life developing his thought. Yet Hume, who possessed a small legacy, never was connected with teaching for any length of time. Needless to say, many American university presidents would have been delighted to hire so distinguished a scholar, provide him with a full professorship and all kinds of research funds, at the age of thirty. For what purpose? Hume did not wish to teach, nor had he

much to say after his important intuitions had been formulated.

Similar cases could be multiplied at will. Some men mature early, others late. Some kinds of research lead on to a far-flung track with complex ramifications, yielding little result for a long time; others happen to strike significant results early and remain sterile ever after. There is no ready-made formula by which future intellectual achievement can be gauged. I feel that in the intellectual sphere we have absolutely no basis for such predictions, yet the policy of our universities is built upon just such irresponsible prophecies by the older men, or upon the even more haphazard impressions of 'administrators.'

A great deal of the most important scholarship is not the result of research, but rather of wide reading and experience. This is particularly true in the humanities and in the social sciences. While the ability to carry on technical research in a particular field is an important part of the equipment of any teacher and scholar, it is by no means central. Broadly speaking, I should maintain that it is more important to be able to think than to be able to do research. It is the quality of mind which counts in the long run.

And it is this quality of mind which the student is able to gauge in a teacher, and which makes it possible to base some fairly accurate predictions on student judgment. But what is student judgment? Is one student's opinion as good

as another's? Or is it a matter of taking a poll? I have found that the kind of opinion you would get from a poll is not very helpful in discovering intellectual mettle. It is an old experience that men rarely recognize ability above their own level. An average student opinion will discover for you the teacher with no more than just the average equipment. Such a teacher probably possesses qualities of oratory which are exceptional, and thus is able to arouse the student's interest. But you cannot blame institutions of learning for being wary of acquiring too many men who are good teachers in the sense of being common-run minds with an exceptional capacity for showmanship.

In short, one student's opinion is not so good as that of another. Trouble starts, then, with the selection of the right students. I believe that your promising scholar is apt to be the man to whom the brilliant students flock. In the 'dark' Middle Ages, at the time of the beginning of our universities, this capacity to attract the brilliant student was of decisive importance. The great luminaries were the centres of an adoring student body which collected around them because of their exceptional ability as teachers and scholars. In European universities there is still a faint glimmer left of this ancient tradition; students go from university to university in search of the great teacher-scholar.

The great teacher and the great scholar are one and the same thing. To make a dichotomy between the two functions is a sign of not comprehending the life of the mind. Almost every college and university in the land has one or more such individual teachers. They often do more toward moulding the thinking of the coming generation than all the rest of the faculty put together. There can, accordingly, be no question that it is the task of the administration of every college and university, large or small, to gather as many such personalities as possible.

II

The quickening of the spirit in the United States has struck many acute foreign observers. André Siegfried saw it when he described America's new adventures. The world-wide conquest of American literature is a striking feature of the post-war period. In art, music, and the sciences, similar strides have arrested the attention of workers in these fields throughout the world, and voices have occasionally been heard declaring that the next cycle in Western civilization would be dominated by American ideas and works. This quickening of the spirit has manifested itself in the student bodies of American colleges and universities. Even within my own fifteen years' residence in this country I have been watching with amazement the constant broadening of intellectual vision in the younger generation. American intellectual life to-day is no longer an echo of European movements, but has struck out on its own path with unexcelled vigor. It is only natural that such intellectual ferment should manifest itself in an increase of students turning toward intellectual adventure as a life's career.

Another factor which has greatly contributed toward the intensity of intellectual competition and has narrowed the chances of eventual success is the influx of foreign scholars. There is no question that these migrations have greatly enriched American scholarship; indeed, the year 1918 may appear as striking a landmark in the history of Western scholarship as the fall of Constantinople in 1453.

If you can picture yourself in the position of a university administrator, confronted by this wealth of available talent, you will more readily appreciate the reasons why the problem of just selection has not as yet been solved. Definite criteria are lacking for determining which 'one among, say, twelve available candidates is the most promising. The guidance which might be de-

rived from intelligent student opinion is very difficult to secure. Each of the available candidates has a sponsor or sponsors, men who have worked in the same field and who have seen him do some fine work as a graduate student.

Faced by hopelessly conflicting opinions, the responsible administrator naturally tries to secure some tangible, incontrovertible evidence, preferably quantitative. Hence we get the increasing emphasis placed upon what is called scholarly production. No man in his right mind would admit, of course, that it was merely a matter of putting so much white paper with printer's ink between book covers. But when it comes to choosing between the man who has published something scholarly and the man who has not, the decision is apt to be in favor of the 'productive' scholar. On what other ground shall the harassed president of a large university decide, if both candidates are backed by important men in the field, have done a little teaching quite successfully, and are otherwise unobjectionable?

Unhappily the proviso that the men be otherwise unobjectionable often hides a multitude of questionable considerations. Not only do discriminatory racial attitudes intrude themselves here, but if a man is blunt and disagreeable as a colleague, or holds views markedly out of line with the commonly accepted range of opinions, he will often find himself barred. The reason those considerations are relevant here is that they inject themselves so readily into the evaluation of precisely this 'productive' scholarship, which is supposed to provide the objective standard.

'His work is unsound' is the ever-repeated slogan. This slogan may be vicious when applied in the social sciences or the humanities. For what is 'sound'? 'Sound' is the adjective one applies to work with the premises or unproved assumptions of which he happens to agree. Lately, another such formula has been making a great impres-

sion in certain quarters. If one does not like the productions of a scholar, one calls him a 'theorist.' What is a theorist? He is a man with whose unproved assumptions one does not agree. To him is opposed the man who gives us 'the facts, nothing but the facts.' But who is such a 'factualist'? He is a man whose unproved assumptions one does not notice, because one agrees with them so heartily that they appear simply 'true.' In the social-science field, practitioners with lack of adequate academic training love particularly to pose as such factualists. What is such a practitioner? A man who does not even know that unproved assumptions and premises exist.

All this goes to show that the 'objective' standard of scholarly production may be, and frequently is, a snare and a delusion. The university president in his swivel chair is still confronted by the enigma of qualitative evaluation. A promotion is to be made, and there are four available candidates. One has written two books, but the pundits in his field call them 'unsound' and 'theoretical.' Is he a genius or a fool? The other has written only three somewhat incomprehensible articles on esoteric subjects, but the wise men and great consider them promising of better things to come. The third has written nothing, but the great professor whom he is assisting swears that he possesses the most searching mind he has ever come in contact with. Number four has written one book which is declared fair, one article which suggests the same promise as number two. One and three are acclaimed by students as brilliant teachers; two, one hears, is a dull lecturer; four has had little teaching experience. What is the administrator going to do? Evidently, all four men are men of some ability; appointing any one of them will not wreck the university. Yet, he is supposed to pick the man who will be the most brilliant and distinguished at fifty. I am glad I do not have to make that selection.

Is there no hope of improvement? Must we forever struggle and grope in the darkness, 'muddling through' in a pitiful manner? I believe not. It seems to me that the time has come for experimenting with more objective methods. We have the more reason for doing so since we have before us the steady decline of the German universities during the last fifty years. Being confronted by rather similar conditions, they employed similar methods of confidential consultation. They also hit upon the same device of emphasizing 'objective' production. An enormous increase in learned monographs, an ever-widening bottom of footnotes, and an ever-increasing lack of really significant teaching and thinking in the universities were the result. When the National Socialists attacked and destroyed the universities, they — like the Turks in 1453 — killed what to many already appeared to be a corpse.

III

The task which is confronting us demands more objective methods of selection. What we need is to get away from the secretive consultation between small faculty groups and deans or presidents. At present, American universities persist in expecting decisive improvement through the selection of this or that genius. But what we really need to-day are methods of selection which are open and frankly competitive in terms of the particular tasks involved. There is no reason why the methods which are employed to give departments of the American government their large staffs of technical experts and research men, engineers, chemists, biologists, economists, and social scientists are not equally applicable to the task which faces us in the universities. We have to ascertain different qualities, of course, but there is reason to believe that we might do so by methods of open competition which incidentally are in accord with the general pattern of democratic society.

It is noteworthy that such methods of public competition were common in mediæval times, and survive in some of the democratic countries of Europe. The method of secretive dealings between faculty and administration is, on the other hand, derived from the aristocratic traditions of Oxford and Cambridge, and even more from the bureaucratic ways of monarchical Germany. The autocratic methods common in American business concerns have contributed their share in perpetuating these approaches to the personnel problems in American universities. But whereas such methods are entirely understandable in the competitive struggle of the commercial world, they have no place in the creative realm of higher learning, particularly in a democracy. The competition between our universities does not take such forms. There is no reason why available positions could not be properly advertised, and the application of men desiring to fill the position be considered on the basis of all available evidence.

The four or five candidates who would appear best qualified on the basis of their applications might then be invited to offer a lecture to the faculty and students of several schools and departments of the university. They might likewise be asked to conduct a discussion group on some suitable subject. It is encouraging that precisely such tests are informally arranged at the present time in those departments of our universities where the spirit of professional ambition free from scholastic jealousy prevails. These tentative practices should be given formal recognition.

It is my firm belief that such methods would help to dispel certain misgivings which at present attend too many appointments in controversial fields. Instead of secret dealings and unknown judgments, we should be facing a clear record. Such procedures would enable the responsible administrative officials in the universities to bring in outside

judges who are prominent in each particular field. In Holland, the writings submitted by candidates for the higher academic positions are sent out to leading authorities. Where the subject matter is highly controversial, care is taken to secure the opinion of opposing camps. It is the everlasting advantage of such democratic methods that they disarm hostile and ill-willed critics. By calling forth adequate discussion before the important decisions are made, they evade the kind of aggravating and useless discussion which criticizes a decision after it has been irrevocably made. Even the student body, by forming part of the process, is more apt to feel itself an integral factor in the important selection of its future teachers, and more satisfied with the selections when made.

Some people object to this sort of proposal on the ground that it would be undignified and hence impossible. I have no doubt that one would have to work around to such methods gradually. But I believe that the change could be accomplished. The Guggenheim Foundation and the Social Science Research Council, as well as other learned agencies, have for some time employed similar methods with satisfactory results. The newly founded Graduate School of Public Administration at Harvard has been obliged to solicit elaborate applications from men well advanced in the governmental services, and has received a large number of such applications from men interested in working with the faculty in building the school. While it is too early to say whether the best men were in that manner secured, it is interesting to note that more telling and significant data were thus assembled in open competition than are often available in the selection of younger faculty members.

The truth is that we have been drifting along. Methods which were well adapted to colleges a hundred years ago

when a president and dean presided over a small faculty have been retained without much consideration of their adequacy. In those days, as Morison's *Three Centuries of Harvard* shows so convincingly, it was invariably a question of securing someone who would be qualified in any degree to fill the particular vacancy. There was no superabundance of ambitious young men anxious to enter the university's service. Personal leadership was hence of the greatest moment. To-day, when all the larger universities confront a student body numbering thousands, with a faculty running into hundreds and dealing with all the conceivable fields of modern science and scholarship, we need different methods. Nothing will enable a president or dean, however remarkable as an intellectual leader, to accomplish the task which was possible in those pioneering days. The greatest service any such man can do for his institution is to evolve objective standards capable of public administration, to retire from the process personally as much as possible, and to restrict himself to overseeing the strict execution of the rules established for a thorough process of selection.

Neither teaching ability, nor productive scholarship, nor public acclaim, is by itself a reliable guide to individual men. Each is too much subject to biased distortion. Nor should the process of selection stress potential performance too much. It is hazardous enough in most fields of intellectual endeavor to ascertain actual performance at the present time. Let us appoint members to our faculties on the basis of their present achievement, without committing ourselves to their eventual promise. And let us not weigh too heavily the qualities which are relatively irrelevant when it comes to the life of the mind. For of all creation the life of the mind is the most mysterious.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY AUNT AND THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

- Dec. 5, 1936.* — 'I don't know about her. But they say he's for the common man.' — MY AUNT
Dec. 11. — 'I hope they leave the poor fellow alone now. After all, he's only human.' — MY AUNT
May 5, 1937. — 'Maybe there would n't be a bus strike if he were king. He was friendly to labor, you know.' — MY AUNT
Oct. 18. — 'Of course he ought to come to America. Housing and all that are very worth while.' — MY AUNT
Oct. 31. — 'Imagine! Going to Nazi Germany! I always said she was pro-Nazi.' — MY AUNT
Nov. 7. — 'I'm glad he's not coming. He'd only stir up trouble, and we've enough here already, without him too.' — MY AUNT

My aunt has, you see, quite positive opinions on the behavior of the Duke. Right now she stands firmly with Heywood Broun, the Baltimore Federation of Labor, the A. F. of L., the CIO, and the rest. She's 'agin' the Duke.

My aunt I don't blame. She's susceptible to the loudest cries on a public question, and the Liberal-Labor assault on the Duke has truly been screeched and roared. But those who have written for her to read and talked for her to hear constitute another problem. They are supposed to have reasonably consistent criteria and yardsticks by which to judge men and events. If their influence on my aunt is any indication, in the Duke's case they've thrown reason into the ash can and proceeded on a hyperemotional use of the rule of thumb.

She seethes with Labor's indignation at the Duke's choice of Charles Bedaux as a guide to the United States, and boils along with the American League Against War and Fascism at the sight of the Duke inspecting Nazi housing and factories. She doubtless has forgotten that slightly less than a year ago she had been convinced by the liberals that Edward VIII was being ousted for his 'radical sympathy' for the British working-man. Edward was quite a fellow in those days, almost a threat to capitalism — so much so that my aunt astonishedly found herself agreeing with the Communist Party

that Edward's dethronement was merely the prelude to a programme of 'vicious reaction' throughout the Empire. She was then for the Duke — very much.

Although her sources are pretty much unchanged, she no longer gets the behind-the-scenes story as she did last December. The same liberals have sold her the idea that the Duke is now a new and more real menace — this time a threat to democracy itself.

My aunt was much impressed when the Baltimore Federation of Labor referred to the proposed American tour as 'a slumming party.' Like the Baltimore boys, she thought it pertinent to point out that as plain Miss Wallis Warfield her present Grace had never been interested in the labor movement. It was true, she thought sagaciously, Wally had never been known to leave a cocktail party at Aunt Bessie Merryman's to do picket duty or even to talk over wages and hours with a dress fitter. My aunt, whose previous interest in Wally had been mainly limited to her Molyneux gowns and backstairs tidbits about her, pronounced it more than just that Her Grace should now be punished for such youthful indiscretion.

Heywood Broun's comment that a few pleasant remarks from the Duke about the plight of the Welsh miners did n't constitute a labor record also struck a sympathetic chord. After all, look at what the Duke had done to all those old palace retainers! He too was probably just sniffing at the other half. If my aunt had been the rough-and-tumble type, she would have bestowed upon his yellow head the additional title of 'Labor Faker.'

Yet a year ago, along with these same liberal instructors, she thrilled at the spectacle of real royalty 'bursting out in indignation at the horrible conditions of the Welsh colliers.' She grew pink enough to see pleasant social portents in his willingness to befriend a class ignored by his government. She talked hopefully of 'philosopher-kings' and enjoyed watching Edward make his ministers uncomfortable.

It was really this fellow Bedaux, my aunt

would tell you, who changed everything. He'd devised the 'stretch-something' system, and such a fellow was no fit labor tutor for the Duke. An admission from me that the Duke might have done better failed to quench my aunt's thirst for his blood. Unfortunately she did n't grasp the comic implications in Labor's objections to Bedaux as a major-domo: simply that Labor's roar meant that Bedaux would have to bring the Duke 3000 miles across the water and walk him through heaven-knows-how-many-more miles of factories to convince him of the preëminence of the Bedaux system. That, of course, Bedaux could not have done in Europe.

I don't think, either, that my aunt would have agreed with Labor's unbreathed sur-render to Bedaux implicit in its howling. She just did n't realize that if Labor objected so violently to Bedaux as guide it meant to demonstrate its own factory systems against his. Had she seen this, my aunt would probably have stood right up and said, 'If he visits the intelligently, humanely conducted American factories, he'll be able to judge for himself.' But then, my aunt did n't get the whole story.

Nor was she in on all the angles of the Duke's journey into Nazi Germany. She got just enough to conclude, along with her enlighteners, that the Duke's inspection of German plants and housing was tantamount to his being bamboozled by the Nazi chieftains. In their hot fury at the Duke's going to Germany at all, my aunt's guides, much as the Duke's Nazi guides, doubtless construed his pointed silences as approval. As my aunt herself so often says, 'That's an argument that cuts both ways.' And, salute or no salute, my aunt owns now that she has n't read one word of praise of Naziism by the Duke.

She was, however, deeply horrified that, of all people, the Nazis should pick Nazi Labor Front Leader Ley to show the Duke around. That was every bit as silly as having Madame Perkins do the same service in this country. My aunt and her newspaper advisers seemed to expect the Nazis to release a trade-unionist leader from a concentration camp for this mission. Along with the A. F. of L. and the rest, she forgot that the Duke would have had to be pretty much of a blockhead not to have known before he ever went to Germany that Ley could show him only the corpse

of German organized labor. Again, on the motive of the Duke's inspection of this corpse, my aunt's 'two-way' argument might have come in handy.

Finally, it is strange that Messrs. Broun, Pegler, and the rest, who write column after column on the Nazi-loving British Government, completely neglected to speculate (for my aunt's benefit) on that government's rôle in the Duke's German trip. Particularly Broun, whose speculations have the redeeming and annoying virtue of later being substantiated by fact. He might have figured it something like this: the British Government long ago announced its objection to the Duke's visiting the United States. However, it coveted his publicity value for its own use. With Secretary Eden fawning on Hitler, it had a perfect setup to utilize the Duke's popularity. Send him into Germany, where his presence would create the sentiment of British friendship without actually involving the home government. And, in exchange for the German junket, the British Foreign Office would reward the little Duke with a lollipop in the form of no objections to the American tour.

It all worked out beautifully — for Messrs. Eden and Chamberlain. Mr. Broun's suppositional powers might not roam so far as this, but perhaps the Foreign Office cannily figured that the Duke's German expedition *would* arouse objections in the United States. Thus, they could keep the Duke away from America without visibly raising a finger against him. Supposition or not, that's the way it turned out. The Foreign Office cashed in on the Duke's popularity. So did my aunt and the American liberals, but they got lead chips instead of silver.

Some day perhaps my aunt will read (and then she'll believe it) that the Labor-Liberals tried and convicted the Duke on mighty flimsy evidence — that they blacklisted for a long time, with a great many innocent followers, the good influence he might have had. She may also learn of the unconscious collusion between the British conservatives and the American liberals. Someone may tell her that when the Americans hysterically linked the Duke with Fascism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Labor elements, they played straight into the waiting hands of their own foes.

My aunt may realize (with help) that, regardless of his tactless associations and

naïveté in the whole complicated business of human welfare, the Duke as humanitarian had a tremendous popular influence. His mere announcement of interest in housing and working conditions created vast public curiosity and sympathy for these and kindred progressive measures. She may see that his proposed tour caused more comment on these subjects than did the Wagner Housing Act or the Child Labor Amendment.

Granting the Duke's background, no one expects even a rounded liberal point of view from him. But why, because of what at worst can be considered only a blunder, threaten him with a picket line and boycott? Why class him with Vittorio Mussolini? To date no boasts of the joy of blowing villages to bits have sullied his prestige.

And the chance to trade intelligently on that prestige my aunt and her liberals have, for the time being, booted away. Labor's noisy self-congratulation is picayune beside the reactionaries' quiet smirk. The American liberals have simply won the battle and lost the war.

The Duke now plans to go to Scandinavia and even Soviet Russia. He's too reactionary to be welcomed to democratic America, but he'll probably be *persona grata* with the Soviets, — particularly the Stakhanovites, — who know the sweetest use of publicity.

My dear aunt may learn all this in time. But she'll need some new teachers.

THE RIVER KEI

ALONG the silent River Kei
The tall thin reeds are listening to the shadows
That creep into their midst behind the sun.
How desolate is my heart.

Across the fields and down the River Kei
The day goes in her yellow robe.
But night comes after, dark and cold.
How desolate is my heart.

And you, my dream, are gone across the fields,
Across the fields and down the River Kei.
Among the shadows you are lost.
How desolate is my heart.

GERALD CHAN SIEG

THE LONG SLEEP

PRESSING the damp wad of pale moss and leaf mulch against a mould-scarred feldspar rock on the sagging old stone wall, the Woodchuck drove his curved incisors deeper, cutting with a dull crackle through a brown maple leaf and serrating a last year's twig of alder.

Over the pad that was to mattress his winter-long sleep, his dilated nostrils wheezed laboriously, emitting faint clouds in the cold, clear wintry air. He was tired, and a dull ache ran under the thick brown coat from his shoulders to the base of his sagging tail. For several seconds he stood there, body elevated, his black-padded, nail-curved paws wide-spread. Like a youngster peering into a bakery window, he stood, looking forlornly through round brown eyes over unattainable things — over clover, juiceless, brown, and jejune, running away with the frosted gentle slope to the brook deep in azure anger and crystal, rock-churned clarity.

Then, securing his strong foreclaws in the pustulelike surface of the rock, he drew himself slowly up, gathering in his flank with a weary, deep-throated groan. From there his tired eyes surveyed once again the bleak barrenness before him: the denuded elm on the far slope, the rough-barked aged oak in soldierly command over a silent platoon of young white pines, and a venerable old maple, tenaciously fostering a few russet-brown badges of three-fingered leaves. In spite of his thick coat he felt the cold, blowing strongly from the north, making flat spots on his rump like a whirlwind in a field of ripening grain.

He was about to start down, lowering his cryptogamic bedding, when a new odor, faintly pungent, stirred his delicate olfactory lobes — an odor that caused him to turn his head sharply, nostrils quivering, and filter it with mounting fear. Though he bore proudly the distinguished name of *Marmota monax*, he was nevertheless in great fear of fire. His tired round eyes stared into the north with a new glow, and his jowls pulsed in a rapid sucking sound, straining the pine-scented wind with infinite care.

For perhaps five minutes he crouched there, his hind quarters wearily flattened, his clover-leaf ears rigidly erect, weighing the increasing acidity of the fire. Then, quite exhausted, he turned slowly and extended

one paw carefully over the edge, picking his way down to the ground. Every step sent darting pains through his foreshoulders, and his paws were numb to the cold, hard surface. Already the danger was a distant thing, filtering with dull insistence into a brain no longer responsive to great exertion. With slow care he walked down the slope, picking his way among the drooping, fuzzy stalks of hawkweed and the tentacular clumps of hardhack. And presently he reached his own run, a trodden narrow pathway connecting the clover patch with his burrow in the lee of the blackberry-crowned ledge.

Bracing himself against his weariness, he stood quite still, looking back along the colorless run, seeing for one forlorn moment the luscious stalks of clover alive with pink round blossoms and busy, humming bees. And while he remembered, a single large snowflake dropped with infinite gentleness on the bridge of his stubby nose. And then another and another followed, and he turned into the run and began to climb the slope, slowly, dragging his bushy short tail. The wind had veered to the northeast, the leaden sky had dropped. He did not miss the acrid taint of the fire, nor sense relief that the thickening snow was blanketing his most terrible foe. The wind whistled softly in his mossy pad, ruffling the edges, playing in the pale greenery of its soft dampness. Snow gathered there, like seed pearls, and along the beaten run.

It was snowing heavily when he reached the young butternut, its resplendent foliage long since denuded, where his path veered more to the west on the final shale-bedded climb to the base of the ledge. With laborious, patient toil he crept slowly upward, placing his aching forepaws so as to avoid the sharper bits of laminated rock. And presently, quite exhausted, he reached the entrance to his snug subterranean. Already the snow lay in thin, spotless ermine, concealing the rugged blackness of his ledgy roofing.

As he stood there, braced against the fatiguing results of his exertion, a hostile odor assailed his nostrils. He turned his head slowly until his tired eyes dimly focused the rapid approach of a man. Over the wall he had so laboriously traversed, a tall figure leaped. At any other time that odor would have brought him to soldierly attention, his eyes sternly 'front.' And the visual command would have wheeled and plunged him

into the protection of his burrow. But now, with senile reaction, he watched the intruder hurry across the slope; watched him with hazy, disinterested curiosity, unaware that the faint odor of smoke came from the man's clothes and that the hands swinging vigorously at his sides were cracked and blistered from the fire; watched him, vaguely, as he disappeared with heavy, rapid stride into the swirling snow.

For the first time he released the mossy pad, laying it close to the earthen entrance with extreme gentleness, and began to work his jaws, smoothing out the stiff dryness with his rough thin tongue. His stance, on the very edge of his long sleep, was decidedly dejected. The wide straddle of his short legs, the depressive hang of his bushy tail, the wan lustre of his round brown eyes, were a far cry from the fiery, spirited, vigorous creature of a few short weeks before.

He turned slowly, now, and looked back into the driving snow. Already his run was no more, and the patch of clover a distant blurred reality. There was no odor but the faint sweetness of evergreen, no sound but the gentle plush of the snow and the low whine of the wind, and no sensation save the numbing cold and an excruciatingly painful weariness. With strange reluctance he turned back, gathered in his damp, snow-padded cryptogam, and slowly entered his burrow.

The fresh bedding chafed the sides, folding back, gouging fine silt from the walls. Fighting, showing, urging his rapidly waning energy, he pushed onward, curving with the burrow, going gradually deeper — down and down, until, with exhausted relief, he entered the enlarged chamber at the end of the hole. There he dropped the mossy pad, poked it feebly with his cold nose, tugged at it twice with an unsteady forepaw, and sank down upon it, flattened, his legs undrawn.

Several seconds later the Woodchuck stirred, rolled slowly into a tight ball, drawing his hind legs close to his belly, his forelegs astride the nose buried in his groin. His eyes closed, his breathing softened. Pain and weariness drained slowly from his shoulders, ran down his thickly furred sides.

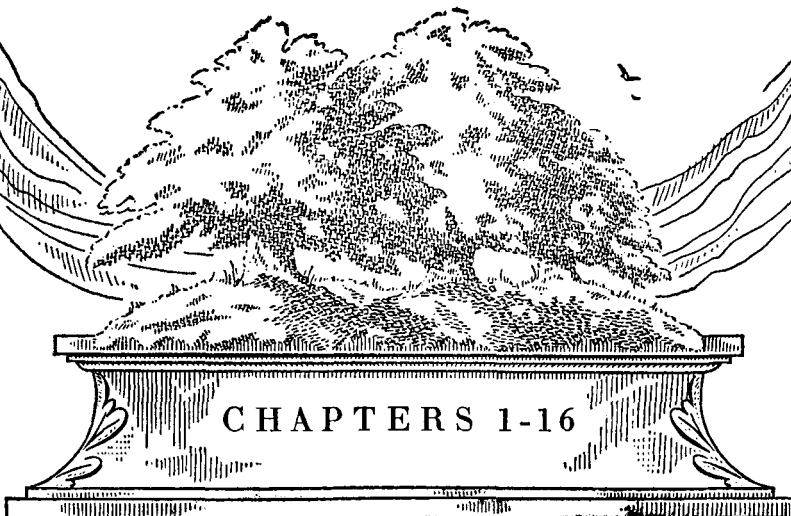
Outside, the snow fell softly, building an enormous stalagmite at the entrance. Presently it closed out the light and the whining wind and the bitter cold. And the Woodchuck, free of pain and weariness, began his long sleep.

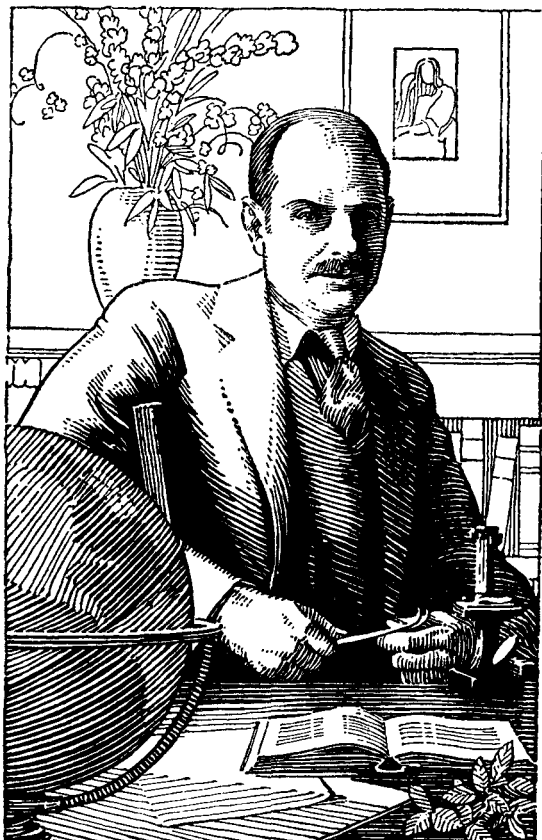
The Atlantic Serial

A

PRAIRIE
GROVE

BY
DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE





Donald Culross Peattie

... is that rare combination, a botanist and poet rolled into one. From his parents he received a literary heritage, for his father, Robert Burns Peattie, was a well-known Chicago journalist and his mother a novelist and for many years literary critic on the *Chicago Tribune*. Men of letters now grown gray will well remember their visits to the Peattie home on Bond Street, which Mrs. Peattie always referred to as "The Coupons."

His schooling in Chicago was followed by two years in the University of Chicago. Then he went on to Harvard, where he studied under William Morton Wheeler and all but lived at the Herbarium. He graduated with honors in 1922, and coincidentally — to the surprise of his scientific friends — walked off with the Witter Bynner Prize for poetry. For the next three years he was employed as a botanist in the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, Department

Of
THE PRAIRIE GROVE
the author has written this description:

"This is not a novel, not a historical romance, not a popularization of history. I say that I am *remembering*, remembering for the trees and the great grass province and the passenger pigeons and the wild swans."

of Agriculture, and in this capacity made special investigations of the tropical plants of Florida and the flora of the Indiana sand dunes and of North Carolina. This, of course, led to the preparation of technical papers. Meantime he had married Louise Redfield, the novelist — an event of immediate stimulus to his creative writing.

A Prairie Grove is Mr. Peattie's tenth book. *The Bright Lexicon*, published in 1934, was one of the first to catch the eye of discerning readers. For his *Almanac for Moderns* (1935) he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club; in the opinion of that organization his book stood the best chance of becoming a classic of any written by an American in the previous three years. *Singing in the Wilderness*, his romantic life of Audubon, appeared in 1936, and was in turn followed by *Green Laurels: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists*.

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A PRAIRIE GROVE

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

CHAPTER I

THE roots of this story, like my own, are struck deep in the black loam of the state that is shaped like an arrowhead. Where I grew up the knotted burr oaks stood, their boughs so long they arched down to the ground again. And it was under these living arches that my people came driving their wagons. They saw the green and bronze of the first of the prairie grasses, the wild gardens of the New World flora, aster and sunflower and great golden foxglove; they saw the black earth, and they called these spots the oak openings. They drove on, and the trees were spaced wider and wider, pastoral kings, each with his own realm of high meadow to shadow. They lumbered out upon the prairie, praising God for space and earth and wind. Their wagon tracks left bent the astonished grass, left flowers broken. Very slowly the most resilient culms eased up again and faced the breeze. But there were many more wagons to come, and the grass at last learned obedience.

Here was a soil with a million years of wealth in it, a kingdom without serious obstacle to its conquest, such space in it that men longed for a corner, women for a neighbor. As they drove the plough across those seas of meadow flower, their

thoughts went backward to the trees, to the gift of wood and shade. They named the faint ridges islands, and in the noon heat of their ploughing they drank with thirsty eyes of those blue distant island groves.

The prairie island and its grove are like the hammock in the everglades, like an atoll in the sea, like an oasis upon the desert. It is something worth floundering and sweating for, a spot where a man can throw himself down and drink the wind and bathe in shade, where, as the blood stops pounding in his temples, he can begin to hear the birds singing deeper in the woods. The dry land and the tall trees and the short grass all make him think of home; he sees a home here before he builds it. He sees the chimney and the roof, outreached by the protective oaks, and there is something about flowers carpeting between old boles that is like the passing of a woman's skirts. So he thinks of the woman to put in the house, and of the family sounds upon the floor.

In my country, in the state shaped like an arrowhead, there are many groves. We have Elk Grove and Shakers' Grove, and Thatcher's Grove, and we have many ridges; there is no good

county without an old highway called the Ridge Road. History moved from grove to grove along the ridges. The men rode them when the snows were deep or the rains were high, and they spared the crops thus in summer and autumn.

It requires a love of it deeply to read the slight configuration of this land. Then you may see that the old post roads of Genghis Khan were not so romantic as the Ridge Road that turns past Alison's barns, and that of the four great temperate grasslands of the world — the steppes and the veldt, the pampas and the prairies — the last are not the least.

If you cross the prairies by the train, it seems too far from here to there; that is because in the flying coach you are never anywhere. But that woman who waved at you from the porch of the white frame house under the silver poplars is in the geometric centre of a circle as wide as the visible ends of the earth. She has had time, living there, to learn how mighty is distance seen horizontally. Some people only love a hill; they like their views prettily framed for them. For such, mountains are excessive, and plains give them agoraphobia. But if I cannot have mountains, give me a plain where there are a hundred and eighty degrees of sky arc.

And for my peace, my habitation, and my heritage, give me an island grove upon that plain.

CHAPTER II

Of the prairie province they say that the seas made it. Its bones are of coral, of diatoms, and protean microscopic animals. A little later, in the course of millennia that cannot be reckoned, the fishes made it. And then, when the bed of the sea was uplifted and it became dry land, rain fell on it, and the tropical club mosses grew in the marshes tall as trees. When the Carboniferous wind blew in their awkward branches, the golden spores were piled like snowdrifts in

the peat. So were the coal measures laid down, and sometimes a fern leaf, broken by an amphibian foot, fell in the ooze to leave its imprint fossil there. Students go down into mines now to look for those superscriptions of past time. A fireman, flinging coal into the engine's firebox, burns them away, in the hot prairie night, and the train tears off more miles.

The seas came back, and the continent uneasily shouldered them off again. Each time the great waters came and went they laid down the deep layers of death, out of which life was born. It took all of that — all that growth and dying and time measured off by the millions of years of planetary revolution around the sun — to make the Indian corn grow so tall and taste so like an August day.

In the age of man came the glaciers. They say the glaciers came and went four times. The interval of years between the third and fourth was longer than the years elapsed since the last one. In Greenland, around the polar sea, the ice is still waiting to come back. It hangs on the sides of the Rockies; even in the Berkshires there are snow holes where the ice does not melt all summer. Lower the average temperature only a little, increase the precipitation, tamper a trifle with the small but vital carbon-dioxide content of the air, and the ice might come again, sagging outward under its own weight, bulging southward, finding all ready for it — short summers, long winters.

The glaciers blocked the drainage into lakes and swamps. They made the five Great Lakes, the greatest reservoirs of pure fresh water in the world. They made old lakes now vanished, whose faint shore lines, strewn with shell and gravel and clean sand, are smothered now in the height of the prairie grasses.

For when a glacier leaves the field, it drops its scourings as it shrinks. That is where we got the boulders of Canada granite lying on the soft black velvet of our loam. My people mounted to the

stirrup from such boulders, hauled to lie beneath the shady trees before the farmhouse door.

When their work was done, the glaciers had changed the life of this country. The elephant, the camel, and the horse, or their ancient prototypes, were gone. So were the ferns and cycads, but the face of the land was covered swiftly, with harsh sedges in the swamps, high grasses on the upland, and a few old indomitable types of trees — the nut trees, the catkin-bearing trees, oak and hickory, cottonwood and beech and birch and elm. Add ash and linden and a low thorn forest of the stone fruits, hawthorn and crab, plum and chokecherry. The grass and the trees went to war, and they are still fighting for the land. No one knows why the forest suddenly stops, cleft away, vertical might giving place to limitless breadth. So the first explorers found it; so, the Indian said, was it always.

There are many wise guesses about the prairie. They say that grass grows best where most of the rain falls in summer. They say that if you make a map of the area having the most violent changes of temperature, it coincides precisely with the lay of the temperate savanna. Some think that the Indians held back the forest with fire, those fires laid to drive the game to the kill.

Of all things that live and grow upon this earth, grass is the most important. It feeds the world. Its hollow stems, its sheathing leaves and chaffy flowers, above all its unique freight of grain, describe only grass, and perhaps the sedges. These are the marsh cousins of the grasses, but they are useless, harsh, withdrawn and cryptic. Grass is generous, swift-springing, candid-growing, full of motion and sound and light. From the first oak openings of Ohio and Kentucky till it washed to the foot of the Rockies, grass ocean filled the space under the sky. Steppe meadow, buffalo country, wide wilderness, where a man could call and call but there was nothing to send back an echo.

CHAPTER III

Root touched root across this empire. The harsh-edged leaves locked fingers, and the thoughtless west wind bore the pollen to the feathery purple stigmas of the husk-cupped flowers. In the jointed culms were water and salts, in the herbage was strength for the grazing herds, in the starch-filled seeds harvest for the mice. To the small rodents grass was forest. To the bison it was life certain underneath their hooves. Here the cock prairie chicken strutted before his wives, here in trust the lark sparrow laid her clutch of little eggs scrawled on the end with the illegible brown rune of her species, and the rattlers had a care for their frail spines when the elk walked by, terrible in branch and rut.

You may have seen Nebraska prairie, but that is low grass, bunch grass, a scattered, a semidesertic formation. You may have seen meadows, full of timothy and bluegrass, orchard grass and daisies. Those are introduced species; those are tamed Old World immigrants. The aboriginal high-grass prairie is nearly gone now. And it was something else.

It grew taller than a certain traveler who has left us his notes, taller than this man when he sat in his saddle. It grew so thick it flung the ploughshares up when they came to break it. When it burned, they say, it filled the sky with its smoke; the smoke blew through the forest belt, and when the Dakota were rounding up the game, the Ottawa in the woods of Michigan smelt that great hunt in the air.

But we have come to subdue the grasses, to conquer the empire of locked roots. The furrows lie even and open now, in spring and fall. The geometry of fields rules the landscape. It is a land turned to use, and I do not say it is not a good use, but some purity is gone. For the fallowed field does not grow up again to prairie. Thistles and burdock come up instead; we have the tares with

our wheat, and nothing wholly wild is left.

But after long hunting I have found, upon the edge of my island grove, one slim paring of forgotten virgin prairie. I knew it first because the thistles had stopped stabbing at my knees, and there was nothing here so gentle as daisies. It was not tall as the banished high grass, but it was unsullied by a single foreign weed. Between field and field of grain, it grew with a varied flourish; close set, coarse-stemmed, the rank flowers sprang amid the whistling grasses. Nothing grew there because it was useful; it was itself, complete, sufficient, claiming the land by the most ancient of rights.

I sat down there and looked away from the farms. I lay down and looked up at the sky. I felt this most uncorrupted earth beneath me, and all its cleanly, raw, hard strength. I knew the prairie was once all thus, and I tried to remember how that must have been. There would have been no feeling of fences around me, but only forests and grass, grass and forest, and rivers winding through. Even now was left to me that baked rosin odor of the compass plants; I saw the irritable tribal toil of the ants in their enormous mound, and in my ears the crackling of the locusts' wings and the distant anger of the crows were like primordial Amerind language.

What had happened on this natural stage? There are histories to tell me that, eyewitnesses who wrote in languages I understand. But on this turf and in the grove behind me the red men had a camp and a portage. That portage, to them but one of thousands, was, by the great accident that predestines any pattern we may see, directly in the road of history. Men of my own race had to come here. They were searching a passage to the China Seas, they were bringing the totem of a pale Manitou. Or they were men with lesser aims and common hungers, bringing only their right to grow where they stood and fling their seeds where they had cleared.

The bell of the church a mile north on the road rang down the fields. It is a good sound, even to unbelievers, but it broke some dream. So I stood up, the grass rising no higher than my knees. You are not so tall to-day, you prairie, as we are, and we shall never make you grow again, except in our thoughts.

CHAPTER IV

These pages are those thoughts, a memory of what was gone before I came. I must remember not with my trivial faculties but with the blood that is in me. I must remember for my kind who came before me, and even for those who spoke languages that are alien to me. For they too went before me and stood where I stand, and they looked where I look, but they saw a grander and harsher world.

That world is this story, and I write it not literally but as a true legend. There are many kinds of story; we all like to hear and tell funny stories and Lincoln stories and wonder stories, and stories of the old times, lucky stories, war stories, and some of us esteem the worth of a bitter anecdote or some tale of a grand folly. We recognize that these are so many facets of the gem of truth; they give it its sparkle and its prismatic surfaces. Merely one surface is the relation called history.

The writing of history is for historians. I may not walk within their preserves. But they do not allow themselves to stray where I intend to go. My purpose keeps me to the theme of the island grove, the trees and the great grass, the wildfowl and the furred and antlered beasts, and tall men, very small, moving about in their rôles beneath lofty boughs and across wide spaces.

We call those rôles their history, and because they are finished they seem inevitable now. But in their day these people lived as you and I do now, from moment to moment, the tense adventure of existence. Not knowing what would come, they ascribed, as you and I do,

false reasons for the things they did. History sums up their story; it detects the great propulsive movements to which they were subject as are children. It cannot stop to listen to individual forgotten heartbeats. But I shall listen, and I will claim the poet's right to say he knows what they think and feel who are too headlong in life to make a song of it.

The names of Father Gabriel Forrester and Father Pierre Prud'homme you will not find in all the seventy-two volumes of the *Jesuit Relations*. For one thing, they were not Jesuits. The work of the Recollet Franciscans has been neglected for the more articulate members of the Society of Jesus. I say you will not find the names of these characters of mine, yet they are there none the less. You will find these men in the *Relations*, unless you are blind, and you will find my Robert Du Gay in La Salle, Frontenac, Champlain. You will find the *coureurs de bois* everywhere in frontier history, and you will discover that they were the first men to reach the sources of the Mississippi, the first whites who ever gazed astounded upon the Rockies where the Big Horns jut out in the prairie province.

I guarantee, therefore, that no one in this story is wholly fictitious. It is not necessary to invent either character or detail; the gold and scarlet cloak of La Salle, the bourgeois bigotry of Father Hennepin, the humility and the death of Marquette, are matters of record. They are traditional folk airs in the great song of America.

You will not find on any map my island grove, yet it is here and I walk in it. It has had its history, predestined to it by its site between master rivers, crossed by a portage trail, and by the sort of men and women who there laid down first hearthstones, founding that honorable and half-awkward, half-lovely way of life that gave us Clemens, Altgeld, Grant, Logan, and Riley. My children are the sixth generation of their line in the grove; to go back ten generations, my people came westward by stages;

they too are in my story, as they are in me. In old records, in county histories, in memoirs and letters, I find the men and women who all over the state endured, exulted in, the privileges and pains of living in that day. I bring them to my story; I need invent little.

For the scene is all, the habitat group, man most significant in it. The drama is a biological drama; in the play we see how the white man came to the wilderness, and what happened then. The island is my stage; it would be falsifying, in effect, to name it; instead I hang out this sign: *A Wood*.

I walk beneath old trees that Du Gay might have known. I know my grove by winter and in summer; I know it through the night hours, when the vesper sparrows sing and the black-crowned herons are most active. My diaries tell me when the birds come back, when the thrush stops singing, when the first cicada praises heat. In my inventory is every one of the four hundred and fifty-three species of flowering plants that grow here. I have learned what pollinates them and what eats them and what nests among them, and what the Indians and pioneers used them for, and — have no fear — I shall not tell you much of this.

Humans have to take their place where it falls in the fauna. But there is no plot; this is not a novel, not a historical romance, not a popularization of history. I say that I am remembering, remembering for the trees and the great grass province and the passenger pigeons and the wild swans. I say that the coming of our species was an event, perhaps an impermanent one in the greater story. So my characters are transient, even shadowy. Individual character does not matter to Nature. In the end she absorbs all individualities; she knows only races and their rise and fall. But the ideas of our species are the human scent we leave upon the wild turf. They drift and linger on the airs after we have gone, and are the things most worth remembering about us.

CHAPTER V

'So we arrived,' writes Father Pierre Prud'homme, 'at this little eminence lost far out upon the prairies, having covered about two hundred and forty leagues from the isle of Michilimackinac, and three hundred and sixty leagues before that from Kébec, our good Father Gabriel being in a state of prostration with his dysentery and the buffeting of the elements to which we were exposed by the ambition, restlessness, and intrepidity of the *Sieur Du Gay*.'

Father Pierre, paddling bow in the lead canoe laden with the iron forge, picks, axes, kegs of powder, brandy, and muskets, was the first of the party who saw the waving violet ribbon of smoke from the Indian village. And so he claims, as he has a way of claiming precedence all through his memoirs, that he was the first white man who ever saw this grove.

Father Gabriel Forreste had been to the Illinois country two years before; he had found the Iliniwek not here but in their winter camp. He had promised them before God to return to them and speak again of the Master of Life, of baptism and heaven, and he had said then that he would bring them a blacksmith to mend the guns they had bought from the Dutch beyond the mountains. But all that next summer and the winter thereafter he had lain sick and suffering in the mission at St. Ignace where the lake of the Hurons meets the lake of the Illinois. To come again, to come in the time of heat, would be death to him and he knew it. But all men have their honor, and the honor of Father Gabriel was literal. Of himself he thought that God would exact all; only toward others dared he hope that Mercy would be infinitely forgiving.

He lay on his back in the third canoe, in his gray Franciscan habit (*Du Gay* would have nothing to do with the Jesuits, having been to school with them and failed of attaining a vocation), and he saw the sky and the plummy reeds and

the wild rice arching over him. But the leagues and the days were monotonous, monotonous with pain. God had tried his servants with the Iroquois torture fires, with fits of Huron murderous whim, with death in the rapids and slow death from hunger. Of such were the holy martyrs made. But it was the will of the Father that he, Gabriel Forreste, born only a peasant in Normandy, born to the plough and the stable dung, should die like this, in the ignominy of cramps and running bowels — should die, perhaps, here and now, in a shell of bark on a stream like a ditch, where the serpents basked on the bank and the swans and herons forever took screaming flight.

In his ears sputtered the curses of the two *coureurs de bois* with malediction for the *sales bêtes*, for this *sale pays*, for *Du Gay*, for the priests, for the canoe. 'It is well,' impractically wrote Father Pierre Prud'homme in after years, 'to employ the *coureurs de bois* as little as possible. They think of nothing but brandy and desertion and how they may escape to the woods to lead a life of libertinage with the Indian women.'

But Father Gabriel had only pity for them. Were their vile language to be cut short by an arrow or a club, they would, in their ignorant sinfulness, descend straight to hell. It was not God's will that all men should be priests, and the hungers that He has implanted in our bodies cannot always be turned to tender and moral account among heathen children. With innocent comprehension he had confessed many a wench; for the drunkard he had only sorrow. He knew the two paddlers of this canoe, one at his head and one at his feet, for thieves whom *Du Gay* had tied to trees and flogged at Gros Point; a thought struck him, that he might die between them. And he became abashed and terrified at the audacity of a comparison that the Devil must have put in his head.

At the end of the fleet of five canoes,

Robert Du Gay sat with muskets lying about his feet and in his hand the bronze plaque that was combined compass and astrolabe. Though commander, he brought up the rear, because in the Detroit three canoes had dropped behind, deserted, gone back to Fort Frontenac, lost to pursuit before he knew it. Well, let them go, and might the Iroquois take them! A driving force, a fantastic hope, a gnawing vanity compelled him onward. De Soto had died a hero's death upon the great river of the south. Du Gay was not interested in the heroics of the dying; he never faced death, though he was always so near it. A man must live to get anything accomplished. But De Soto, even dead, soured his blood with envy. At Montreal he had refused a *seigneurie* larger than his native province, because he would rather carve a kingdom for himself out of the unexplored.

'We reached the summer camp of the Illinois late in the afternoon of June 10, 1673,' he writes, 'having been delayed by the ignorance of our Ojibwe guides who had not nearly the knowledge of the country they had led me to suppose when I paid them their wages at Michilimackinac. They took us first into a great lake surrounded by reeds over which we could not see, and covered with bustards and other wildfowl, which were so thick that they obscured one canoe from another.'

'In this way, seeking to find egress from the lake, we wasted the quarter of a day, and were obliged to retrace our way back to the Kilimick, and take a small creek which we had missed upon ascending the stream because its mouth is so choked with flags and bushes. And so, following it for two very crooked leagues, having distant low hills covered with trees upon the east and south and nothing but prairies upon the north and west, we came at last within sight of a lofty grove, where I descried the smoke from a campfire. It is necessary among even the most friendly Indians to give a warning of your approach; I therefore shouted and fired off my gun. The *coureurs* also shouted, and our Franciscan in the first canoe stood up and held aloft the peace pipe which the Ottawa chieftain had given me.'

Father Pierre Prud'homme cannot be called a coward, because, though he confesses that he was terrified, he was the first to step ashore. He stood there holding up his hands. In his right hand he clutched the black crucifix; in his left he waved desperately the calumet with its stem of cane and bowl adorned with eagle, crow, bluejay, and tanager feathers and trailing the long braided tresses of an Ojibwe woman, glistening with bear-fat oil.

Before the trees gave back an echo of Du Gay's musket, the entire village of the Illiniwek emptied itself, pouring out of the bark huts. The priest saw the flight of the women to the woods, dragging their children. But the braves, with bows and arrows and clubs, strode over the grass that sank gently down into sedge and water, and stopped at twenty paces from the Gray Gown. They looked to Prud'homme like children of hell.

Like children, they were gaudy in their tastes; a villain with a great gash on his cheek wore a chaplet of blue flowers on his head; necklaces of earthen beads brightly painted hung around thick brutal throats; their implements of death were fantastically dyed and carved. With a certain eye the priest marked down his particular enemy, the juggler with his medicine bag of raccoon skin still with the grinning face and claws upon it. And in everything they wore he saw their kinship with the world of beasts who have no souls and are the Devil's familiars. Those who went naked or as bad as naked were in themselves brute beasts, so far fallen from Adam that they never knew the depths of their iniquity. Father Gabriel, in his childish innocence, might say he loved these lost tribes, but Pierre Prud'homme knew the ranks of hell when he met them.

'Foreign devils,' cried out the juggler in a great voice, 'who are you, and what do you want with men?'

'For,' writes the Sieur Du Gay, 'when one speaks the word "Illinois," it is as if one said, in their language, "men." They esteem no

one else to be their equals. I therefore answered them that we were Frenchmen who had come from the great captain at Kébec, and that we intended them no harm but wished to land peacefully at their settlement and exchange tokens of friendship with them.'

'The *Sieur Du Gay* lingering in the rear,' continues the narrative of Father Prud'homme, 'I told them that I was sent them by the great Master of Life, and that we had brought with us Father Gabriel Forrester who had come among them two years previously at their winter camp to labor for their souls' salvation, and that now, in obedience to his oath, he was returned to them.'

So the two narratives, describing always the same events, leave one to choose between them, and there is little reason to doubt that both are essentially truthful. Neither is complete, but they complement the great picture.

Three elder men, says the priest, advanced very slowly to meet him, the one in the middle bearing aloft a peace pipe which he held up to the sun, as if he offered it to his Maker to smoke. 'Frenchmen,' he said, 'I take you by the hand.' But he did not do so, for it was not the Illinois custom to touch hands, but only to refer to the ceremony rhetorically. 'I give you tobacco,' he said. But again he seemed to promise what he would presently perform. 'You are welcome among us men.'

The odor of bear's grease and senescent skin crept into the Father's nostrils, and as the other Indians drew casually and irregularly nearer, becoming a strengthening host, a whole racial, specific, animal taint enclosed him, intensified by the muggy sunlight of the June afternoon upon the marsh's brim. If he could scarcely support the insult to his olfactory senses now, how was he to endure a year of it?

But the Franciscan found himself deserted as *Du Gay's* canoe sped like a swan to the shore, and the chevalier leaped out, glittering in his scarlet coat with facings of gold satin, his sword in its scabbard swinging a wide arc from his

hip as he cleared the bow. He was at once surrounded by a crowd of young Illini who took his hat from his head and examined it. Without any intention of familiarity or insult they fingered his cloak and his beard; they weighed the scabbard in their palms. So he drew the sword forth for them and turned it this way and that in the sun to make it gleam.

But the old men, summoning four young ones, waded into the water to Forrester's canoe. When they saw him, they made the Indian sign of astonishment, which is to clap the hand over the mouth. Then the four young men lifted him out and bore his pallet on their shoulders to the shore. The *coureurs* and the Ottawas following, the whole party moved up the slope across the wild sward toward the village. Boys ran ahead and in their impatience ran back again. Men passed their hands over Father Gabriel's body, in symbol of compassion.

At the door of a house of reeds stood a very old man stark naked who held his hands up to the sun as if to shield his eyes from it. The light between his fingers fell upon a skin like bark with the brown squamæ of centenarian age upon it, and made him close his mothlike lids till nothing was visible of his eyes but glitter.

The Indians halted and were silent, and Father Prud'homme held his tongue from the speech he had prepared, since *Du Gay* was silent also, and there was something in the elder which forbade interruption even of his thoughts. In the stillness, in the sunlight, a vireo spoke over its phrases like a child who does not know when the grownups are at prayer.

Then a voice, thin and light as a ruffle of smoke, came from the motionless ancient. It spoke in praise of these strangers, addressing them; it lauded the sun that had grown brighter at their coming, the corn that ripened for them, the rapids that grew quiet to obey them.

The poetry of ceremony rose high and cold and empty from the wrinkled lips. 'I take you by the hand,' he told them. 'I, Nikinapi, give you tobacco. You, Father Gabriel, who speak with the Master of Life, beg him to give us years. Tell him to confuse the Iroquois. Pray him to send us buffalo. Ask him to grant us children. Our nation welcomes you, our houses are your houses. We are at peace with you. We love you.'

The voice ceased. In a moment of silence the white men sought the eyes and the face for the good faith of that welcome. The face was broad and flat, and the skin did not seem to fit the cheekbones, being drum-tight; weather had thickened it so that it lacked every plane and nuance by which unconsciously we judge of each other's expressions. The lips were fallen into a toothless mouth, the knees bent forward, the whole body flexed at each swollen joint so that only the loin flaps hung plumb with earth. There is dignity in thin white hairs flowing to bronze shoulders, but who could tell how much of silver in the piping voice was guile? The blue Christian eyes could not read the walnut-brown ones. Who could say upon what tortures, what indecencies, they had gazed in their time with pleasure?

And in that moment when the rhetoric of welcome still hung like chill upon the air, the Frenchmen felt how far they now had come, and how the wilderness had closed upon them, it might be like a trap.

CHAPTER VI

So the first white men found it, the wooded ridge just lifted from the steppe and the swamp. A faint ridge, but one strategic, fateful, because it lay across the way men had to take, pressing westward and southward, seeking a way from the Lakes to the Gulf, seeking a portage. Here, finding its way down through the cramped and twisted drainage that the glaciers had confused, the Kilimick runs northward, toward the lakes. Farther

west, the Seignelay flows southward to the Father of Waters. In the spring floods, in the rarer rising of the autumn waters, a chain of sloughs connected them; a light canoe could push through the wild rice and the reed grass — so subtle is this scenery, where the faint boss of the land, less tall than a tall tree, divides the waters of the continent.

The land is drained now; the canoes are gone. Our human imprints erase natural landmarks. The eye accustomed to broken scenery finds this midland monotonous. Run by, fly by, do not stop, swift traveler; there is nothing here to interest you; you have said it yourself; you read no meaning; you hear no thunder in the great empty burning arch of the sky.

Only gradually the lingerer grows conscious of fine shadings, of great meanings in slight symbols. At last he can hear the great voice that speaks softly; he can see the swell and fall upon the flank of a statue carved out in a whole continent's marble.

The Illinois came here, not foreknowing this grove's destined rôle, but placing their summer camp strategically, on the crossroads of the forest game and the prairie game. The human animal, the red man, was a carnivore, who hunted, like the wolves, in packs, the other beasts about him. An obligate nomad, he went where the game went, and on foot he chased his food, his clothing, and his implements that arrogantly fled before him. He followed the game southward, harrying, in winter, marching in the trail of its dung, streaking after it like the cowbirds that flew to sit upon the rumps of the buffalo and devour the ticks and flies.

With an elk tine the women dug a seed hole for the maize. In a raccoon skin the jugglers carried medicine, and when the wild swans went over, a storm of arrows shot from arches bent to breaking struck across their flyway and brought them plummeting to earth. Then the girls must set them away in brine against

the winter famine. Swan feathers blew about the camp then, and with owl's feathers and heron's plumes and metallic glitter of teal and mallard and golden-eye, they went to make the magic of the medicine lodge; they winged the arrows, trailed in splendor from the calumet, or were thrust in the greased black hair.

Here was a species whose talons were arrows, whose speed was in their cunning, whose strength was the prairie fires they lighted that ran without need of breath or water, and so outran the stumbling herd of heaving flanks and lolling tongues. They ate as the beasts ate, ravenous and gorging in hours of abundance; they all knew famine in its season, and, like carnivores, they had to eat then the memory of old feasts. They took some thought against the morrow, but never enough. Yet, in the midst of abundance, they were not wasteful; they were too ignorant to kill for sport. The animals too, they thought, had souls; they must not be insulted or their spirits broken; the herbs were in the earth's keeping, and when they gathered their simples they asked her pardon. 'I take these thy hairs, Nokomis, grandmother, and I thank you and ask your pardon.'

One must not think that they were sentimental; they took what they needed because they saw that all things take what they need. Why not, in a world so rich?

And in all historic time there has never been abundance like it. Not in the temperate world, where men are restless, where the speeding years flash past the gay dress and the nakedness of the seasons. It was a very long time ago that Greece lost her forests and that the circular hunt of the Tartars swept the great game from the Asian steppes. But in our own yesterdays the elk still lifted confident antlered heads unafraid of a bullet; the mast of the forest fed ten million pigeons; trees fell only from rot or wind. Ducks still built their nests neighbor to men, which now must hide them away in a last borderland of reeds.

There was an amply filled solitude, a yet undestroyed balance in all the land then. It was a balance kept by harsh laws past our reconstructing. Yet all things enjoyed then the right to live, and to death they were submissive without thought. Amidst such prodigality there was little need to plant, and the buffalo calved in the deep grass without tending.

We have substituted another life, one that without our mastery upon it runs back to weak forms, dry udders, thorns without fruit, and the smutted kernel. It is our way, and it is a great way, with a sweet traditional taste to it, and I love the barnyard with its fowl out of Asia, the haymow with its fermenting grasses brought here from the cultural sources of our civilization. I like the starlings and the sheep and the horses mighty and diffident; I like the white little hams of the children squatting down to entice the geese with grain. These are our belongings; this is our flesh; this way must we go.

But lift your hand from the land, or let the outraged earth turn on you — and the wild comes back, an embittered wild. There was never a tempest that so darkened heaven as the great dust storms blown from lands tortured into too much bearing. Strip the ancient herbs away, the lance-tall grasses with their pennant chaff, and in revenge the thistles spring — rabble running where the old kings stood. There will be crows here to pick the last grain we sow. But never again the pigeons, the bison, the man holding his fingers to the sun.

CHAPTER VII

Pierre Prud'homme has set it down as his opinion that the aboriginal Americans are the lost tribes of Israel. How else indeed account for a people not otherwise mentioned in the history of creation?

The Recollet was not a very satisfactory ethnographer. He recorded what he learned of the Indians as one implicitly

disapproving. He pointed out their customs largely as an indication of how much would have to be altered. But even he did not expect to change their Oriental features — the broad flat faces, the shovel-shaped teeth, the wide and heavy noses with rounded nasal gutters such as we see among us only in children. He was observant enough to notice the shortness of the Indian head, the lack of frontal development which is replaced by bosses on the sides of the skull. Bumps of perversity, they must have seemed to the zealot.

These poor children of the prairies, as Prud'homme called them, did not possess the wheel. Cut off thus from easy land transport, they were made dependent upon the rivers and the lakes. Lacking the horse, they had to pursue their game on foot. In these wants they were, of course, no worse off than the rest of their Algonkian relatives. With these relatives they might be at war, but they did recognize a language affinity; if a man could speak the Illini tongue he could make shift to understand the Miamis, the Potawatomis, the Mascoutens, and the Ojibwes. From Kébec to Maine, and west to the Mississippi, the Algonkians held sway, but for the indomitable salient of the Iroquois. They were the birchbark-canoe Indians, the traditional scalpers of Colonial atrocity tales. They were, also, the Indians whom the Dutch and English robbed and cheated, the Indians to whom they gave raw whiskey and gonorrhea. Their tragedy does not make them all noble red men. Before you sentimentalize them you have to accept the fact that they lived on terms of amity with hordes of lice, that they lustily enjoyed torturing their enemies, that they were as keenly addicted to various perversions as ever the civilized, and that their boasted democracy did not for a moment contemplate raising the Amerind woman above the status of an animal of burden. In fact, other beasts lacking for this end, she was that animal.

The Illinois were among the most affable of all the Algonkians. They were also among the most treacherous, perverse, and cowardly. Their treachery, indeed, brought on their easy extermination by a brother tribe. Other Indians had no use for them. Only a saint could have loved them. It was on this point that Father Prud'homme differed so widely from his coreligionist.

To the practical priest it seemed that the Illini were no further advanced upon salvation and civilization than Adam, naked outside the garden. He thought them miserably housed in their rectangular buildings of bark supported on poles; here several families would live together, half a dozen men with all their wives and children sleeping about on mere shelves. The women wove a little, in the fibre of barks, using the fingers only and working from the top of the loom downward. Of rushes and splint they could contrive a little basketry, though never of so advanced a type as the coiled sort. Their pottery was of a primitive order. When they passed you a dish it was a boat-shaped piece of bark.

The clothing troubled the good Father like an unregretted sin. Children and young braves went naked by preference. When they arrayed themselves it was in the skins of beasts, so a sleeved coat, a breechclout, and leggings of leather and moccasins with drooping flaps passed for finery. Women wore skirts and jackets of hide. Yet, simple as their wants were, these savages already had avarice for the rare and costly. Pipestone from the headwaters of the Mississippi, copper from Lake Superior, grizzly-bear claws from the Rockies, were wares of price.

But the pen of a narrator even so hostile as Prud'homme could not pass over the skill of this human animal upon the water. Where the Sioux spun round and round in bowls of hide, as Herodotus tells that the Mesopotamians used to do, the Algonkian, in his canoe, skimmed like a swan over still waters; he shot rapids like a salmon, steered by a tremor of the

wrists. From the boats, deer were killed, and sturgeon shot. The deer and the elk and the buffalo were a lifelong study to the Illinois. They were sensitive to a trace, a smell, a sound of their quarry. They knew, indeed, — in their aboriginal darkness so deplored by the priest, — all that they needed to know to exist in the North American fauna, as hawks know their business, or rattlers how to survive.

So far the condescending pen of my leading authority has restrained itself. But when Father Prud'homme comes to the medicine lodge his anger and horror cannot be checked. In its iniquity it surpasses for him even the libertine character of the people and the immodesty of their dress.

I find indeed that in the speed which outrage gave his pen he has confused the *gens* or family-group fetishes with the midewiwin or medicine lodge. The fetishes, his hosts did not disguise from him, were bundles of human scalps, amulets made of a buffalo's tail or the claws of a grizzly bear or the mummified remains of almost anything from which at last, perhaps, the stench had departed, but not the manitou. Each group — the fish *gens*, the bear *gens*, the frog, river-monster, and thunderbird *gentes* — had its clan bundle, and Father Prud'homme records that he has seen a man beat the bundle when there was ill luck, fondle and adore it when fortune smiled.

To be an Algonkian in the days of heathen innocence was to walk the world with spirits. In all things there was manitou, boding ill or good for humans. The origin of your clan bundle was lost in myth and dream. You lived by a world of dreams, and what you dreamed would happen it was your duty to make come to pass. To dream of many elk was a sign of life; to dream of bears was death. In pain you must not cry out. What you loved best you must be most ready to give away, but over your moods society expected you to exercise small control. A man in an ill humor was con-

sidered irresponsible, as if insane. They gave him his way; they made him presents; until, his good cheer restored, his impulses grew less dangerous. A man was a warrior and a hunter, but never for a moment menial. A woman was a slave and just possibly a pet; she was the earth you planted. Between these extremes Algonkian society found no regular recognized adjustment for anyone who wished to be less sheerly male or female. Yet there would crop up women with a capacity for leadership, men with no taste for war and with the desire to make something beautiful. The boy who wanted to weave a pattern, to make a design of his own dreaming, had to put on skirts and dwell among maids. The woman leader must endure male hardship and stifle instincts.

This was the pattern, this the ideal. In fact, however, individuals did not attain to it always. All braves were not brave, and Indians could melt or run away like children. Many squaws beated and tyrannized over men, less obedient than the fertile earth. People went berserk sometimes; Indians recognized criminals among them. Sex would not stay in moulds; tenderness and romance, though quite unprovided for by the conventions, broke through upon occasion.

You lived your life to the dance. You danced to bring the buffalo, you danced to lure the elk. You danced up the rain, you danced sex and sorrow, ghosts and dreams, sickness and medicine, violent death and torture. Dance was not social, not a spectacle in the sense that paid and trained performers make a ballet for inert, incapable spectators; dance was above all not, usually, sexual — not a pantomime of courtship like the minuet, an approved embrace, like our modern dancing. It was religious; it was literally a life-and-death matter. It was self-expression, a democratic art; it was one of life's great rhythms, like breathing and the beating of the heart. And with dance went the pulse throb of the drums,

and singing. Captives led to the stake sang a death song — a ceremonial song learned long in advance and apparently in preparation for just such a contingency. They would have omitted it as little as we omit the march from a wedding procession. Without song and dance, life had no more dignity than the ways of brute beasts.

So the red man lived, clothed in his paints, an animal in the North American fauna who recognized with more candor than we his fellowship with the beasts. He had found his place in that fauna; he wasted not, neither did he defile. When he had eaten a beaver, he did not throw the bones to the dogs, lest other beavers should be insulted. Before he set out to kill the buffalo, he sat down awhile and cried tears for them. He worshiped the North and the South, the East and the West. The tobacco field was a holy place; one should not jest in it, or even speak of common things there.

And he is gone now, for his descendants have Ford cars and go to the motion pictures. They are ashamed and ape the white man and strive to compete with him in his world. No one who has seen reservation Indians has seen much more than beggars. The bodily type, the spiritual force, the brute beauty, have been destroyed by dependence, confinement, disease, and miscegenation. But once they were here, the great people, and they slapped this ground with their dancing feet in exultation.

CHAPTER VIII

The man who began to wake up slowly out of a dream was not the Recollet Franciscan, not the alien in the camp of savages, but only the child Jacques he had been born, Jacques Forreste. He was a child conscious of somehow needing his mother. Very slowly his identity, his situation, returned to him. He felt the earth under his back, an ant upon his hand, the soreness in his bowels as he stirred a little, and he knew that

his three hours of night serenity were over.

He remembered now how he had forced himself to remain till midnight present at the great council and ceremony of reception. He had sat through the feasting upon wild goose and sagamité, young bear and prairie chicken and chicks in the egg. Ceremonial dogs had been offered; the chief apologized that they had had to be killed swiftly instead of allowing them to die properly by hanging them to poles by their hind legs. It had been a dangerous breach of etiquette to refuse this fare, but Du Gay and Prud'homme had explained that in France such was not the custom. And Indians understand that custom is immutable.

Then they had brought him here, out under the burr oaks, and a woman and a boy had massaged his limbs with wild-cat grease till the aching fatigue melted from him. He saw the woman at last rise with a grimace of pain in her cramped limbs and tired muscles, and the boy in the moonlight showed a face drained of color. The priest knew that he was eased by communicating his weariness to others, and he was humble in his heart at the goodness that God had planted in children so far removed from His Kingdom and His Word. As he dropped to sleep he was conscious of the steady, rhythmical screaming of a baby far away on the other side of the village. He knew the child was sick, but he could not keep his eyelids apart, though he tried to pray for it before he slept.

Now God's day was coming, the beautiful light He had made. It was not surprising that the Indians should worship the sun; it was a premonition in them of the true faith. Lying on his back and looking upward, he saw the sunlight bathing the lofty heads of the trees. There was a first shaken rapture of a bird, a voice of gladness that another night had passed without death by violence. He could see, high on a bough, the singer facing the sunrise that just

flushed its breast, and he had noticed that at dawn and sunset birds always turn like this, as the old men turned their faces and held up their hands to the light.

Now the light moved down the boles of the trees. Then it was on the grass, giving back color to the flowers. Now he could feel it on his hand, which lay weak and idle and ashamed of being so. Presently it slipped to his face and fingered it, and he closed his eyes and gave himself up to it, and to all the birds now singing — simply, without thinking or praying. From the marsh water came the croaking and harsh screaming of many waterfowl, where someone had disturbed them. He opened his eyes, and idly watched the toil of a spider on a dew-hung web. How could this little beast know such art and craft, he wondered. How, unless God had always been here, even in this wilderness?

He roused himself and got to his knees and, bent with cramps, he said his 'Pater Noster' and 'Hail, Mary.'

The waterfowl had risen with imprecations to heaven at the step upon the shore of the *Sieur Du Gay*. He was the sort of man who could not sleep. He could not go off guard; though he would unbuckle his sword and lay it down beside him, his hand slept on it naturally. Indians might snore away their time in torpor; the *coureurs de bois*, like the common rascals and sluggards they were, roused late after late carousing. For himself, he drank without pleasure; wine was a confusion to the clear intoxicant of his ambition. He did without woman, unwilling to share himself with less than his plans. He slept a little, grudgingly, out of animal necessity, as one gives time to eating and bathing. In their day, all things would come to him — banqueting and soft bedding, too. He wanted a wife, not women, and not so much a wife as a queen. His intention for her was dynastic, to give him sons to hold up his hand, so that what he wrought might stand in his name.

He liked beginnings; he liked dawn,

when dullards were abed and knaves not yet at their trade. He liked the empty room of day, the scene unpossessed. He had no idea, as we have, that to be a beginner was the whole of his fate.

That intense preoccupation of his was not born of commercial genius; he saw the beauty of his kingdom. On his way down to the river, striding through the long shafts of sunlight, he beheld the dew. And he paused to see a grass stem bent down with it, the gathering of drop to drop until the whole round opal, flashing blue and ruby, sped down the channel of the blade to earth, and the grass, having dropped its tribute into the ground, relaxed upward in the freshened air.

All his kingdom over, it was thus each morning, a diamonded splendor from pure naked sky to the very roots of the grass. Here in the tree boles was timber for ships and forts, for gunstocks, axe handles, and at last for homes. His ideas were not genuinely military, like those of his lieutenant Pons whose arrival from Canada he awaited. He planned forts, but only to protect the fur trade. And there were furs in this country to make beggars of the big-nosed merchants of Novgorod!

The *coureurs de bois*, whatever the priests might think of them, he saw as links in the great chain that must carry marten and beaver and ermine to France. He could use the greed in them; they had what Indians never had, the true instinct to exploit, the curiosity to go and find. They had in the end more sheer endurance, being single-minded; they never turned back because a dream warned them that they should, or because a woman in her *règles* had touched them. What they asked was to live beyond the realm of law. They demanded the illusion of working for themselves; they wanted to enjoy the vices of freedom. He, Du Gay, was willing to let them have these, and if he foresaw a hybrid race he knew there was no danger in it. Such children would not have in them

the clan strength of either blood; they could be moulded to a new pattern.

He reached the river's marge, and found the wildfowl zoned according to their dispositions. From the shore the herons stormed up heavily, night shadows cupped under the camber of their wings, reluctance for the earth in the trailing wake of their legs. Blackbirds scolded and spattered out of the green shaken reed world, and next, beyond the floating lilies, the ducks struggled and ran upon the water and flickered off long and low, drops flashing from the oily feathers. There were left the killdeer, half afraid to go, crying out as they circled and settled again, as if he had wounded them, had wounded them, had wounded them! At the last minute a king rail ran past his feet with a piercing cry from the full rose-brown breast; out of the cattails came the soft thudding, as if on wood, of the hen rail calling her chicks.

Du Gay had for them a smile in his beard. He had no need of their lives, no wish for less than the vast animal fertility of this country. He saw it as never anything but young, a colony of raw materials, a source and storehouse.

Robert Du Gay knew where he stood in this world. In Old France he belonged to the *petite noblesse*. He could have stayed at home and enjoyed the right to carry a sword, to order the drums to be beaten, to keep doves in the turret of his little chateau in Picardy, to marry a cousin with a little money and a little pelvis, and, if he had the clothes for it, he could go to court and intrigue to be noticed. In New France he was under the Governor at Kébec; he had a commission and a charter that might be revoked or superseded at any moment; he had enemies in both countries, men who had tried to prevent everything he wanted to do. Yet none of them had a constructive idea. Not one of them was willing to go where he went; they only bribed Indians to set his ship afire; they thought of duties to clap upon his peltry. Maggots!

His loyalty to his monarch was intense. Louis XIV was a king who knew how to make a throne glitter. Like the Indians, he took the sun for his symbol. He could use the priests without being used by them; he played off England and Spain, and turned the weakness of Germany to account. Du Gay admired Louis's minister Colbert; there was a man who knew what money was for! But for the rest of the aping crowd he had no use, no envy. While the diplomats were squabbling whether Spain or France should have a little county like Roussillon, Spain was entrenching herself in the New World; her hand was upon California, her claims went indefinitely northward and eastward. The mouth of the Mississippi was already Spain's, if De Soto's claim could not soon be invalidated by the tangible fact of a powerful French colony. In matters of the sword Spain was a steel realist; by the instrument of the mission she would make of the Indians a pacified subservient village people.

Along the Atlantic coast the Dutch and English stretched an unbreakable cordon. Toward the Indian they had a policy of steady removal or extermination; they were set against mingling the blood of the races. They sent their rum ahead of them, corroding the barriers that should withhold them. New France, between Spain and England, was still only a name, a hope, a fresh wind running ahead, lifting a flag in the forest.

CHAPTER IX

'There is no use in trying to shorten Indian ceremonies,' writes Du Gay. 'It is a sign of enmity not to allow one's self to be honored to the fullest extent within the power of the tribe. We therefore submitted ourselves, Father Prud'homme and I, to the celebrations which our hosts devised for us, Father Forreste being ill and attended by Indian women, while to our *coureurs* I judged it wise to give liberty to hunt and otherwise disport themselves.'

The morning was already warm when the two Frenchmen were conducted with honor through the grove to the place of ceremony. The braves were painted black and yellow and red, out of respect for the rank and dignity of their guests. Some wore their hair hanging down upon the left side, the right shaved or burned away; some carried the lock upon the right; all brought their weapons and strode along with their ceremonial skin cloaks swinging beast tails behind them. To the Frenchmen it seemed that they walked, two humans, in a troop of skins and feathers, tails and claws. Yet here were men to be dealt with; here were human intelligence and guile and pride of race; these beings had martial traditions of bodily courage and they recognized objects of veneration.

Women in their skin dresses stood silent but curious all along the way. Children and tall boys ran beside the defile, naked but for some shell ornament at the throat or in the ear. In the conventional silence of the occasion only the voice of an enormous young man, some master of arms for these rites, was heard continually calling out that a way must be made, a way must be made! These people were in their summer capital. Over three hundred rectangular bark lodges formed their village; the smoke of their fires went up in proud spirals or was caught by a wind promising rain and sent swirling about the glistening legs of the processionaries. It brought the odor of meat roasting.

The scene of the dance was set in the shade of hickory and ash. Bright-dyed mats had already been tramped into place upon the springy sward, and upon arrival the braves all threw down their weapons in a heap and immediately squatted or lay down upon the grass. The Recollet and the captain sat in the fashion of white men, on their buttocks with their knees drawn up. Then the chief, Nikanapi, began to speak, explaining that they would present their guests with the calumet, to be used as an

emblem of peace and safety when they went among the evil tribes of the south.

The first figure of the ceremony was not impressive to the Europeans. A dancer pranced heavily but not without cadence upon the mats, offering the calumet to the four quarters of the earth and to the sun; then he passed it to every lip to smoke. For the second figure a drum was used, and a little rattle shaken so that it kept up an insect singing, and two dancers very slowly pantomimed a combat, one having only the calumet with which to defend himself. Then Nikanapi arose and, taking the calumet, began, as it seemed to his foreign hearers, to boast childishly of his exploits. When he had done, he presented it to Du Gay.

It was high noon before they returned to the village for the feasting. Silence was still observed, but this time, Prud'homme suspected, out of preoccupation with the stomach. The first course was a great wooden platter of sagamité, corn boiled in water and seasoned with fat; the chief filled a spoon with it and placed it in Du Gay's mouth. He repeated this three times, and then fed the priest in the same fashion. Fish were brought, and Nikanapi removed the bones with his own fingers, blew on the flesh to cool it, and then tenderly popped the morsels by finger between the lips of his guests. The ceremonial dogs were then brought on, as a matter of tradition, and sent silently away, out of respect for the alien and contrary custom of the Frenchmen. For the last course the buffalo was dragged to the centre of the circle; the chief arose and cut out the hot and nearly liquid fat with a knife; this he fed to those whom he honored, as if they had been small birds.

With a rising gorge Du Gay got to his feet and thanked his hosts for their goodness. He said that he would speak to them by four presents, and, laying at the feet of the chief a mirror, he told them that he was journeying peacefully to visit the nations whose hunting ground lay beyond theirs. By the second pres-

ent, a string of glass beads, he announced that the great Master of Life who had made them had so far taken pity upon them as to instruct them by this Gray Gown in His will. By a cloak of Flemish velvet he informed them that the great Captain of the French at Kébec wished them to assist him to build a fort here, in order to hold the ground against their enemies the Iroquois and the English. Last, he gave a musket, and by this present desired of them to obtain all the information possible about the rivers and the nations of the lands where the birds went in winter.

Nikanapi's reply would have done honor to a Spanish ambassador, Du Gay thought. He promised everything without allowing the hearer to infer that diplomatic courtesies could be literally interpreted. He begged his guests not to risk themselves to the cruel nations of the south, not to encounter the evil monsters who lived in the rivers, not to carry guns and powder to the Osages. 'But remain here,' he said, 'O Frenchmen! Take pity upon us, teach us, who are only children before you!'

That afternoon the braves gave a match of lacrosse in honor of the visitors. There was a bear dance, where the performers wore immense and comic phalli; that night another feasting followed, so prolonged that the sated revelers rose now and again to go aside and put their fingers down their throats till they vomited and could eat again. Du Gay and Prud'homme availed themselves of the custom by which you might beg a neighbor to eat for you. That night the women were allowed to dance; it was, fortunately for the good Father, very decorous and uninteresting dancing, done far from the firelight, in the shadows of the trees looking at the stars.

Beyond the circle of the campfire lights, beyond the bobbing women dancers, beyond those trees painted too with light, were other trees standing in a cool and mighty darkness. There the sward was fresh and untrodden, the bough un-

bent, the earth undefiled. There the odors were those of leaf rot, of fungus, dampness, fern and flowering things; beast smells there were too, but faint, discreet, the modest trace of those who keep themselves hidden. Yes, there was the great decency of the unhuman, out there in the forest, of animals who have no need of shame, being no more than animals.

CHAPTER X

Father Prud'homme in his account of the Illinois admits that they are a very affable people. They seldom say no to any proposition; they offer to give you anything, but, like Spaniards, they do not suppose you are so barbarous as to take them at their word. He had seen service in the cause of God among the Iroquois, and their hatred of the true faith and of the French was fierce and open. With the Illinois, Father Pierre never knew where he stood. When he asked them to be silent and listen to him, they were silent; he could say, 'Stop smoking'; 'Kneel down'; 'Bow your head.' And the rules governing the conduct of Illinois life required his hosts to do whatever he suggested.

He gave them little cards and pictures of the Ascension of the Virgin, the sorrowing of Mary, the descent from the Cross, the parting of the wicked from the saved upon Judgment Day, and of the Nativity. In these the Indians showed intense interest and delight; they regarded them as fetishes of the clan bundle of the Franciscan phratry, and they wore them around their necks with their wampum. Crucifixes and rosaries went the same way. The origin myths of these strange fetishes absorbed and perplexed the good Father's listeners. Crucifixion was a bad thing, they thought, but the Iroquois were worse than the Jews.

Once Father Prud'homme found where a child had forgotten the colored card given him, among the grass. The wind that is made by the flapping of one wing

of the great bird chained in the west had blown it thoughtlessly into a little puddle full of sky. He took it up and wiped it gently with the heel of his palm; it represented the child Mary standing at the knee of Saint Anne, and both were smudged and rain-soaked. He tried to find forgiveness in his heart; these naked little ones with their yellow bodies, their unreadable and, it seemed to him, hardened faces, their wolfish teeth and lank hair, were not in their hearts wicked. You could not compare them, for instance, to heretics in Europe, to Protestants who rejected salvation willfully. The Indian children must be, he knew, his hope; but he realized that as yet they only learned to pray for the reward of a red bead for a boy, a needle for a girl.

Already knowing Ottawa, Father Prud'homme could make the adults understand him, and he tried to compile a dictionary of Illinois words in order that he might preach in their own language to the slower-witted. Young men and even sometimes women amused themselves boundlessly by giving him names for things that made him blush, and when he refused to write these down they were swept by gales of laughter. The Illinois, indeed, were endlessly fond of jokes; they were solemn only in council. Men, in the idleness that occupied most of their days, chatted and gossiped like old crones; the women, like beasts of burden, had less to say. Girls were gay only before marriage.

The Illinois tongue was extensive enough, but sadly impoverished in equivalents for the vocabulary of the great Hebrew stylists. When the priest recited the Twenty-third Psalm, he knew that to Indian ears he was saying:—

'The great Spirit rounds up the buffalo for me. Now I will never need to go without anything. He takes me along beside the stinking waters; he makes me lie down on the green prairie. He greases my hair with running grease; my bark bowl slops over.'

But Father Prud'homme was not by

any means proposing, even if it could be done, to put a vernacular Bible in the hands of the ignorant. The training of his order taught him rather to reveal portions of the truth, as the simplest of God's children were able to ingest it.

But in one respect he was like most missionaries; he was profoundly troubled by the indecency of nudity; he did not see how a people could be kept from constant preoccupation with lewd thoughts while they lived amidst scenes that could only make him think of a bawdy-house. He did not allow boys and girls to attend his class at the same time, and presently, he records, he had the extreme happiness of making the little girls shy, so that when he entered the bark hut where he was to teach them they gathered shreds of deerskin to them with what he hoped was modesty. You could do nothing with the boys, who were so proud of the tattooing on their backs and stomachs that they would by no means cover themselves.

The wives dressed modestly enough, but he could arouse no spirit in them against polygamy. A man would marry a girl and adopt all her sisters as second wives and concubines; they could not understand that this was incestuous. The younger sisters were glad that the chief wife was not a harsh, jealous stranger; the man was content that his women, being of one family, did not quarrel. Behold the prairie chicken, who has many wives. See how the bull buffaloes rule their cows. The elk drives his herd of womenfolk before him; the does among themselves are loving; their master keeps the wolves away; their fawns, acknowledging one father, are all brothers and sisters. If the great Master of Life did not wish it thus, he would change it.

'How would you have it?' Father Forreste answered when his brother brought him his troubles. 'These people are between the Iroquois and the Sioux. Their men die young; they are harried and killed and captured. And when a

man meets his death, his brother, as with us, must assume the care of the dead man's family. The widow thinks in her simplicity that she is honored and loved when she too is taken to the man's mat. These women and children would suffer and starve but for this savage way of life. It is not ours to reproach them; we must rather spread peace among these children of the woods and prairies. They have only one besetting sin and weakness that is the cause of all their other transgressions. They do not know the brotherhood of man; they hate and kill. They have not found the love of God, to make them good and comfort them. When they have given up the warpath, then there will be as many men as women. Young maidens will be sought after and so they will no longer be so easy. God in His time will teach them.'

In spite of all he could do, well and zealous though he was, Father Prud'homme could never obtain the influence over the savages that his confrere had. The sickness of the old priest did not make him an object of contempt; the Indians admired the stoicism with which he bore himself. They discussed among themselves the course of his malady with a solicitude in detail that would have shocked the decency of Prud'homme. They understood that he did indeed speak with the Great Spirit. He lived apart, fasting and suffering and waiting, as they supposed, for a dream. In that dream his manitou would tell him what to do, and it would be something difficult and probably, indeed, fatal. But, whatever it was, it would be done for the good of all his clan, and for the good of the Indians. They knew real love when they met it; they recognized the strength of devotion when it touched them. And when from its traveling case he drew forth the chalice set with jewels and washed with gold, and a sunbeam piercing through the oak leaves dazzled on its rim, they covered their eyes with their hands to show him that they saw and were amazed.

CHAPTER XI

The dissensions between Du Gay and Father Prud'homme had begun when they came out from France together. There had been a flock of girls on board who were on their way to Canada to find husbands and make wives for soldiers and trappers. They were girls without dowries, orphans, children left on the steps of convents, young women without hope of happy settlement in France. On the sunlit deck they sewed and danced and chattered; they complained of the salt stiffening their hair, but they laughed when the spray dashed through its own rainbow across the gunwales and flecked their lips and fell into their laps. These girls had led cramped lives; they were going out into a world without restraint, and they knew it. The purpose of their journey was uppermost in their heads, and they began to taste their freedom by flirting with the sailors.

In his berth on a moonlit night Father Prud'homme could hear their feet directly over his head. While he was trying to read his breviary the rhythmical tramp and click of the dancing interrupted his thoughts. If he knew men, and as a confessor he thought he did, the sailors could not well be thinking of anything except flying skirts. When midnight struck he came on deck and ordered the girls to their beds. There was no meekness in their replies; their hearts were already full of license, and, to make matters worse, the *Sieur Du Gay* stepped out of the shadow of the mast and in their presence took their part.

'You are an old pedant,' said Du Gay.

'God at any rate did not fail to give me a vocation,' retorted Father Prud'homme. But, as he records, he did not then know that Du Gay had left the Jesuit college; later he apologized for the thoughtless insult of his reply.

And matters went on thus, the two of them well fitted to annoy each other. That the Governor of New France had

sent them out from Kébec together, each took as a cross to be borne.

The policy of Du Gay was to prepare the Illinois for resistance against the Iroquois. He wanted to arm them, to train them for a stationary life of resistance. If the Dutch were going to sell them brandy, — and nothing, it seemed, could prevent it, — then it was economically and strategically sounder that the savages should get French brandy through Kébec.

Principles like these were thorns in the side of the Recollet. Du Gay was opposed to a formal marriage between the *coureur de bois* and the Indian woman; his men must have no attachments of family or property to any one spot. Like himself they must be free to take all risks, and if the lure of fresh pleasures among women would help to draw them beyond the horizon, so let it be.

The activities of Father Pierre seemed to put in jeopardy the relations so perilously balanced over the chasm of treachery. How perilous they were Du Gay alone envisaged. Every guest in an Indian camp is an expense. It was not money that he cost the Indians, but food. Wilderness hospitality has always demanded lavishness; it cannot be refused, lest the host himself some day want among strangers. In a prolonged stay the traveler creates dearths which cannot really be paid for, and Du Gay was, all unknown to the Illinois, lingering for the arrival of Captain Pons with thirty men. Without their help he could not man the chain of forts that must rise in the wilderness to hold it. When they came, there would be more mouths to feed, more ceremonial feasts for the whole village, more love affairs with their perpetual danger from the Indian humors.

The zeal of Father Prud'homme had not waited a week to manifest its indiscretion. He had been seen before daylight listening and peering around the medicine lodge. There was no doubt, of course, that the juggler was a grasping, mean, and ridiculous trickster, but Du

Gay knew better than to let it be known that he thought so. Father Prud'homme, however, had attended a dance given by the mother of a sick baby, had objected to what he called the indecency of the performance, and finally had publicly unmasked one of the medicine man's simplest conjuries. When the juggler sucked a stone out of the child's breast, the priest reached into his enemy's robes and removed a handful of stones, a toad, and a very small rattle with its fangs drawn. The next day, when he opened the case of his little traveling chapel in the presence of the curious crowd that always gathered to see him perform a Mass, a toad jumped out of the monstrance.

The child was dying, and Du Gay knew it. So did Father Prud'homme when the woman at last brought the little naked thing like a picked crow for baptism. He gave the little soul to God, understanding quite clearly that upon its mother's part baptism was performed in the hope that the foreign medicine would save the child's life. Two days later it died in convulsions, and the medicine man came to the mother's hut and told her why.

When he had gone, the Gray Gown entered and asked her to rejoice that her child was saved from burning and was nestling on the bosom of Mary, the Woman-who-went-to-the-sky.

The baby was wrapped in rabbit skins and put at the door of the lodge, doubled up like a child in the womb, and on the second day the little face was painted and he was lowered into a grave with a kettleful of sagamité, a rattle, and belts and necklaces of wampum. There were no tears except the mother's. In a year from this day, the relatives explained to the Frenchmen, there would be a dance of mourning, a funeral feast, and then everyone would weep.

From that time on, the influence of Prud'homme over the women and children was weakened. The most damaging effect of the incident was the quarrel

"Home's the place for that cold, Jim"



Common colds are contagious. One man's neglected cold may spread infection among his fellow workers.

OUT of consideration for others, and for your own safety, don't neglect a cold. In its early, acute stage the infection is easily spread, often sweeping through entire offices, families and factories.

By allowing a cold to drag on without proper treatment, you may let down the bars of your resistance to pneumonia. If you take care of your colds, and others do the same, everybody will be spared many serious illnesses.

Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lungs. It comes on usually with a chill, followed by a high fever, accompanied by pain in the chest or side, and coughing. A doctor should be called at once. With prompt medical treatment and good nursing, pneumonia can usually be controlled.

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of pneumonia are highly effective, provided they are given in time.

Start a simple course of treatment at the first signs of a cold. Rest in bed, if possible, or at least indoors. Eat lightly. Drink plenty of water, broth and citrus fruit juices. With precautions it is unlikely that a cold will develop into serious illness.

Colds and pneumonia both may follow lowered bodily resistance. There is much that can be done to keep vitality high during the coming winter months. The Metropolitan's booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" contains many practical suggestions on building resistance against such infections. Send today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 138-T.

* * * *

P. S. About Children—What seems to be a cold often turns out to be the beginning of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough or some other contagious disease that may be epidemic. Keep your sick child away from other children. If the symptoms persist or there is fever, send for the doctor.



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that it precipitated between Du Gay and the priest. The angry words were not understood by the Indians, but they were overheard, and the rift injured the prestige of the foreign power. Every week that the white men remained among the Indians, the less they could appear like divinities. When they were cut they bled; when they were hungry they were irritable; when they labored they grew weary. The *coureurs'* women knew their mortal weakness — found them, indeed, far easier to persuade and wheedle than their own males. These guests had powder, liquor, guns, and wampum that were destined to be given to Osages and Ioways; temptation glinted opaquely in the eyes of their hosts. Yet every night the white men had to sleep. They had to lie down, sword and crucifix put aside, and trust themselves to the mercies of the night and those that walk in the night.

CHAPTER XII

I know that night. I know the fire-flies' hour that comes when the dog-day cicadas cease the shrill shearing of their songs. Sometimes the thrush has last benedictions to say. The burning fields have still some heat to breathe out, and it is not night yet when I can feel that air upon my cheeks, hot as the blood in them. It is night when the ponds throw up dampness, an odor rank and stagnant. It is night when the woods surrender hoarded coolness, with the smell of high weeds in it, the breath of green living.

By night, birds sleep, except the owls. Squirrels sleep, but among the four-footed it is the immortal rule that the night shall belong to hunters. The mink comes up out of the river bottoms, poisoning a thoughtful paw and smelling the taints on the air. The bandit raccoon walks in the treetops. Night is the waking time of the fox, and in the grass the meadow mice skip and chitter, and the deer mice, with dainty ears alert and

small hearts pounding, go nimbly in their runways. Over their heads the owl sweeps in a banked glide, his talons open.

This is the night as I know it, and I am safe in it. There is nothing anywhere, in all the length or the quiet depth of the grove, that I should fear, and nothing on the prairies. Across them I can see the orange pricks of light in the farmhouses, and when they wink away, and the shapes of the houses are only humps of darkness, there are stars. I am learning now to tell the time by them, by the great north road of the Dipper, and the crawling of the Scorpion across the black wall of the south. A sound, I find, will awaken the vesper sparrow — the gooselike cry of a car far off on the roads, or my own soft whistling to the high woods dripping their vines and their solemn freshness. Then the bird sings, a trill, a twirl, a reminder of life and day. Ask him any time, at any hour, and he will answer: we are here, song and I; we are only sleeping.

But the wilderness night was another world, and it was not gentle. There were big shapes in it; the gray wolf and the prairie wolf, the cougar and the lynx, came alive with a yawn and a flexing of the claws out of the soft deception of fur, and began to hunger. It was all one hunger, the monarch hunger of the life forms that lie on the top of the vital pyramid, the few who may eat the flesh of the many, the strong who may tear the weak.

If the weak had a meaning, it was to satisfy the bellies of the strong. If the strong had a purpose, it was to keep down the lesser, to devour them in the folly of their running fertility. So the pyramid stood, each block of it having meaning only in relation to another. In itself no entity had inborn purpose. Of the purpose of the whole of that pyramid never inquire, lest the answer, when you find it, make you afraid.

Somewhere in this great pyramid was wedged the block of man. Consider him, in his nakedness. He had but two feet



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THE increasing use of machines in industry has not destroyed jobs. It has created them.

When automobiles were made virtually by hand and the price was high, few people were employed in the motor business. But as mass production methods reduced prices and expanded the market, employment increased. Today the motor industry, directly or indirectly, accounts for the employment of 1 person out of every 6 at work in this country.

Higher wages have always followed increasing use of machines. When the United States was using \$23 worth of machinery per capita, Great Britain was using only \$10 worth and paying $\frac{1}{3}$ the American wage. Germany was

using \$9 worth and paying $\frac{1}{4}$ the American wage. China was using 5 cents worth and paying $\frac{1}{20}$ the American wage.

It costs American industry approximately \$8000 in capital investment to buy the machinery and tools needed to provide a job for each worker. In some industries such as railroads, the capital investment per worker is as high as \$26,000.

18 of the major industries of today have been wholly developed since 1880. They would not be in existence except for technological advancement. Those 18 new industries today account, directly or indirectly, for the employment of 1 out of every 4 people at work in the United States.

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with which to run, instead of four. He had no armor and no shell, and in his body no poison fangs, no sting. There was no check to his fertility but the check of death, swift or slow. He came into the world helpless, a dependent weakling longer than any other mammal's young. He was not, biologically, the mightiest block of the pyramid. But he could alter. He had dreams. And what he dreamed it was his duty to make come to pass.

There have been many dreams. There are dreams upon all the continents, and they are as ancient as the anthropoid skull in which they are entertained. I do not know what was dreamed beside the Niger; perhaps voodoo is a dream; nirvana is a dream of Asia; expectation of a harshly just heaven overarched the Nile. By the Congo, by the Brahmaputra and the Ho, there was no dream of change. Only Europe is restless, and will pull down its gods and put its fingers to new clay.

They say, in India, that the West is materialistic in its vision. The black man knows that the North is a slave raider, a white colossus stroking a lash in the hand. The red man gave to us, and in return we stole from him. The American wilderness, erect and unsuspecting, received us among its boughs and grasses, and we set an axe to it, and tortured it by fire. We have a black record; we are children who have struck at the breast that suckled us.

Now we bestride the top of the pyramid. Now we are great, now we are grown. Now we must find our own way, fend for ourselves. If we fall nobody will miss us. The pyramid will shape a new top; it will not be truncated; presently it will not remember. Now we have rebuilt, and I hope that we like it.

We have taken the terror out of the night. We have taken the checks from the lowly, the many with the little rodent teeth that work all night at their trade. We have softened everything, and how agreeable is our life!

In the cities, in the hospitals, our lights burn the night long, beside the writhing or the just breathing. There are nurses coming and going, bringing powders and chemicals; white-gowned doctors concentrate the rays that penetrate the flesh. By the police sergeant's desk the light is burning, the telephone is waiting; in the fire station the tongue hangs expectant over the gong. In the *yoshiwara* the devouring maladies wait in the bodies of the profaned, to devour the bodies that crawl smirking to them. In the laboratory behind locked doors the maker of gases prepares the death of civilians in the next war. The bankrupt thief struggles past midnight with the skein of strangling figures; the criminal's lawyer smells a hole in the law just big enough to let out a verminous rat. The childless woman weeps on the bed for her miscarriages. The young minister stares at his hands that can no longer pray in sincerity.

No, there are no terrors now in the night like the night terrors of the wilderness. No pack is after us, no fang is at our throats. We are a great people and a right people, and we live in the midst of plenty. And to those crying in the night it does no good to say, 'It was our dreams that brought us all to this.'

CHAPTER XIII

I am not scoffing at our dreams. I respect them. It is against some prejudice that I bring myself to speak of the Indians' dreams, — the actual nocturnal fantasies of the mind, — yet I try to respect these too. The Indians went apart to have their dreams, to obtain a vision. Like first-century Christians, they lived in huts, caves, solitary confinement, abstaining from food, from woman, from bathing, from exercise. Dirty, starved, wild-eyed and fanatic, they became at such times holy men. Saint Paul or Saint Augustine would have understood them more easily than could Father Prud'homme or the min-

Do you want to go back?



WHEN the little engines with the big smokestacks pulled railroad trains seventy years ago, here was the situation:

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The TRAIN LIMIT BILL—passed by the United States Senate and waiting action by the House of Representatives—is aimed to make the railroads

split up freight trains on the pretext that it is a safety measure.

But here's how the theory squares with the fact: safety records show that accidents to employees have been *reduced by nearly three-fourths* in the very years that freight trains have been length-

ened and speeded up to give better service.

What this bill really does is to force the railroad backward—backward in safety—backward in service—backward in efficiency—backward in economy.

What it does is to clamp down and smother the whole spirit of enterprise, invention and progress which are America's hope of better transportation in the years ahead.

Think it over. Do you want rail progress stopped? Do you want rail service to go back instead of ahead?

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ister of a fashionable church. Is it just possible that Indians would have responded more favorably to first-century Christianity? But instead of the bodily stoicism, the fanaticism, the democracy and direct personal revelation of our religion in Roman times, they were offered the dream of Father Prud'homme.

Like most churchly officials, he was primarily absorbed by the task of spreading authority. He assumed that in Heaven the popes and the recognized saints would be found clustered nearest the throne of God. He did not in the bottom of his heart believe in present-day revelation; miracle was a thing of history; it was something now to be taught to the docile. Like some modern missionaries, he was proudest of the quantity of his converts; he did not care whether they came for a bead or diversion, if in the end they found salvation. Fundamentally he could not really imagine them in Heaven; what he imagined was this dreadful wilderness dotted with church spires, the vibrations of the mission bells touching each other across the barbarous miles. He could see in a vision these people, their nakedness clothed, their spirits humbled, bringing their venison and their babies on their backs to the mission gates.

I am still wary of my prejudices, and I am striving hard for the moment to believe in the religious Pax Romana. When I think of Father Marquette, of Father Forrester, I am near to faith in it. Such men preached the brotherhood of man, and that dream, though it has never yet succeeded, has not failed us. I know of no other dream to trust. I could not trust any government always to be right; I do not trust the bankers or the economists or the military or my own judgment. I have some faith in science and art, because when they are pure they have no nationality, no hatreds, no greedy purpose. But I do not suppose that Plato would have made a successful executive, and in our polity there have to be executives. The ability to govern

is a gift by itself, but even that gift is not enough. (Alexander the Great possessed it, though he was a moral deformity.) There must be added some towering honesty that would make the leader turn and chastise his children when they did wrong to others. We need that noble humor that is tolerance, and some proportion in the issues of the moment that will regard rather the great and the wide good of the future. The leader creates the future; what he dreams it is his duty to make come to pass.

To this description the Christian ideal answers well, but there has never been a body of churchmen that could be trusted with the management of all our affairs. One great saint in a generation is exceptional; it might be enough, if we could count on him. And remark that Christ and Buddha, Joan and Luther, went ways outside the churches into which they had been born. Lincoln, Asoka, and Pasteur did what they did without churchly office. The dream of Father Prud'homme had every opportunity in the thirteenth century to bring about heaven upon earth. But as long as you believe in the Devil, you cannot exorcise him.

The dream of Robert Du Gay was a simple thing. It was explorative, exploitive, cloaked with politics, adorned with glory. Nothing could be easier for an American to understand. Commodore Perry knocking at the doors of Japan for trade, Roosevelt driving the Panama Canal through the rights and the inertia of a sister republic, the empire of Standard Oil — these are based on ideals like Du Gay's. It is not only an American ideal, though Europeans are fond of saying so; remember that Christopher Columbus, when he landed first in what he took to be the territory of the Great Mogul of India, immediately claimed it for the man who hired him, Ferdinand of Spain. The European temperament claims the best of everything, and never fails to add thereto the best of moral reasons for getting it. In this respect



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political empire is more hypocritical than commercial empire.

New France, as a political dream, was utterly shadowy and brief. Its claims were vainglorious, unsecured. Du Gay could discover a river five hundred miles in advance of any other white man, and could wave his sword at all that lay beyond and call it French, but he had no colonists behind him. The best Frenchmen will seldom leave France, and the government had no wish to see them depart. Instead, it emptied the jails and took the base or bankrupt and sent them to new shores. By the St. Lawrence these unwilling colonists felt no temptation to build up civilization; instead, the birds whistled to them, and the tracks of the marten and fisher showed them the way deeper into the forest.

The government had to pass a law compelling its Canadian subjects to cut down a certain number of trees every year; it tried to send wives out to them, but the *voyageur* was only too often already vanished into a world where French women could not live. He was brave; he was, I think, the most thorough and important explorer on the continent; he was hardy, adaptable, and a better friend to the Indian than anyone else. But he was the opposite of a colonist. He has left no memorials of himself that are tangible; he had no capacity for creation or foundation. One hundred and fifty years after Du Gay's time, the American Fur Company, a great net at the centre of which in New York crouched John Jacob Astor, still preferred the *engagé*, as he was called, because he was subservient, unambitious, and never thought for himself.

To Robert Du Gay the resources of the land were not conceivably finite. He trusted to the vast fertility, the spawning numbers of the quadruped horde. No one will ever know, now, how great was the wealth in peltry in his day. In 1816 this state of Illinois still exported ten thousand deerskin, three hundred black bear, ten thousand raccoon, of

muskrat hides thirty-five thousand, and of otter four hundred. Beaver and fox, mink and wildcat, were then the small change of the trade. To this one must add the elk and bison of the century of Du Gay, when the running things were not yet in flight. The primeval fauna of the Great Basin from the Appalachians to the Rockies was then a wealth untouched; it stamped in red-eyed herds and it bounded, scarcely frightened, from any watering hole.

They are so gone now, the great beasts, that we have no sense of them left. We do not know enough of them now even to miss them. The sportsman goes, if he has the craving for big game, to Africa to hunt. But there was no sense of sport in the heart of Du Gay. It was too early in the morning of this land for that. Here in the great spread palm of the continent ran the animal world; they ate from that palm, they slept in it and rolled in it, and left, at last, their big hollow-eyed skulls in it.

Great bestial world — world of the gleaming fur changing with the seasons, beautiful intimate clothing that is such modest nakedness; world of the many individual smells upon the grass and the ground and the air, imperceptible to us, signals of danger to the herbivores, promise of kill to the clawed. The beasts hunted in all places, knew all the runways, tried and tasted all that was good for them. And yet they despoiled nothing, scarcely broke the grass they walked through. Only the standing bear left his mark upon a chosen tree, and the beavers changed the look of rivers, making lakes of them that held reflections and amplified silence.

Yes, here they lived; they were foaled and dropped here and got to their shaking young legs, or they were littered in a den of good rank smells and warmth of fur and single desire for the teat. Then they ran, by day or by night, as the law told them, and they ate and they dropped back to earth its mineral fertility, their eyes glazed with the preoccupa-



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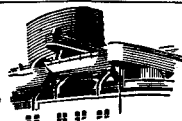


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tion of a rite. In the fullness of their time they knew the hunting or the howling agony of rut, a proud agony half pleasure, and they played their panting part in their race, without knowing what they did or remembering afterward what had become of their hunger. Then at the last there was the laboring breath, the staggering gait, darkness dripping over the vision; and finally, to stab them back again to one more moment of living, a last ecstasy of pain when the fangs went in and the spine or the skull was broken.

This was the million-lived life; this was the great North American faunal province, never so rich, so varied, as where the elk looked westward out of the woods across the prairies, and the little sleek pocket gophers of this steppe met the straight proud wall of the oaks.

The red man had no horse to chase them then. He had no gun, and in his hardihood could walk naked in the wind. Furs were for babies, for ceremonies, only in the worst of weather for protection. He had not learned yet that they could be turned into whiskey and powder, cotton cloth, steel axes, and vanity. Neither the Indian nor the beaver had ever heard of the beaver hat; Du Gay could buy cheaply what he might sell dear. The ermine of distant kings was only the weasel in his white winter pelage.

This man, this restless sleeper in the forest night, lying with his hand on his sword beside him, was not destined to grow rich, to rule, to have a queen. And New France was not fated to endure. The wind that held the white flag powdered with the golden fleur-de-lis died with a sigh beneath its folds. But the white man was dreaming his dream none the less; the seeds were falling secretly from his baggage, were blowing on the winds that favored him.

Now the beasts are slain; we are clothed, we are adorned. Now the submissive heifer is routed through the Chicago stockyards; mechanically it becomes beef and leather and glue.

Now the sheep are choking beside the empty arroyo in the overgrazed lands; now the little man on the cheap street marks down the furs in his window — catskins and rabbitskins dyed to look nobler, or shedding summer pelage smuggled out of Canada to evade the duty, the laws enacted to protect what we no longer have.

Do you want back Eden? But there was no dream in it but the vision of the midewiwin. There was no compassion beyond the family or the tribe. There was no help in suffering. You could not have the grand courageous schedule of the mail plane in the night going over the farm roof in the storm. Nor the Brahms First marching triumphant through the airs into a million hearts. You cannot have it both ways. You cannot call yourself a man and be willing to go back to the wolf's way. Our way has gone forth everywhere. Let me go on with the story of how it came to the island grove.

CHAPTER XIV

There were ears in that wilderness to hear everything, and every significant sound sent the peaked and furry skin forward to cup it. Everything listened, night and day, and a sound would break through nervous sleep where a smell might not.

A doe amidst the shield fern slept uneasily this night. There were sounds, and her wakeful ears bestirred themselves to orient them. Some part of her brain beneath the delicate skull sorted out the nature of these messages, and to the great gong of the will said, 'Be still, be asleep.'

So her heart was quiet. In the sweet summer doldrums, without thought she existed in the animal vegetative state. The autumn heat was far away; it was not foreseen. In this warm sleep-peace dwells much of the animal world all the time. They are not forever fighting or fearing; they like to rest, they like to lie



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down, and only a blind man or a mechanist would deny that the animals like certain views. They can contemplate without having ideas about what they see. Do they see all the better for that?

But when a noise came the long ears cried out upon the consciousness; the doe rose on her brittle knees, and a light through the forest pricked her vision. Then she bounded up; the legs trembled and her tail stood out, the white hairs upon the rump erected. And now the taint of man flesh curled into her nostrils. She picked one forefoot up, and she stood long moments; more than fear was in her head. The light crooked a finger at her; it was like the incarnation of some manitou, it was spirit, magic, a challenge greater than danger. It flashed back from the inky balls of her eyes in the night, and very carefully she put that foot down. Then she began to walk forward in the fern, her long neck stretched. At her back she felt the darkness and the safety; ahead of her, cried every instinct, was only danger. But curiosity is not an instinct; it is a growing tip of the intelligence, it is a divinity upon the darkling animal mind, like the upward yearning of a vine toward sunlight. Courage and wonder together have carried us out of the night of our instincts toward the worship and the peril of our fires.

Around the small, the secret council fire sat a dozen of the Illinois in parley with their six Miami guests. The Miamis had spent a half day hidden in the next island grove to the east; they had sent a woman into the Illinois village with a secret message and a present of tobacco. And the old chief Nikanapi, knowing that in a few hours he would be hearing black words against the Frenchmen, had presented to his white guests all that afternoon the face of a smiling image. Now at the tip of the island, far from the sleeping Du Gay, he made his brothers welcome.

Oumaha was not an old chief; he was, as only an Indian can be, both fat and hard. He got to his feet like a bull get-

ting up, and first he showed his presents. He had axes and hatchets of tempered steel, copper kettles, red cloth, a burning glass, and rum. He asked them to know by these presents that he bore the Illinois the love of brotherhood. For their sakes purely he had come thus far to warn them. Strangers, he learned, had come among them, men who ate their food and plotted only treachery. These Frenchmen were in league with Iroquois; they were carrying guns and powder to the Sioux. With these two hands of their enemies, the Illinois and the Miamis would be strangled. The French had not yet the strength to do it themselves; they would buy Indians to do it for them.

'Brothers, they are few in your camp, and we are many. But the day will come when these invaders will grow like the grass stems, and you will be driven away like the buffalo before the prairie fires. Brothers, we have not misled you. Our gifts speak to you. We have no cause but yours. Now we will depart in peace as we came.'

The lids of the listening Nikanapi fell guilelessly. Nothing, however, had escaped him; he guessed where the gifts had come from; he knew that they had cost Oumaha nothing, and that those were foreign words in Oumaha's mouth. If the Miamis had felt able to prove their assertions, they would have spoken them like men to the Frenchmen's faces; they would not have made haste to steal away in the night.

Yet he had never trusted the Frenchmen either, except Father Forrester. They had something to gain, or they would not be here. The hope of gain upon his own part precisely and delicately balanced the cost and the dangers of entertaining these imperious guests. The words of Oumaha and his gifts from the unseen white men behind him had tipped the scale, and he perceived that the treachery between white tribes might of itself be further profitable to him. This powwow was indeed a parry and thrust between two European nations.

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England had heard that Du Gay had gone to the Illinois country and, itself not ready to penetrate so far, wanted to play dog in the rich manger. The old chief, for his part, did not in the least believe that the white men could ever grow numerous as the grasses. There were not that many humans in the world, and this pale soft flesh was not the stuff of which warriors are made.

When his guests had gone, he told his listeners to say nothing of this to anyone. They must watch, on their guard, without changing face. Then the campfire was covered with earth, and leaves and twigs were laid on top of it.

The light had gone out in the forest, and the doe bounded away for a few paces. Then she walked more quietly, and she saw that the day was coming now in the east, and the night with its treacheries was over. She browsed from the trees, lifting the white of her chin to fumble and pluck among the leaves. Then she stepped deliberately back a little way along her tracks, bounded to one side, and found a fresh bed among the wood grasses that from their tussocks fling their green hair forward. Here she finished out her sleep, while the forest grew colored again and the long low sun shafts came to pierce it. They found her ears and shone through them, making a scarlet mesh of all the veins, and slipped in sheets of soft glory from the burnished summer coat of bay.

CHAPTER XV

But the *Sieur Robert Du Gay* was no man's fool, and the Indian face could be read by shrewd experience. The Indian front was not united, and an hour after the French commander had first observed the sullen faces of his hosts one of them, in the hope of reward, revealed the deliberations of the night before. *Du Gay* went straight to *Nikanapi*. He told the old man about a dream he had had, of how the *Miamis*, hired to the English, had intrigued against the great French

father. A curious dream, was it not? And a false one, of course. Then he had had another dream; he had seen in a vision the arrival of his lieutenant, *Rafael Pons*, with thirty Frenchmen, muskets, and powder.

It was a long shot, but two days later the village was startled by the roar of guns, and the supporting party led by *Pons* swept through the parting curtains of the wilderness. The effect upon the Indians was astonishing. There was to them nothing finer in life than a dream come true, and nothing so much honored the dreamer.

'We have listened to the whistling of bad birds,' they said to one another, and their hospitality was redoubled as though it had never wearied. They were really eager to believe in their guests. Like children, they asked that the knowing, mysterious beings among them and above them should be right and unbreakable. They hoped for good to come through them, and did not wish to be disappointed.

And the foreigners' eyes were so many mirrors in which the braves could see themselves. The dangerous and fascinating game of racial comparison could be played now upon this wilderness Field of the Cloth of Gold, with the proud swagger of kings and a hospitable waste of treasure. The bearded men and the affable girls measured racial ways of love and found the gestures strange and disturbing but the elements familiar.

Du Gay had so little interest in the effect that he produced among these unstable copper children that he scarcely stayed to notice it, and even his indifference made a mark. What impressed him was the rectilinear beauty of the European discipline. You could tell a man to meet you in the middle of the month, and on the fifteenth there he was. He would find you on an unmapped spot where he had never been before, though he had to cross a lake as wild as the North Sea and carry his boats on his back along the banks of rivers dwin-



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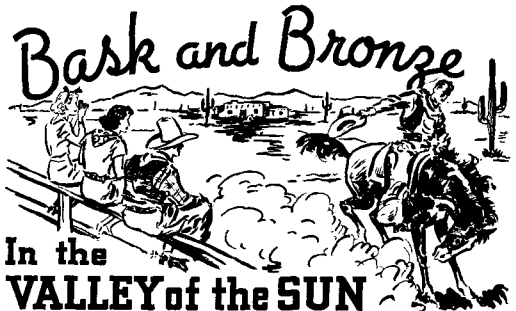
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dled in the summer drought to muddy ditches.

Yes, it was a deep and a beautiful thing to look into eyes and know you would get a truthful answer; to see their belief and comprehension and clear thinking. The soldier's salute, the white man's handclasp, the rough, nervous embrace of a man friend — these were precious, but better still he loved the way Pons let the knowing laughter just glitter in his eyes, and the quick familiar idiom of his brows in comment. There was no treachery, no hysteria, no superstition, about the man. He had the grace and the warmth of the south European, made upright by the habit of the trained soldier. And he took comradeship as much for granted as Du Gay himself. In the Iroquois wars Pons with five men had held Du Gay's line of retreat; he alone was the escaped survivor. And Du Gay, returned with a large force, had hunted his lieutenant through the enemy's country, sacking the towns of the Five Nations, making them disgorge every prisoner, tracking his brother-in-arms as minutely as a lonely deer some doe remembered from an old autumn.

Sworn brotherhood was comprehensible to the Indians; it was a faith to them like the faith of lovers among us, more spiritual than the biological and physical bond of the family; a man who would give all for a squaw must indeed be far gone in sensual dementia. Among the Illinois the prestige of this unexpected friendship was immense.

The precious journal of Du Gay is a thing of clipped speech, elided emotions, and descriptions only in terms of resource. Of Rafael Pons the soldier I find nothing left but the maps that they carefully uncrease for me in the manuscript room of the historical society.

I like maps, and best of all I like them when they trace the unknown. That is where the man behind them looks out. I do not care whether he has estimated his distances precisely or put in all his rivers. What I look for is honesty — not

to put in rivers he never saw, or fabled monsters he did not encounter. I like the sparsity of this Pons's map; he omits the trivial; he inscribes with the square calligraphy of the engineer. And this paper, this trustworthy witness of what once was, has the beauty of some leaf from Leonardo's sketchbook. It is the sketch for one shoulder of a continent, more exciting than the elaborate portrait finished in the studio. It has the sheer anatomy of geography, and it is true with the compass.

On that great simple chart is marked my island grove. He has marked it with some care, for he understood how easily it might be lost. You could pass it by, just over the brim of the horizon, to east or to west, and never raise it from the horizontal emptiness of the prairie. In the crooked creeks you could miss it, and flounder through the marshes with the reeds and bulrushes higher than your head. It had a way, the Indians knew, of drifting deep into perspective, when the haze of summer heat or of autumn fires made it a rootless phantom floating just above the grass heads. Then the cottonwood groves, with their talking leaves like squaws' tongues, and their deceptive height and whiteness, came out clear and false, and you might sweat through the marshes to get to them, only to find that they surmounted the back of no land, but ringed about hot shallow water and cakes of marl. And the frogs mocked at you, and the herons shot down white disgust upon you. But the true groves, with the dry grass and the open arms, could suddenly march a league nearer, in the glass-clear air when an October morning blew off sharp and bright.

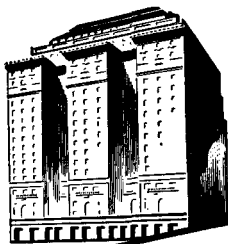
So Pons pinned this portage place to reality, between the stagnant Kilimick and, westward, the Seignelay, drowsing southward under its water lilies. They must have been in bloom that summer day when he and Du Gay walked over the ridge of the grove to look for a slight height proud enough to hold the flag of France, and the fort it should command.

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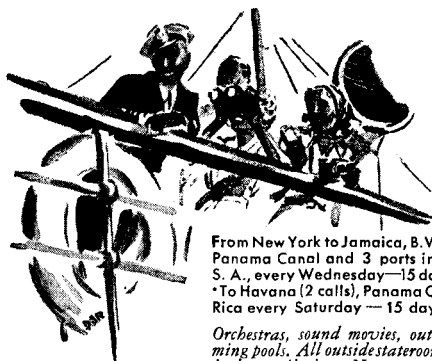
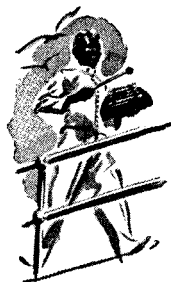


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Great White Fleet

CHAPTER XVI

If Du Gay and Pons had told what they felt or described what grew high about them or peered at them around the boles of trees, they would not have been empire builders. Such men note only the details they need. There is no map of the island grove itself, and the best of the local historians have been out here looking for the site of the fort, without being able to discover it. For it was a mere palisade of tree trunks enclosing a log house adapted slightly to European methods of defense. As a precaution against Indian attack, the woods and brush were cleared around the stockade. But the woods and brush have seen to that little matter, long since.

But I feel a great longing to go back and stand in the clearing's sunlight with those Frenchmen. I want to look at precisely what they saw and feel as far away as they did. For there will never again be distance like theirs. The true measure of space is time; they were two months from Kébec, and you cannot now, except upon antarctic ice or in the Matto Grosso, get two months away from anything. They were six months from France, and what Colbert might say in a letter reached them as dead news, like the happenings among the stars — if indeed the letter ever found them. And if it did — why, here amidst the shagbarks, the wild American crows, the shifting human pack, here the vermilion boast of a minister's seal was nothing but wax. The writ of that brittle wafer did not run upon these sun-worshipping grasses. This west wind would not carry the king's messages. Du Gay and Pons, old soldiers, knew it; for all their loyalty to Louis and his flag, they knew they had to take initiatives; event was upon them, and they must bear themselves under the sky and before men like kings in their own right.

Something is still left in these woods and the beasts in them that does not want to learn what we have tried to

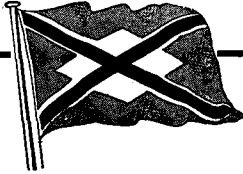
teach them. This is a tall hard male nature, and it will not love you for beating it. It will not come crawling back, like the jungle, when you have cut it down. There is no bend in its knee; you have to raze it if you want wealth from the soil it claimed.

This biota has about it the scorn of man that was here before man found it. There is no gold in the earth, no precious latex in the trees, there are no annual grasses native to be sown for crops, and no healing quinine or fabled spice. Nature here does not promise man any extravagant gain; it has given him grudgingly a home and a living if he would work for them. Austere and economical of effect, intemperate of weather, it holds no softnesses and will not frame a view for you. Its beautiful designs are in the convolutions of the oak's knotwood, or in the arch of many grasses all one way and equal. It is not a flowering wilderness, but one of stems, trees, and grass. It has so much sky that the grass can never fill it, though it runs forever to reach the cup's brim. It talks with the bluejays' tongues; it used to beat with the cougar's heartbeat and die each year with the killing and feasting, the searing of the maize stalk, and the ragged southward streaking of the cranes in the Indian summer.

Were the hawthorns so many in my woods, in the days before they let in the cattle? Where did the barn swallows nest then, and the domestic chimney swifts? I tramp this grove trying to learn and remember the intricate chain of its vernal sloughs that pipe with tender batrachian song when the trillium makes constellations amidst the old stumps. I find and lose again great ash trees that are three-forked from the base; I can even discover now the doorway of that rarest of all our quadrupeds, the pine mouse, who passes a subterranean life gnawing the bark from the hawthorn roots. But I do not know in which glade swamped with moonlight the old black bear pawed a bed.

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Tahiti beckoned—and he went

MY TAHITI

BY

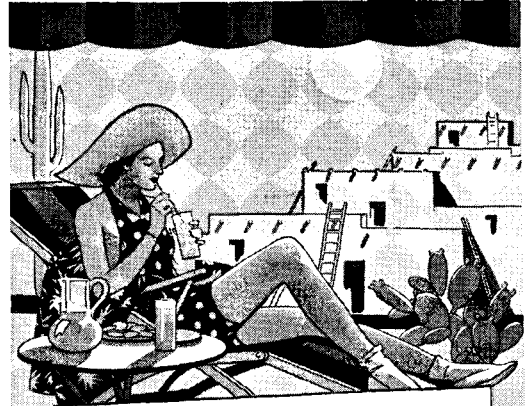
ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

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For there were bear here, the black bear who stood up on their hind legs and picked raspberries, turned over logs for beetles, grubbed out roots, nourished no rancors, were sleepy as bats, and could live on their own fat in lean times. Now only the children look for bear in these woods. They are on the long list of the vanished mammals, together with the neat marten, the beaver and otter, the elk and the deer and, on the prairies, the burrowers — the little pocket gophers and the big surly badgers. The great gray timber wolves have had to go; the lynx and the bobcat and the fisher I cannot even imagine now in the candor of these woods, far less the cougar.

But they were here in the days when the tall tree at the end of its years fell into the arms of some younger brother. Then there was timber, now we have only trees. For the big carnivores there must be rankness, unkempt and barbaric; they need a self-enclosed world of interlocking branches and a forest floor with so deep a pile that the dew lies heavy almost up to noon. The night belonged to them, and even in the long winters they could not sleep, but hungrily ranged the shadows on the snow. In the world that was given to them at the creation of this country, they were as secure as they were needful. For now without them we have the plague of mice, the preposterous abundance of the cottontail. Nothing fateful is in the woods now, nothing very secret any more, no heavy paw to fall.

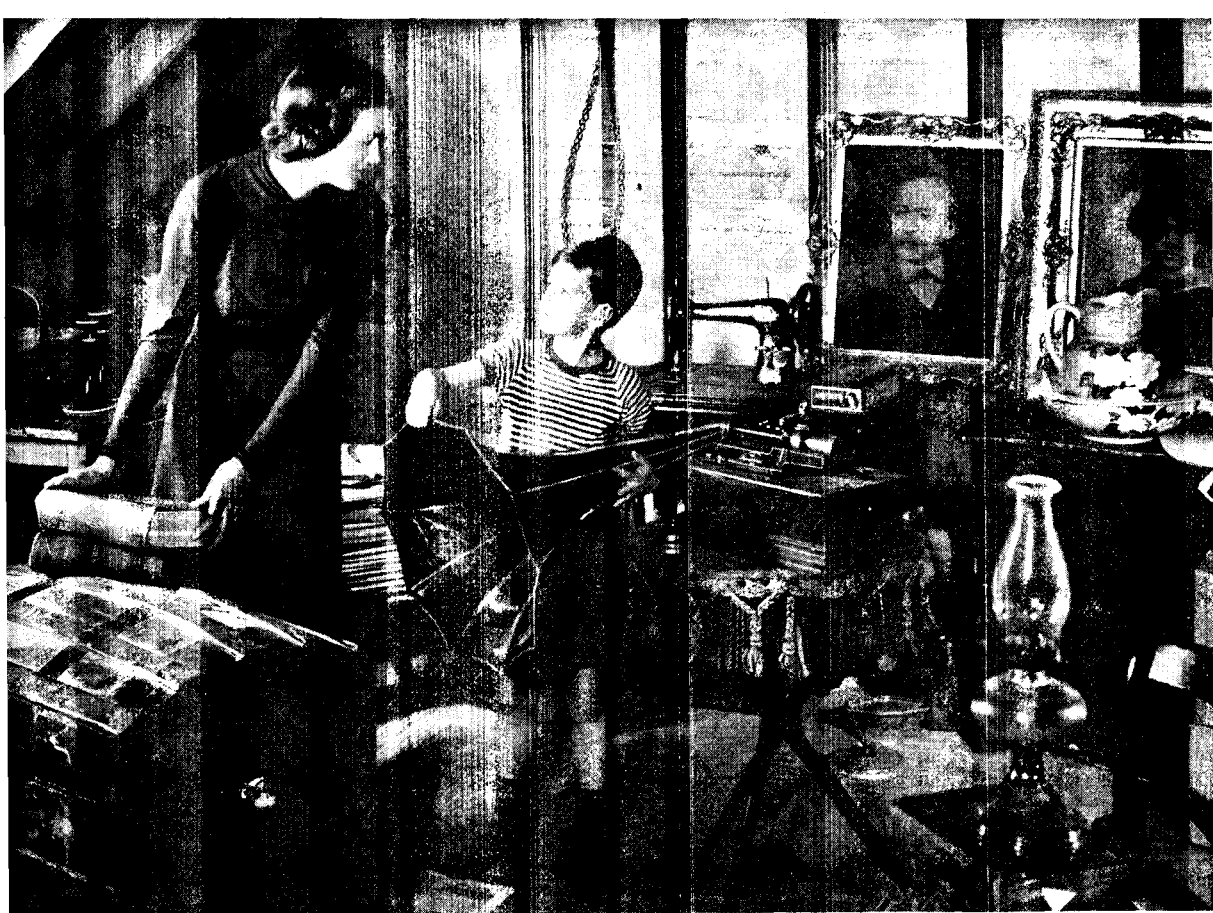
I make the most of such quadruped fauna as is left to us, and I suppose that only in a world lacking the long fangs and the heavy hooves would I come, curious and with every sense alert in me, to read tiny runes, to learn the ways of the meadow mice and the deer mice, and of the shrews, the smallest mammals in the world. One that I found dead last winter I lost in the snow, and I could not find him again until the thaw. Some other creature had been at him, and there was nothing left of him except a

skull that I picked up at last after patient scrutiny; it was so thin that it felt like paper and the light shone through it. Alas, poor little Yorick! You will not dart out of your lurking place again upon the beetles turning the fallen oak to powder. You and your kind are all I have to muse upon; I can walk round and round the muddy prairie pond, but I shall not find the battle horns of a bull bison fallen at the wallow in the great autumn fights. Once in the fall of the year was the rutting season of the buffalo and elk and deer. Now no beasts, bleeding but triumphant, round up the does or cows. Only the bats mate nowadays in autumn, and when and how they do it I have never seen.

I walk out to the edge of the grove and stand there leaning on my white man's hand against the bark of a black oak, and I look west. But I do not see the sodden grassy might of the marshes; I do not see the sacred fields of the tobacco around which the Indians piled hedges of brushwood. When they had planted their crop they set this rood screen around a thing too holy to be seen. For this plant, the *petun*, and *mandamin* the maize, were given them by the gods, the earth and the sun and the water.

I think sometimes that all things were given us by the gods, and I am not sure that under that law a man may own a flower or a tree, a bird, a beast, or a view. We may take life if we are going to use it for a need; that is, to make more life. But we are not the lords here; life itself is lord. Each of us, the tendril and the mouse, the man, the little she-bat sailing through the night like a witch with her baby clinging to her breast and back — we cup the gift for a moment; we cannot keep it longer. The world's beauty and the five senses and the sweet well of sex and the strength to stand and the right to breathe are as holy as ever were the *petun* and the *mandamin*. And the day may come when, sick of our own follies, we shall recognize that what we claim in our pride to own is all an Indian gift.

(To be continued)



"Gee, Mom, Were They All Poor People?"

"Not exactly poor, Bobby. They had money. But they didn't have all the nice things that we have—such as a radio, and electric lights, and a vacuum cleaner. You see, they didn't have electricity, or automobiles, or airplanes. Most of those things hadn't even been invented."

EVEN as late as 1900, only one American home in every seven had a bathtub; one in 13 had a telephone; one home in 30 had electric lights. There were only 8000 automobiles. Manufactured products were scarce and expensive.

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The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WE all know when the wind blows, but few can tell whether it will rise to a gale. The complexity of the relations between industry, finance, and politics has occasioned the need for human barometers, men sensitive to statistics and to those shifts in confidence and operation which keep our markets in fluctuation. **Colonel Leonard P. Ayres** (p. 151) is first and foremost a statistician. His knowledge of figures is informed by a wide experience among men. A graduate of Boston University, he rose early in his career to be superintendent of schools in Porto Rico. Then for twelve years he was director of the department of education and statistics in the Russell Sage Foundation. During the war he was a member of the General Staff, chief statistician to the A. E. F., and chief statistician officer on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. His work well merited the colonelcy and the D. C. M. which came to him. He served as economic adviser to the Dawes Plan Commission and since 1920 has been a director of many railroads and vice president of the Cleveland Trust Company.



LEONARD P. AYRES

It is our firm belief that in the hands of Colonel Ayres figures won't lie.

It is interesting to wonder how permanently the movies may affect our knowledge of history. For many people **Charles Laughton** is the only Henry the Eighth they will ever know. For others he is Captain Bligh — or Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Barrett, or Rembrandt. There is even a motion on foot to make him Mr. Chips! But to **Elsa Lanchester** (p. 157) **Charles Laughton** is no more and no less than her husband. She has seen him on stage and off; herself an actress, she was his fourth wife, his Anne of Cleves, in *Henry the Eighth* and his second wife in *Rembrandt*. But in real life she is his first.



WINIFRED VAN ETTEN

Her gay and spirited biography will be continued in successive issues.

Town Crier, anthologist *extraordinaire* (his *Second Reader* is selling like hot cakes), a master raconteur, and an inveterate explorer of literature, **Alexander Woollcott** (p. 169) has temporarily abandoned the written for the spoken word. He is slated for an important rôle in S. N. Behrman's new play.

One of the young writers in whom Iowa takes pride, **Winifred Van Etten** (p. 174) in 1936 was awarded the Atlantic Prize of \$10,000 for her first novel, *I Am the Fox*. She makes her home in Mount Vernon, teaches English composition at Cornell College, and gathers source material from the state in the Union.

Adults put into a baby's mind whatever they suppose to be nutritious for it, — usually what some fancied authority supposes to be so, — and the poor baby, in default and ignorance of better, just takes what he gets. Unlike the wrong physical diet, a deficiency of mental vitamins and calories lacks the most effective of all sanctions: it does not kill. Our standard, our everyday working norm, is in fact the child whom we have systematically made a victim of chronic intellectual starvation. This is an ailment from which all the babies in the civilized world suffer at one time and another.

These words, with a certain New England twang, come from **Wilson Follett** (p. 179). With the assistance of his wife, he is raising two children who are in no sense of the word 'vegetables.'



CHARLES LAUGHTON AND
ELSA LANCHESTER

Graham Hutton (p. 190), now in his thirty-fourth year, is a member of that English generation that just missed the war. An editor of the *London Economist*, — and the author of *Is It Peace?* — he has recently been here on leave, flying and lecturing from Canada to Mexico.

Poet and storyteller, **Elizabeth Coatsworth** (p. 197) won thousands of young admirers with her book, *The Cat Who Went to Heaven*, for which she was awarded the Newbery Medal for 1930. She has workshops on Cape Cod and in Nobleboro, Maine, places equally dear to her husband and fellow writer, Henry Beston.

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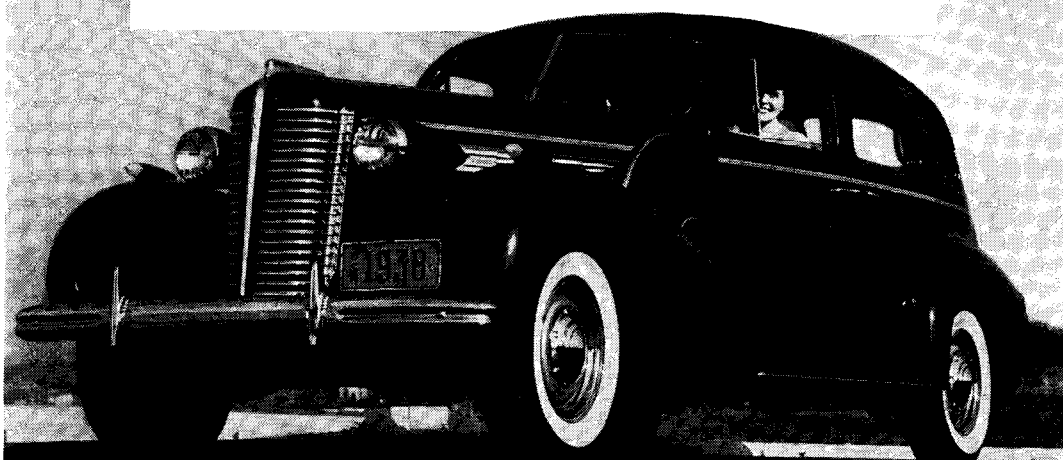
From a ten-m.p.h. start at the bottom, it will swoop you over an eleven per cent hill with an easy forty-four at the top.

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The COLUMN

The series of Atlantic Portraits has proved very engaging to contributors and readers. Hardly a day passes without at least one new nomination coming to the editor's desk, and not a few of them would be tempting were it possible to mortgage half each issue to biography alone.

It seems to us that, in his likeness and interpretation of G. B. S., **Edmund Wilson** (p. 198) has at last caged the fox. A critic of the first rank, Mr. Wilson is now finishing a book which centres around the history of Marxism; in it, of course, will appear this essay on Shaw.

Is it decorum or flighty-mindedness which keeps American women from responding to music? The question is well put by **Sylvia G. Dreyfus** (p. 216), a sensitive patron of the Arts. Readers will recall her 'Conversations with Koussevitzky,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for December 1936.

The housing programme will be a subject for discussion in the next two *Atlantics* to come. In the March issue **Thomas S. Holden**, Vice President of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, will scrutinize the factors and some of the lesser-known statistics which, taken together, account for the lag in our building programme. This month, by way of a curtain raiser, we are printing a shrewd comparison which has been drawn up for us by **Arthur Pound** (p. 219), the economist. It is well to have comparative costs in mind before we begin to discuss our capacity for new homes.

When he was in England last summer, **H. B. Elliston** (p. 223), financial editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, visited the Treasury in London, where he was shown the accounting of the British war debt. 'It is still being carried,' he writes, 'in red ink in British government ledgers, as follows. Reparations paid to Great Britain amount to 610 million dollars, war-debt receipts to 350 million; total, 960 million. Against this sum the British have paid the United States on war-debt account no less



GRAHAM HUTTON

than 2025 million dollars, or twice as much as they have received. Incidentally, this is about half of the amount originally borrowed, which was 4074 million dollars. For five years there have been no receipts on reparation and debt account.' In the midst of our present turmoil, we are apt to forget that the debts still press on many consciences — and on both sides of the Atlantic.

Despite the hours we spend in front of mirrors, it is very rarely that we see ourselves as others see

us. In 1936 Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson returned to New York after a year of film making in North Borneo, and with them came the proverbial Wild Man, by name **Saudin bin Labutau** (p. 227), a member of the Murut tribe who had been engaged to take care of the wild animals the Johnsons had captured. Having had his fill of North America, Saudin began his long trip homeward. Shortly after his return, he confided his naïve but not unwise comments to Mrs. **Agnes Keith**, an American woman married to an Englishman, the Conservator of Forests for British North Borneo. 'Saudin told his story in Malay,' she writes, 'which is not the Murut tongue, but is the language most generally used in Borneo. In translating, I have stayed within a limited vocabulary in order



SYLVIA G. DREYFUS

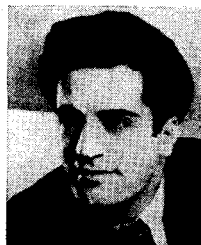
not to lose the simplicity and verity of Saudin's story.'

An Oxford graduate now teaching English at Amherst College, **John Theobald** (p. 232) is a poet who has already been accorded space in anthologies here and in England.

In his 'Epistle to the Jews,' which appeared in the December *Atlantic*, John Cournos eloquently appealed for a new affiliation of faith between Jew and Gentile. His words struck an answering chord in men and women of faith, whatever their denomination, and the volume of correspondence soon reached the point where it became evident that it was our responsibility to conduct a symposium in the next issue to go to press. Of the many commentators upon Mr. Cournos's proposal, three seemed to us to speak with particular distinction: **George Craig Stewart, D. D.** (p. 233), Bishop of Chicago; **Edmund A. Walsh, S. J.** (p. 240), Vice President of Georgetown University; and **Rabbi Louis I. Newman** (p. 243) of the Congregation Rodeph Sholom.

A controversy so essential as this will be referred to later in this Column, and in all probability in subsequent issues.

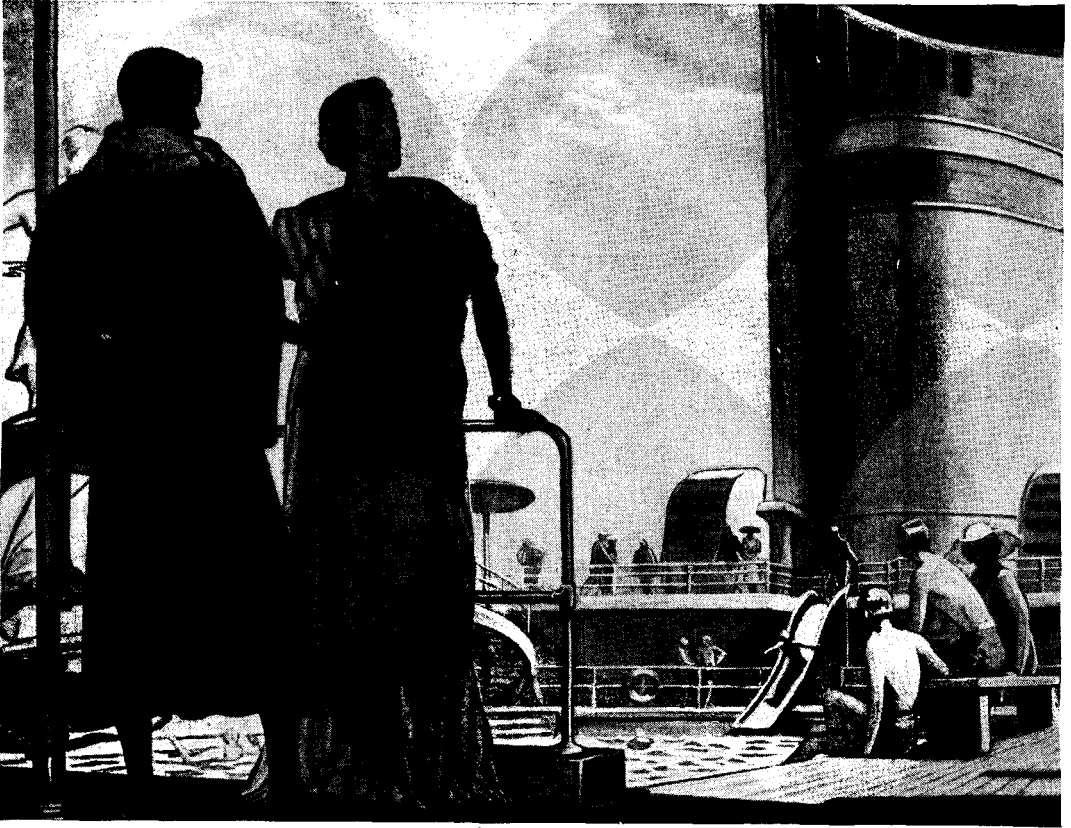
From San Francisco **William Saroyan** (p. 248) sends us a story so crisp and refreshing that we held it in our ice box no time at all. Born of Armenian parents, Mr. Saroyan is in his own right an American artist of delightful originality. Those who enjoy fiction will remember his *Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*.



WILLIAM SAROYAN

Biographer and dramatist, **Emil Ludwig** (p. 255) has written the lives of Bismarck, Napoleon,

Winter takes a Lido holiday



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EMIL LUDWIG

A poet by instinct (and discipline!) and a botanist by training, **Donald Culross Peattie** (p. 267) wears the mantle of Burroughs and John Muir. The *Atlantic* has a special liking for good Americana, and so we regard this biography of 'A Prairie Grove.'

The agnostic appraises John Cournos's 'Epistle to the Jews.'

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. John Cournos's 'Epistle to the Jews' in the December issue is a passionate, sincere, and plausible document. It will excite discussion and controversy — and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished for from every proper point of view. But, alas, a careful examination of the message can hardly fail to lead to the conclusion that it is belated — indeed, woefully so — and anachronistic.

Mr. Cournos pleads with the Jews to 'accept' Jesus. He uses the term 'Christ,' but that obviously is illogical and question-begging. The Jews do not believe, and cannot believe, that Jesus was 'Christ.' They cannot be persuaded that he was 'the only begotten Son of God,' or that his birth was in any sense supernatural. Hundreds of thousands of Christians have long since rejected this notion, and nothing is more certain than that millions more will abandon it. It utterly fails to appeal to the modern temper or the modern scientific spirit. The work of the Huxleys, Tyndalls, Spencers, Haeckels, Renans, Comtes, and other exponents of agnosticism cannot be undone. Agnosticism is spreading fast, and nothing in philosophy, literature, or social thought can check its growth.

The very conception of a Saviour is strange to modern minds. No race or people can be saved by anybody. It must solve its own problems, evolve, fight the forces of darkness and wrong within itself, and establish, slowly and painfully, the kingdom of justice and righteousness. There is no Golden Age to look backward to, nor any unearthly paradise to hope and pray for. Religion is being socialized and humanized. Religion, if it is to live, must help to civilize our pseudo-civilizations, to make the world a fit place for men and women of intelligence, sympathy, and goodwill.

Doubtless Mr. Cournos is more rhetorical than he meant to be. It is in an ethical sense that he implores the Jews to accept Jesus. Let the doctrines and injunctions of Jesus be accepted, and let him be welcomed by the Jews as one of their great, commanding, and inspiring prophets, and anti-Semitism will die of inanition, he virtually tells us. Let the

Jews 'incarnate Jesus into life'; let them end the unnatural divorce between the Old Testament and the New; let them admit that the cardinal teachings of the carpenter's son constitute 'the apex of their own peculiar culture,' and the Jew-baiters will be deprived of their last pretext. The Jew will cease to be an alien in a Christian community; he will be a full-fledged member of it, and, as such, entitled to equality of rights and opportunities. He will lose claim to 'chosen' preëminence among the peoples. But he will find peace, contentment, and happiness in brotherhood and coöperation with the adherents of other great faiths, in the pursuit of a common ideal, and in willing sacrifice for a common cause.

The educated and broad-minded Jews already regard Jesus as one of their major prophets and accept him with the same reservations, tacit or express, which characterize Christian acceptance of him. They do not hold Jesus responsible for the fantastic exaggerations of Paul and other disciples. But such acceptance will not satisfy the theoretically orthodox Christians. They demand more — much more. Mr. Cournos's epistle should, therefore, have been addressed to them, not to the progressive Jews.

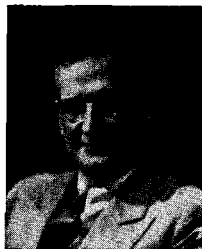
However, Mr. Cournos does not seem quite clear as to his own interpretation of the acceptance he urges. He writes: 'It is perhaps too much to hope that the Jews, any more than their Gentile neighbors, can put into living practice the ultimate principles taught by their greatest Prophet. Yet the life of their specific culture demands that these principles be set up as the goal of aspiration.'

And, pray, what is the goal of aspiration? In Mr. Cournos's version, 'a society persuaded to classlessness not by force and legal decrees but by love and free choice.'

The remarkable thing about these fine-sounding words is their total disregard of the spirit, letter, and essence of the teachings of Jesus. There is no warrant whatever for holding that Jesus admitted any distinction between *ultimate* principles and immediate or intermediate principles. He hated compromise and opportunism. He was terribly explicit and exacting. He summed up the law and the prophets in two great commandments, the second of which, he said, was as great as the first. And what was the second? Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!

The truth is that Jesus has *not* been accepted by the Christians, and will not be accepted by any other group, in the sense of putting into living practice the principles he advanced as a means of individual and social salvation. Lip service is not acceptance. Hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, is not acceptance. A little charity is not acceptance of Jesus. Those who adhere to the idea of his divinity are far more inconsistent and perverse than those who deny that status. It is bad enough to reject a prophet whom you call great, or the greatest of all the prophets; it is simply monstrous to reject the teachings of a divine, miraculously begotten prophet, the Son of God!

As Mr. Bernard Shaw recently observed, you do



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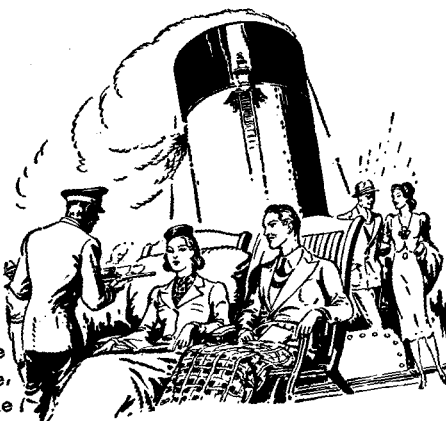
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The COLUMN

not judge a man by the professions he makes on Sunday, but by the things he habitually does on all the days of the week. After nearly two thousand years, how much of the teachings of Jesus does any so-called Christian nation or group exemplify in industry, in the halls of legislation, in social life, in politics, and in the courts? The only unterrified and consistent Christian of the nineteenth century, Count Leo Tolstoy, was an anarchist, who vehemently denounced the State and the Church, and who favored the abolition of our prisons and our courts of law, the repeal of our penal codes, the thoroughgoing practice of nonresistance. The law-abiding Christian, the worldly, profit-seeking Christian, the Christian who votes for punishment of so-called criminals, the Christian who supports armies, navies, and war, is a living paradox.

The agnostic who accepts the doctrine of evolution escapes all these dilemmas and paradoxes. He can live up to his principles. He can work for justice and righteousness — that is, for economic and social improvements — in the light of modern science and modern technology. He does not indulge in millennial expectations. He does not demand the impossible of poor, weak, unstable human nature. He believes in the *possibility* of moral progress, which, in the words of John Dewey, is 'a retail job.' His religion, like that of Thomas Paine, is to do good within one's limits and endeavor to release and strengthen the better elements in us.

Mr. Cournos comes upon the scene too late with his gratuitous epistle to the Jews. The higher criticism, comparative studies of religions, the new social sciences, the pragmatic philosophy, the doctrine of evolution — all these relatively new contributions to knowledge combine to render his message irrelevant, vain, and futile.

VICTOR S. YARROS

And Rabbi White of the Congregation Beth Sholom, San Francisco, responds thus to Mr. Cournos.

San Francisco, California

Dear Atlantic, —

It strikes one as ironic that Mr. John Cournos, who so fervently urges his fellow Jews to acclaim Jesus, should show himself so pitifully wanting in humbleness and charity, two of the traits of him whose teachings he would propagate. The very title of his article is a piece of arrogance no truly religious person would be capable of committing. 'An Epistle to the Jews' — has another Paul arisen in our midst to bring Israel to judgment?

Somewhere in the Old Testament a prophet whom Mr. Cournos professes to admire speaks harsh words against those who heal the wounds of a people lightly. The Jewish people are passing through a crucial period in their history. They are the first victims of hysterical nationalisms, false race theories, the breakdown of religious and liberal traditions. In this trying period of their history comes Mr. Cournos with healing on his wings. Let the Jews accept Jesus 'as one of the sons of God, perhaps as the favorite son of God,' and all will be well with

them. Without any misgivings he dismisses two thousand years of Jewish history as a mistake. Unaware or willfully ignoring the monumental works on Judaism of so widely known a scholar as the late G. F. Moore of Harvard, who has pointed out the legitimate, wholesome, and inevitable development of Judaism after Jesus, Mr. Cournos finds it all a perversion.

Not alone does he fail to offer a solution to the Jewish problem, something Mr. Cournos started out to do, but he is confused and confusing in his attitude toward Jesus. He admits that many Jews and rabbis accept Jesus as a great prophet and teacher of Israel. But that he finds inadequate. Dramatically he pleads that the leaders of Israel recognize Jesus as the greatest of Jewish prophets, the supreme realization of Jewish history. Surely Mr. Cournos knows that there is no religious hierarchy in Israel that can make such pronouncements and impose them on the people. His eloquent plea is obviously a bit of rhetoric and for Gentile consumption. Were the writer of the Epistle truly to know Jewish religion and history, he would be aware that Jews never pin medals on their great men, and that each religious leader of his generation is as great as those who preceded him.

I suspect that pious Christians will find his hazy conception of Jesus as 'one of the sons of God, perhaps the favorite son of God,' as unattractive as will many Jews.

Surely his religiosity is, as he suspects, reactionary, and not realistic. Religious teachers and ministers are realizing that moral preachments and liberal sentiments have not brought about and will not bring about justice between man and man, or peace between nation and nation. At the recent religious conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh, some seven hundred Christian leaders, representing all but the Catholic group in Christendom, met and pondered in a chastened spirit the cruel reality that justice in a society is not brought about by fiery homiletics or noble rhetoric. If we would contribute to the creation of a more just society, Mr. Cournos's way must not be ours. We must enter the market place, take part in all the political and economic movements of the day, for it is political and economic power that determines whether men shall be hungry or fed — have hope or despair of hope.

Respectfully,

SAUL WHITE

In defense of the dot system.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

When he refers to the 'row of dots' (. . .) in the written sentence, Wilson Follett says in your October issue: 'There are signs that it will shortly cease to flourish even in advertising, which habitually exploits the more fashionable mannerisms of serious writing about ten years after the fact.'

I have no quarrel with the accuracy of Mr. Follett's statement, but I am aggrieved by the tone of voice in which he makes it.

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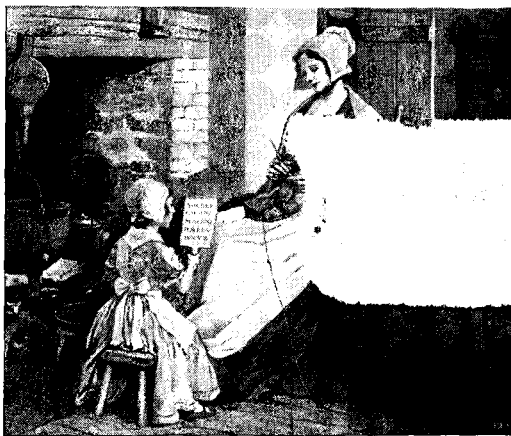
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Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

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Atlantic, I have met no new friends more delightful
than the old Marchesa di Vill' Alta, so worldly-wise
and so spiritually discerning, and her lovable grand-
daughter, Marietta, like the Marchesa in her dear
vision and warm heart.

I grieve to lose them, on the printed page, but
they will always remain my companions, to refresh
and to inspire.

Gratefully,

ANNE E. ALLEN

Can 'personal conscience' be sharply distin-
guished from 'social conscience'?

Newark, New Jersey

Dear Atlantic, —

May I make an observation or two anent Mr.
Adams's article, 'The Collapse of Conscience,' in
the January number?

With much that he writes I am in full accord.
However, on the whole the inferences to be drawn
from his article, more than its specific content, give
me pause. Can personal and social conscience longer
be so sharply differentiated in this age of compact
mass civilization? After all, has not the individual
nowadays become so identified with the whole
conglomerate mass of humanity that, willy-nilly, the
welfare of the whole well-nigh becomes the personal
concern of each component part thereof, whether of
high or low estate, and that, too, even from the purely
selfish standpoint of enlightened self-interest? All
of us rise and fall together with the surge and recess-
ions in the tide of human affairs. The individual's
economic and social status is purely relative, and
must of necessity ebb and flow in accord with the
ever-changing fortunes of his fellow creatures in the
mass.

It would therefore appear to me at least doubtful
whether personal conscience can longer be sharply
distinguished from social conscience. Has not per-



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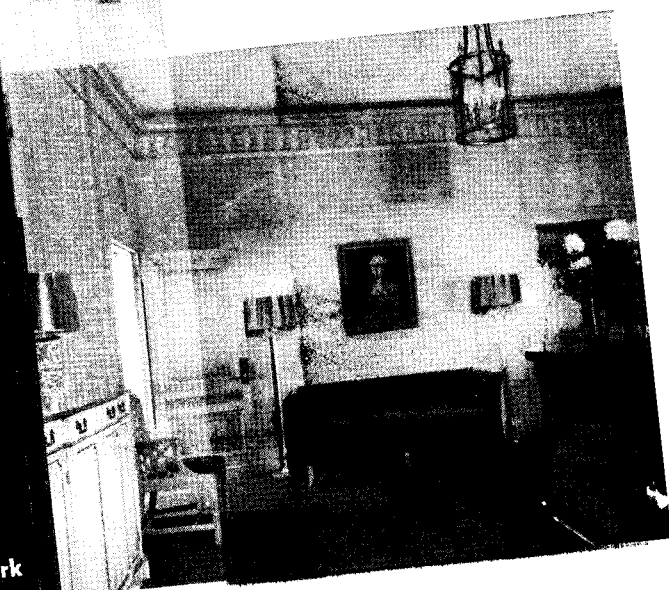
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sonal conscience gone the way of 'rugged individualism' and for much the same reason? Must not both personal conscience and rugged individualism henceforth be impressed to the service of the public weal? Is not personal conscience much like potential energy — though a thing of tremendous import, yet rather nebulous and insubstantial but for its convertibility into kinetic energy and work? I ask of what real value is personal conscience, even to its possessor, save for its convertibility into social conscience and its consequent availability for the common welfare? Unless the possessors of personal conscience, rugged individualists all, so transmute the same, just who will lead the masses — or, more pertinently perhaps, lead the mob? In the one train follows orderly evolution of human affairs; in the other, chaos and human wreckage.

The President has been both deified and damned, *ad nauseam*. The truth, of course, is the mean between extremes — neither saint nor devil, but a thoroughly human being heaved high above his fellows by an inordinately swift and violent transition in human society. Whatever place history ultimately accords to him, I venture the suggestion that not the least determining factor will be the President's influence in accelerating the transformation of personal into social conscience, and therein lies the cause of his damnation and ostracism by his own 'class.' Rugged individualism has been shocked into an examination of its own personal conscience — no small accomplishment.

Finally, and with utterly no malice aforethought or other wicked innuendo, I wonder if Mr. Adams's own defense of 'personal conscience' does not itself go very far in justification of the President's crusade.

Should not his article better have been entitled simply 'Conscience' — just that and nothing more?

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM L. BRUNYATE

One of the most interesting and informative letters which came to the Reverend Joseph Fort Newton as a result of his article, 'A Minister's Mail,' was the following.

*The Menninger Clinic
Topeka, Kansas*

My dear Mr. Newton:

I have just read your article in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I was very much interested in what you say. Immediately after the appearance of my book, *The Human Mind*, I conducted a page in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for about two years, and I too received many letters. I was impressed with the same things you were impressed with — namely, the immense loneliness and suffering that exist in those who seem impelled to write to someone who they think might speak authoritatively or comfortingly to them. I very much wanted to analyze the letters I received more carefully than I did, but since I gave up writing for lay journals and have confined myself strictly to medical writing I have had no opportunity to do so. For this reason I enjoyed all the more the thoughtful analysis which you presented.

I have been giving a good deal of thought recently to some of the things you mention in your article,



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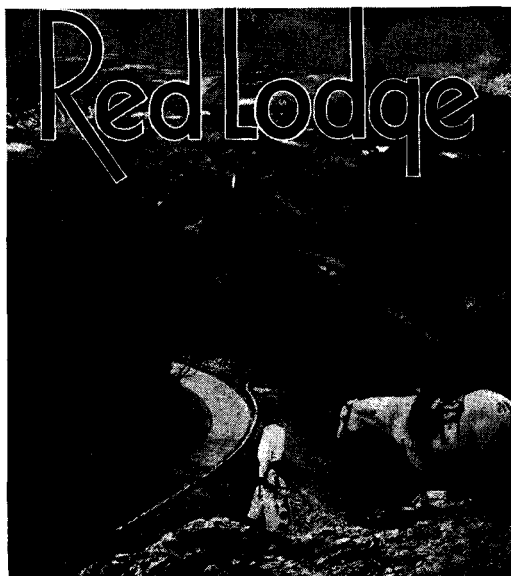
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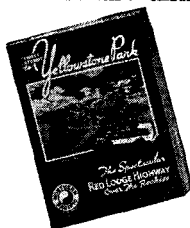


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particularly the vast extent of loneliness. I am not sure that it does not cause more pain and suffering all told than some of the conditions which we doctors work so hard to relieve by the various products of scientific research. Perhaps loneliness is a more malignant malady than appendicitis or even tuberculosis. And how much less we have directed scientific thought to its alleviation. Perhaps you feel it is not a realm for science, but one rather for relief by the character-changing influences of religious inspirations, but I think these are not mutually exclusive.

I'd be very much interested to know your impressions about this question of loneliness — the girls who cannot find anyone to love them; the men, too, for that matter. I have some theories about it from the psychoanalytic point of view, but I should be very much interested to know your attitude. You suggest that loneliness is chiefly the result of fear, about which I would not differ except that I have the feeling that this fear arises largely from the inner hostilities of the person himself. The question is why our civilization and our type of home should (so often) arouse in the child such a bristling and hostile attitude that he must later take refuge in loneliness and self-defeat.

You say elsewhere in your article that people are afraid of life, with which, of course, I entirely agree. This is substantially the topic of a forthcoming book of mine, *Man against Himself*; but what element in life is it that he fears? Why are people afraid to love one another?

Sincerely yours,

KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.

The response to Winifred Kirkland's Christmas message was highly gratifying. We regret that there is space for but one of the many letters from old and young.

Glendale, Ohio

Dear Atlantic, —

Winifred Kirkland's 'Star in the East,' in the December number, is beautiful beyond all praise. Would that copies of it could reach millions.

CALVIN DILL WILSON

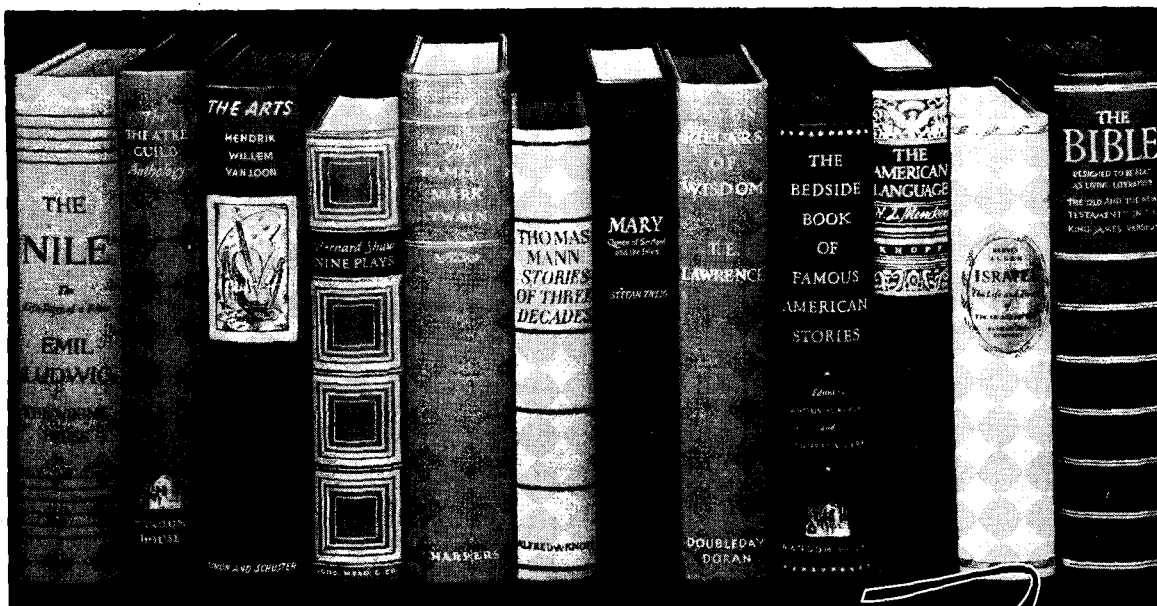
From an anonymous friend.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

A NATIVE of South China, in his early forties, Dr. Lin Yutang now makes his home in America. Following his education in the Christian schools of China, he married, and thereafter he and his wife enjoyed years of study at Harvard, Jena, and Leipzig. Pearl Buck has called his books 'the quintessence of the Chinese philosophy of life, distilled through Lin Yutang.'

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING

by Lin Yutang

[Reynal and Hitchcock, \$3.00]

WHEN a book by an Oriental has the style of a sophisticated contribution to the *New Yorker*, we are put at once on our guard. If this author has become so completely one of us, we ask, can he have anything to say for himself? Is it not as if a Japanese were to wrap himself in an American flag at a Rotarian banquet and claim the rotarian wheel as a Shinto symbol? Can we trust a man whose adaptation to foreign surroundings is so perfect? Will he show his true colors?

But if the reader suspects this book he soon changes his impression. Dr. Lin has learned to talk our language as we might wish to be able to talk it ourselves, but he has not changed his spiritual home. His insight is too subtle to be merely clever. In the midst of his colloquial banter he preaches a gospel that applies to all men, and behind his sense for the apt American word is the artist's awareness of the universal.

In his earlier work, *My Country and My People*, Dr. Lin defended the 'old rogue.' The present book extols the virtues of the vagabond and 'scamp.' The scamp is one who has a playful curiosity, a capacity for dreams, and a sense of humor. To become scamps we should develop what the philosopher would call a moderate naturalistic humanism. We should cultivate our feelings in

their naturalness, open our eyes to the gorgeous world about us, avoid bustle and reform, and learn to love our fellow men through our love for nature and for life. The point of view is thus what we sometimes call 'civilized' because its taste is good, and 'realistic' because it makes few demands and accepts life with open eyes.

Yet what sort of 'realism' does this turn out to be? Dr. Lin wants us to return to the simple life. He does not explain how this is to be done in an age of factories. He wants us to get rid of dictators. But he does not explain how to do this in an age of fanaticism. So while all that he says is witty, and most of what he says is true, he leaves us with the feeling that what is left unsaid is very important, especially since it is what we expect the Orient to tell us.

What we actually want is a type of conviction which will allow us to keep our sanity in a world gone mad and will give us courage to work for a better future. Why should Dr. Lin, an Oriental, not help us to such convictions when he knows both our temper and Oriental thought so thoroughly, instead of holding up a carefree, happy paganism? Where shall we go to be carefree? To what must we not shut our eyes if we are to be happy?

The life of the vagabond may be an ideal for some future time, but for the present there is so much to do that we can only dig in. A wise Chinese like Dr. Lin could help us to know where we must dig and how far in order to be secure.

In one of the many epigrams which are sprinkled liberally throughout the book the author says: 'William James spent his life trying to prove and defend the Chinese way of thinking, without knowing it.' We may agree that James tried to defend common sense, humor, and a love of life. But James never

missed what he called the 'more imperative ideals' which 'utter the penetrating, shattering, tragically challenging note of appeal,' and to which the 'strenuous mood' responds. Does Chinese insight have nothing to offer here? And will Dr. Lin in his shrewd and canny way not tell us what it is?

J. S. BIXLER



LIN YUTANG

THE NEW SOUTH

I Was a Share-cropper (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75) is the autobiography of Harry Harrison Kroll, who emerged from a share-cropper's cabin to become a writer. It is a moving and beautiful book. But stranger still, because of the passionate controversies that rage around share-cropping, it is an honest and tempered consideration of the system



Stuart Chase's THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

This, the most important book Stuart Chase has ever written, tells a public sick of *blah* a good deal about a fascinating subject, the use and misuse of words.

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"I read it through at one gulp. It's very exhilarating reading. In putting the beginnings of a science of words into easily digestible form, Stuart Chase has done an uncommonly useful job."—*John Dos Passos*. \$2.50

A Great and Growing Best Seller

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA by Eugene Lyons

"Let no one who wishes insight into the baffling complexities of contemporary Russia lay aside this book lightly. It abounds in revealing, often comical, incidents of daily life, interlarded with 'inside' stories."—*Atlantic Monthly*. 6th printing, \$3.50

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by the author of

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Harcourt, Brace & Co., 585 Madison Ave., N. Y.

The BOOKSHELF

by a man whose family and himself endured its almost intolerable hardships and poverty.

Mr. Kroll paints magnificent portraits of his family. 'I can see Maw: a thick-bodied unbeautiful woman, going through frozen dawns to milk the cows . . . or chopping wood from the bottom back of the house; or bogging through mud and slashing rain to feed the pig and horse. . . . She was a shapeless person in a man's old coat, man's brogan shoes, and wearing a crocas sack over head and shoulders to turn the wind and rain. . . . My Mother.'

There was the author's father, Darius, a 'dark, bent man, with a back nearly hunched,' who spent all his life at heartbreaking labor, uncomplaining, gentle, quiet, with the pulse of a sublimated artist beating in him. There was Soddy, the author's brother, with something of the indeter-



H. H. KROLL

minable quality of a wild creature in him; Julia, his younger sister, who succumbed to the rigors of poverty; and Birdy, his older sister, big and strong, who lived to marry a share-cropper and repeat the pattern of her parents' life.

Mr. Kroll points out time and again that his family

might have risen from the lower depths of share-cropping to become landowners on a small scale if they had exercised thrift or had had any sense of the morrow. 'We could have done it, had we not frittered away our energies, and chased after strange will-o'-the-wisps. . . .'

But this book — fortunately — is not an economic treatise on share-cropping, but a finely drawn portrait of a family struggling heroically against environment; struggling with dignity, courage, and composure, and achieving that ultimate glory which lies in the struggle itself.

I Was a Share-cropper is not only a distinguished autobiography. It is also an indispensable book for anyone who would attempt to evaluate share-croppers, not in terms of dollars and cents, but in terms of flesh and blood.

You Have Seen Their Faces (Viking, \$5.00) is a book about share-croppers by Erskine Caldwell, illustrated with superb photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. It approaches the difficult question of share-cropping with all the amiable open-mindedness of a Boston Abolitionist of 1850. It is characterized by the sweet reasonableness of a speech by Hitler on modern art. It is marked by a lordly disdain of facts.

The South that in 1937 produced the largest cotton crop in its history (over eighteen million

bales), and the highest yield per acre ever recorded, is called by the author 'a worn-out agricultural empire.' There is much talk about rich landlords and vast plantations, when, as a matter of fact, the rich landlords are rattling the tin cup at the doors of Congress and more than half the cotton crop is produced by farmers who grow from two to five bales. And, of course, the rich landlords became rich by exploiting share-croppers.



EUGENE LYONS

If that is true, it is difficult to reconcile it with the fact that planters are abandoning the share-cropping system as fast as possible, marking perhaps the first time in history that an exploiting class has voluntarily surrendered its weapons of exploitation. They are not seeking to ameliorate the conditions of share-cropping and thereby retain some of its privileges; they are not throwing a bone to the dog; they are giving up the animal altogether. Why? Because share-cropping does n't pay. Does n't pay whom? The planter. And it goes without saying that share-cropping has n't paid most share-croppers, else Mr. Caldwell could not have written his book.

If you disregard the author's exceedingly dubious economic facts, if you close your ears to his shrill preachments, if you listen to men and women telling their own stories of their lives, and then look at Miss Bourke-White's photographs of the storytellers, you are likely to get an accurate picture of the manners and morals of some hundreds of persons who are representative of hundreds of thousands of black and white share-croppers. If, however, you are of that rapidly dwindling minority who want to hear both sides of a case, if you have a passionate curiosity that bids you ask why, why, why, if you would understand the plight of share-croppers as the result of a collocation of complex causes, your curiosity will not be satisfied by this book.

The humane reader will share Mr. Caldwell's passionate indignation at the poverty and degradation of great masses of share-croppers who are the poorest people of the

poorest section of the United States. He will feel that their condition ought to be enormously improved. He will agree that no country making even the most modest claim to civilization can rest content until thousands of share-cropper families have been brought to a higher standard of living. Mr. Caldwell renders a service to us in bringing the plight of the share-cropper once again to the country. His failure, as I see it,



STEPHEN BENÉT

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A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN

By
Miriam Beard

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Winifred Holtby

The vivid personality of the author of "South Riding" and "Mandoa! Mandoa!" shines through this unusual correspondence. \$3.50

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The BOOKSHELF

is not one of feeling but of thinking, for he has substituted the method of Uncle Tom for the spirit of free and fair-minded inquiry. And that spirit, too common already in the United States, is in the long run perilous to truth and fatal to liberal democracy.

DAVID L. COHN



THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N

by Leonard Q. Ross

ONE MORE MANHATTAN

by Phyllis McGinley

[Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00 each]

READERS, I give you Harcourt's brace —
Young authors both — a queen and ace.
You like to laugh? They're out to kill us,
Are Ross (L.Q.) and McGinley (Phyllis).
So buy of Ross! Buy Ross's nostrum!

(The public beats the Leonard Ross drum):
'The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N,'
A man as funny as Charlie Chaplin.
Imported soul of twistful tongue,
He makes good elderly English young.
He struggled with night school; spelled, recited,
And Julius Scissor! are we delighted
By Vashington (Judge), Jakesbeer's Macbat,
Selecting *Katz* for the plural of *cat*;
I big de pottment, ufcawss, exactel,
Beauriful — Ross! what an elegant dactyl.
He's bland, he's human, with faller-students
To harry him on to each new imprudence.
The ghost of genius over him poises:
Jake Popper had fivver — with 'spacial noises.'
But still if you ask me (I big de pottment?)
Do I know what writing with starry D*O*T
meant?
I don't, but its K*A*P*L*A*N — soprizing,
dividual;
Pshaw, what I give you is purely residual,
Plus the one fault which a critic should mention:
Spontaneous things get confused with invention.

Well, that for the prose. Miss McGinley the Terse,
With some gin in her name, 's not awry in her verse.
Golly, *no*; she belongs with the best o' the daft
Who are licensed to practise the darlingest craft.
Her songs are New York, and her pen the *New*
Yorker's,
And most of the crop she's collected are corksers.
She's urban-suburban, resilient as Rahway,
And yet (says the jacket) she comes from Utah-
way!
No matter: she reads like a lady who's schooled
By traditional masculine verse — but not ruled.

And who cares for the source? Still, I'll crack her
a Filbert

For some of the good that she got out of Gilbert,
For some of the slyness — but don't let it trouble
you —

After that Talk-of-the-Town E.B.W.

Phyllis McGinley, you've made such a name for
Yourself that I'll bet you will reach what you aim
for.

My critique — I'm signing these couplets for such:
The danger to all good light verse is too much.

Readers, I give you Harcourt's brace:
Young authors, yes! the queen and ace.
You'd like to laugh? They'll kill you, too —
McGinley (Phyllis) and Ross (L.Q.).

DAVID McCORD



ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA

by Eugene Lyons

[Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50]

EUGENE LYONS is certainly not the first newspaper correspondent to set out for Moscow vowing that his reportorial duty should be to devote himself to the underlying truths rather than the surface facts; to maintain, as he fervently put it, 'the larger objectivity of history in the making.' But it is doubtful whether other accredited representatives of the great American newspapers and press agencies will write thus baldly: 'My early dispatches out of Moscow were laudatory, though toned down to conceal my bias. Each of them sheathed a poison dart aimed at the heart of the capitalist system. Every fact which might be misunderstood by a world of infidels was carefully explained and turned by implication into one more proof of revolutionary wisdom or courage.'

To be sure, before proceeding abroad for the United Press, Mr. Lyons underwent rigorous indoctrination into the socialist ideal by virtue of his job in New York with Tass, the Soviet news agency. It was pleasant — and very useful — to be reckoned, even before his arrival, among the most 'friendly' correspondents by the Press Department in Moscow.

That was in 1928. And now — after six years of brilliant reporting from the U.S.S.R. and several more years of study and reflection, from this side of the water — the author gives voice to this heresy: 'Ultimately, Russia will not be judged by how much bread it has given its people but by how much freedom, self-respect, justice, equality, truth, and human kindness it has brought into the world.'

Mr. Lyons has come a long, long way. He has learned through bitter experience that consistency sometimes turns out to be a much overrated virtue, particularly when intellectual integrity is involved. *Assignment in Utopia* is, then, primarily

an intellectual autobiography, akin in some respects to Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, but rooted in a profound knowledge and appreciation of the gigantic difficulties obstructing the course of a state that would build socialism.

In fascinating detail he describes the fluctuations of Soviet domestic and foreign policy, emphasizing the amazing and overpowering uncertainties which he found clouded personal relationships in the U.S.S.R. Time and again he mentions individuals with whom he came in contact — and adds such appallingly brief footnotes as: 'Committed suicide in August, 1936,' 'Arrested in 1937,' 'Reported mysteriously "missing" in 1937,' 'Executed, along with seven other Army chiefs, in June, 1937.' Increasingly, he sensed the strength of the underground currents directed against the government. Later he was to observe the liquidation of many whose psychological commitments were to the original revolution rather than to the present incumbents of the Kremlin.

Yet for that commanding figure in the Kremlin, whose legend, at first uniformly grim and inaccessible, was recently metamorphosed into that of the kindly 'little Father,' who pats children on the head, the author conceived an immediate liking, an impression which has not changed with the years. 'His every gesture was a rebuke to the thousand little bureaucrats who had inflicted their puny greatness upon me,' glows the correspondent who secured the first interview with Stalin since he achieved the pinnacle of his power.

Mr. Lyons bemoans his purely professional thrill in the interview: 'I failed to confront Stalin with the problems which were by this time weighing on my own conscience — the use of terror as a technique of government, the suppression and punishment of heretical opinion within the ranks of devoted communists, the persecution of scientists and scholars, and the distortion of history to fit new policies, systematic forced labor, the virtual enslavement of workers and peasants in the name of the socialism which was to emancipate them.' It would be difficult to draw up a more pointed questionnaire for all dictators; but the author's stay in Moscow, as he will doubtless admit, would have been considerably shortened had he sought to arraign Stalin on such devastating counts.

Let no one who wishes insight into the baffling complexities of contemporary Russia lay aside this book lightly. It abounds in revealing, often comical, incidents of daily life, interlarded with 'inside' stories on the origin and development of outstanding news stories such as that of the famine of 1932-1933, which have been instrumental in shaping world opinion about the U.S.S.R. Not least interesting is the chain of seemingly incredible events which led to the author's expulsion from the country.

JOSEPH BARBER, JR.



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IMPERIAL CITY

by Elmer Rice

[Coward-McCann, \$3.00]

ELMER RICE has taken the metropolis for his new scene in *Imperial City*. Against the multi-towered backdrop of New York he has pictured — by way of a dramatic novel — the passions and hopes, the dreams and desolations, the greeds and corruptions, of the seven million souls that are its lifeblood. In swift, breathless scenes that remind one of a rotating stage, we meet professors, bankers, merchants, actresses, stenographers, aviators, movie stars, psychoanalysts, lawyers, students, artists, writers, pugilists, editors, crooks, policemen, agitators, reporters, Communists, servants, singers, evangelists, and an assorted company of drunkards, Lesbians, and homosexuals.

The complex plot works itself out through the activities and associates of the millionaire Coleman family, through Fanny and through her sons — Christopher, stolid, imperious Wall Street titan; Greg, drunken millionaire playboy; and Gay, likable young Columbia professor. Christopher introduces us to the workings of high (low?) finance, Greg to the Broadway theatrical maelstrom, Gay to the intellectual air of the campus and questions of labor, politics, education.

In the solution of all these problems the characters multiply. Congestion is inevitable, in spite of Mr. Rice's manipulative skill. So, too, is a want of color and vitality in some of the many portraits. He has brushed personality and pulse into people like Gay and Ruby and Max Klein, but the vitality runs thin in such lesser figures as Hemlock and Clifford Austrian and Perry Kane.

Again, the hand of the playwright becomes a little too obvious in the innumerable linkings of events, in the clash of one character's experience on another, in the very headline-like nature of the circumstances of the story. Of course, the logic of fiction must always be more severe than that of life, but in the selection and order of events it must still carry the punch of persuasion. Several times in the reading you will be tempted to say, 'How neat,' 'How clever,' 'How surprising,' rather than the more satisfying 'How true.'

In the dialogue, as is expected, Mr. Rice moves with consummate skill, from directors' meetings to trial scenes, from the rough-and-tumble parlance of Ruby and the stage to the suave talk of academics and the sophisticated repartee of free spirits like Mack and Terry. If it is sometimes stagey, at least it is always mature and interesting.

I am of the opinion that Mr. Rice's next novel should be written not only with a typewriter, but also with a blue pencil. A novel is not just a place

to spread oneself out in; for all its hundreds of pages, it can be just as needlessly cluttered as a stage with sets or a play with characters.

All of this is not to say that *Imperial City* is not worth your time. It most definitely is. In one sense it is a harsh vivisection of the present scene, showing beneath the little surface warts the inner cancers at work on an effete and outmoded social order. It is a condemnation and a challenge. But most readers will welcome *Imperial City* as a big, action-packed story, a kind of stupendous drama, spectacularly set, cast, and played, with the hundred-fingered puppet-master expertly in motion whether in conference room or rehearsal, in private office or delicatessen store, in brothel or social forum.

CHARLES LEE

FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE (1821-1861)

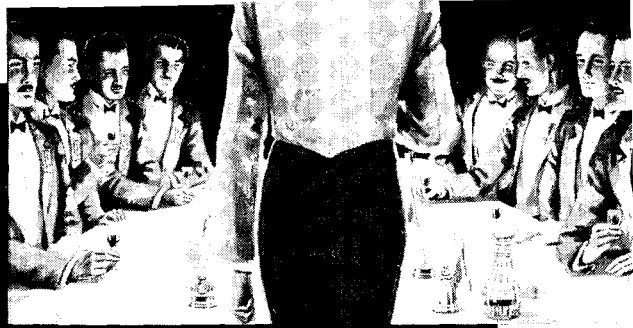
by Thomas Low Nichols

[Stackpole, \$3.00]

THE wisest man I ever knew, before he died in the decade following the war of 1914-1918, told me that the wisest man *he* ever knew said to him before he died in the decade preceding the war of 1861-1865: 'I have lived through the best years this country has ever seen or ever will see.' That crushing pronouncement embodies the very mood and intention of *Forty Years of American Life, 1821-1861*, which that vivacious journalist-reformer-expatriate Thomas Low Nichols published in London in 1864, and which is at last made available in his native country in a reprint of the revised and expanded London edition of 1876.

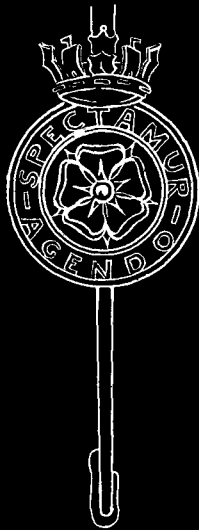
Nichols, one of the most interesting of half-forgotten Americans, was that rare bird, a liberal and reformer with a sense of humor and even of fun. He grew up on a farm in the Connecticut River valley hamlet of Orford, New Hampshire, educated himself for medicine at Dartmouth College, switched to general and then to political journalism, and had his fling at a motley of reforms ranging from mere vegetarianism to perfectionist socialism after the pattern of Fourier. He traveled widely in his own country, saw everything, knew everybody (including Poe, Melville, Halleck, Garrison, James Gordon Bennett, Beecher, and several successive Presidents), and wrote with racy fluency. When he had outlived most of his youthful enthusiasms he became a Roman Catholic. In 1861 he revolted against the whole conception of brotherhood enforced by the bayonet and, with his reformist wife, migrated to England, where he devoted the rest of his days to successful writing and the cause of public health.

Forty Years of American Life is an animated full-length portrait of his native land. It was drawn frankly for transatlantic readers, but the



THE SWORD *and* THE ROSE

By A. W. SMITH



... is the story of a famous British regiment of the line. It begins in the officers' mess of the Old Hundredth's, then shifts to India, where swiftly moving scenes give us — Colonel Plant, last of the old order; Major Vivori, big-game hunter; Major Horder, surly hard drinker; Boykett, whose trepanned skull is faultier than he thinks; Pribram, the second-rater; and young Mansfield, the son of the regiment.

We see target practice in blazing heat, a carousal in Bombay; what the Mess does to shirkers and what the Army post means to women. The story reaches its fighting climax on the Indian frontier, chapters whose action and authenticity are beyond question.

\$2.50

They were a worldly family—and Almina knew so little of the world!

Enchanter's Nightshade

By ANN BRIDGE, *author of PEKING PICNIC and ILLYRIAN SPRING*

ROFFREDO, irresistible and thoughtless. He loved Almina — in his way.

SUZY, the Enchantress. Her life centred in her pleasure. Almina interfered.

THE MARCHESA, very wise, very wonderful, and very old. She knew what really mattered.

"Not merely a book in a hundred; it is one in at least a thousand."—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"The very flesh tints of these people, the stuffs they wear, leap out of the book alive and in color."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE "Books" 33rd thousand \$2.50

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

The BOOKSHELF

lapse of time has made it both enlivening and instructive for cisatlantic ones. It is crammed with bits that amuse, stimulate, or provoke: his eyewitness's account of Garrison mobbed in Boston; his singularly detached contemporary interpretation of Beecher; his idyllic opening summary of northern New England farm life a century ago; his glimpses of life and travel in the South, on the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal.

And he had a keen ear for anecdote; it is to him that we owe the Niagara joke about the tailor who cried, 'Gods, what a place to sponge a coat!' and the evocation of the Reverend Doctor Charles Finney, a clergyman capable of public prayer in this confidential strain: 'O Lord, I have been walking down Broadway to-day, and I have seen a good many of my friends and Thy friends, and I wondered, O Lord! if they seemed as poor, and vapid, and empty, and worldly to Thee as they did to me.'

But what brings these forty eminently readable chapters to sharpest focus for us of to-day is their circumstantial review of a decade that touched bottom in the corruption, profiteering, tyranny, and opportunism of the war. Witness these level-headed remarks about 1861: —

It was useless then, in America, to write about anything but the war; and somewhat dangerous for a Northern man to write what did not suit the Government. The freedom of the press was, for the time, suspended. If a newspaper doubted that the South could be conquered in ninety days, it was excluded from the mails. If it questioned the right or the policy of invading the South and restoring amity and unity by ravage and plunder, it was seized by the police. If the editor persisted in his delusion that the press was free, he was sent down to Fort Lafayette, on an island in New York Bay, lodged in a casemate and fed on the rations of a common soldier, until the Government forgot who he was and for what he had been imprisoned.

This passage is but one of a hundred that ring disconcertingly familiar to modern libertarian idealists with a propensity for imagining that their pet emotions and disillusionments are something quite new to history.

WILSON FOLLETT

THE currency of short stories in our periodicals and the brittleness of so many that are formula-made have developed in American readers an apathy towards short fiction in book form. But at rare intervals a volume appears to show us what the short story can be at its best. I think of Hemingway's *Men without Women*; *Flowering Judas*, by Katherine Anne Porter; and *Mostly Canallers*, by Walter D. Edmonds. Every bit as exceptional is *Thirteen O'Clock*, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50). Mr. Benét's prose is

firm and clear-cut. In his stories you look for the touches of a poet — compassion, the swift insight, the indignation and power of sympathy, which distinguished his latest poems, *Burning City*. All these you will find perfectly blended and subordinated to the purpose of telling a story large as life. The stories range from the hard reality of divorce and dictatorship to the enchanting mysticism of 'The Devil and Daniel Webster.' They have freshness, originality, and strength.

In these days of perplexity it is tonic to hitch your wagon to a star. A star whose integrity still shines was Madame Marie Curie, discoverer of radium, twice winner of the Nobel Prize — the woman who did as much to change the world's thinking as Joan of Arc did to change its history.

The biography, *Madame Curie* (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50), was written in French by her daughter, *Eve Curie*, and then translated by *Vincent Sheean*. Thanks to such skillful collaboration, we see this valiant little woman *as she was* — as she was in the open-hearted intimacy of her family, and as she was in the cold detachment of her laboratory, in both as courageous and unassuming a genius as ever lived. She was born *Manya Skłodowska* of Warsaw, the youngest member of a poor but very intelligent Polish family. Her father was a school inspector; from him she inherited her hatred of Russia and her devotion to science. To study at the Sorbonne was her childish dream. She and her older sister, *Bronya*, made a pact. As soon as she graduated from school, *Manya* would work as a governess for three years to support the elder at her studies in Paris, then the graduate would find work, repay the fund, and *Manya* would have her chance. But she almost lost heart during those three dreary years as a governess.

No preview should dull the edge of this fine book. These flashbacks may help to kindle your anticipation. I see *Manya* — or *Marie*, as the French call her — arriving at Paris like any immigrant, with her quilt, her wooden trunk, her two hats, and her books. I see her climbing six flights to her attic. I see her living on three francs a day for everything — and fainting from malnutrition. I see a young wife washing her baby and an hour later working at the most important discovery of modern science. I see her handling eight tons of pitchblende to isolate the element she believed in; I see her and her husband toiling for forty-five months to prove to the skeptical that there was such a thing as radium. I see her at thirty-eight, her beloved *Pierre* dead, her hands ruined with acid, but with half her work still to do. I recognize, as you will, the demon of scruple that drove this great Polish heart and brain. Here is surely a biography greatly to be admired.

Edward Weeks